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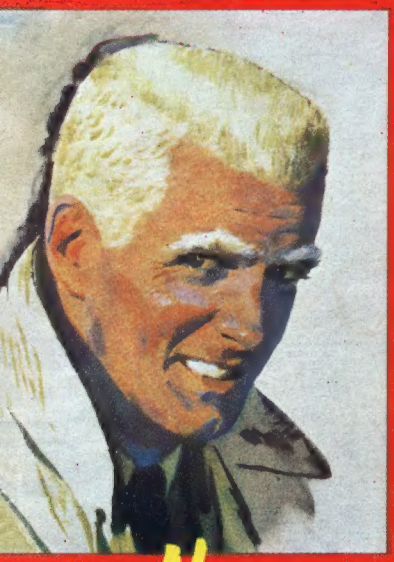

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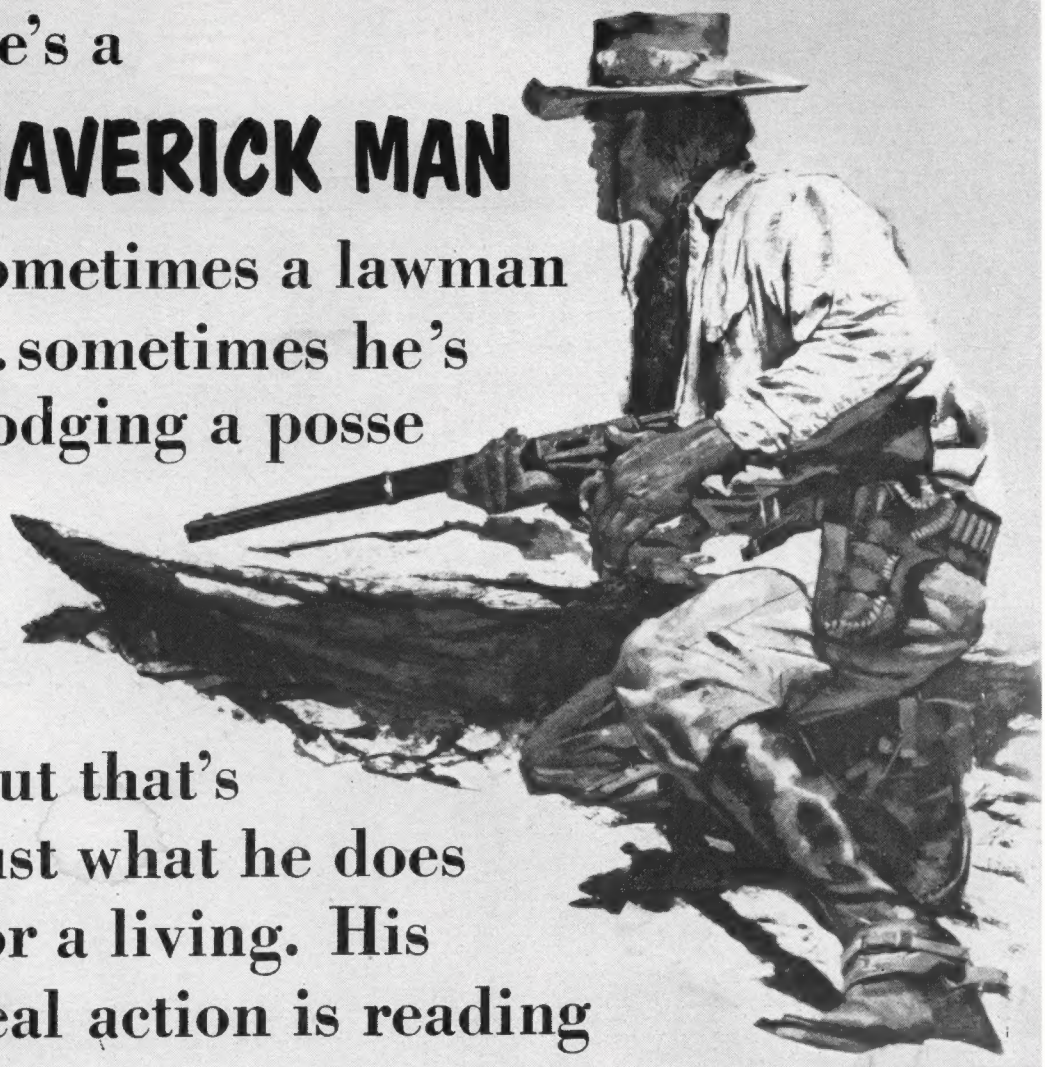

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VOL. 11 NO. 94

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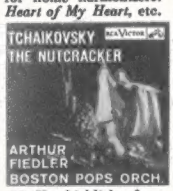

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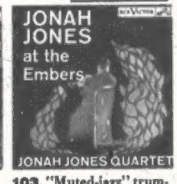

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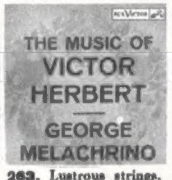

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a new William Bradford Huie story

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and much more in the

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Editor's Turn

STRANGE EICHMANN STORY . . .

. . . on page 10 is written by Richard Hanser, who is generally hailed as the best writer on television. Hanser is the co-author of *Victory at Sea* and is the key writer for the Project 20 series on NBC-TV, a series that has maintained an unbelievably high level since its beginning.

Shortly after you read this you will be seeing a recent Hanser effort, *The Mark Twain Story,* on your magic box.

Hanser, a WW II psychological warfare officer who speaks German fluently, was working on this Eichmann story long before the killer was caught. He is now working on some other stories from the hidden files of the Third Reich which you can count on seeing in CAVALIER. Regular readers of CAVALIER will remember Hanser for his great story on Ernst Udet, a story that was the prime mover behind our flight into WW I aviation, and his two-part exclusive on Hermann Goering, in which he showed Goering, the hero and Goering, the heel.

THE DAY THE LIGHT BRIGADE DIED . . .

. . . on page 22 is another in our popular series, The Day That. Once more Avram Davidson is at the controls and we think this is the greatest picture of that memorable goof-up that we have ever seen. Perhaps many of you will recall an early movie that had Errol Flynn fouling up the parade, but that was mostly fiction. The Davidson story gives it straight.

A VOTE FOR WILSON

It isn't very often that we look into the past for our sports stories. Usually we find plenty of good material right on the modern scene, but the Hack Wilson story on page 46 has a certain urgency about it.

Although Wilson is one of the greatest home-run hitters of all time, he has been passed over several times in the voting for Baseball's Hall of Fame. We don't know why unless it is because his later life was a disaster. This could possibly influence some sports writers who might, without realizing it, be forgetting that the vote concerns itself only with the man's performance on the field.

A NEWER SMALLER CONTEST . . .

. . . is what we offer you on page 42 of this issue. We hope you have some fun with it and would like to know how you like it.

HOW THEY KILL THEM IN FRANCE

The story on page 30 deals with the grisly way they kill people in France. This once more reminds us of the Caryl Chessman story and we would like to report that this one drew more reader mail than any story we have ever produced. We were not surprised to find that most readers were very happy to see the other side of the story.

MEMO TO ALL MARINES

Because we know how justifiably proud all Leathernecks are of their Corps, we know we're going to get called all sorts of names for the Wake Island story we have coming in the May CAVALIER. Let us tell you—the decision to tell the Wake Island story the way it has been told in the past was a Navy decision. This in no way takes away from what the Marines did there. It's too bad that, in this unusual case, the villain's moustache has to be put on such a proud fighting force as the Navy—but the cold fact remains that an injustice was committed and we at CAVALIER aren't about to turn our back on a guy just because HIS demand for justice will be unpopular with a large group.

BILL HUIE

. . . will be back in our May issue so we can guarantee a lot of excitement here.

PACK OF STOGIES DEPT.

The question this month is: Which state in the Union has the most letters in its name?

Now for the answers to the past few posers. Winston Churchill was credited with coining the "Iron Curtain" expression in a speech at Westminster College in Missouri in 1948. But, of course, that's not the answer. Joseph Goebbels, the Nazi, used the term many years before and H. G. Wells, the British author, also used it in referring to the Soviet lands.

And the mysterious TV character in December, whom many of the readers spotted, was Arvo Ojala, who gets shot down every Saturday night by Marshal Dillon in the opening of *Gunsmoke.*

—Bob Curran

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HIGH LIVING COSTS...DOLLAR SHRINKING...TAX SQUEEZE ...INSECURE FUTURE..???

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THRUST AND PARRY

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THE CHESSMAN CASE

CAVALIER and William Bradford Huie are to be complimented for the excellent and accurate treatment in your January issue of "The Myth of the Martyr Rapist."

Mr. Huie writes well, but of more importance to me was his handling of the facts in this much-publicized case.

You see, I KNOW Mr. Huie presented an accurate account. I was a police reporter on the Los Angeles *Daily News* (now defunct) and was with Hollywood police the evening Chessman was captured. I also testified for the State of California at Chessman's trial. I have often wished that those who wanted this depraved maniac's life spared could have been with me that Friday night, January 23, 1948. Or could have been with me while I interviewed dozens of Chessman's victims, including those mentioned in Mr. Huie's piece.

Joe Ledlie
Detroit, Mich.

Your article on Chessman has been long overdue. Let me congratulate you and Mr. Huie on a fine piece of writing. At long last we have a different slant on the whole disgusting case.

There are several of the so-called "humanitarians" in my office who say that Chessman suffered enough with 12 years behind bars. I'm going to make sure they read the article, then see what they have to say.

B. Milazzo
Harrisburg, Pa.

The article on Chessman was clear, concise, and representative of most people's thinking . . .

W. B. Mitchell
San Bernardino, Calif.

To William Bradford Huie on his January article on Chessman, just one word for a job well done: "Amen."

Robert S. Miller
Rome, N.Y.

I am always tremendously moved and impressed whenever I read one of William Bradford Huie's articles. I thought his "Myth of the Martyr Rapist" was his best so far.

Stephen J. Brickner
Philadelphia, Pa.

I see that CAVALIER's favorite sensation-monger, William Bradford Huie, is at it again, this time by an attempted justification of the legalized murder of Caryl Chessman. What Mr. Huie (pronounced Hooey) fails to realize is that the large number of "Chessman apologists" merely represented a large segment of the population's disgust with the barbaric and ineffectual device of capital punishment. I won't go into the manifold arguments against this archaic practice at this time. Suffice to say most of the civilized countries of the world have abandoned it.

Denny Larke
Conrad, Mont.

I have always been a fan of CAVALIER, because I considered it much better than the average magazine one can buy today. I also have read the article by Mr. Huie on Mr. Caryl W. Chessman. This has confirmed my idea that Mr. Huie is nothing but a small-minded rabble rouser. When I say that, it is not only based on this article but on all that I have read by him. In my opinion Huie is the type to lead a lynch mob.

M. Macomber
New York, N.Y.

Thank you, on behalf of a jurist whose views coincide with your own, for the article on Chessman in the January CAVALIER. I can only wish that you had gone further and printed the minutes of the meetings of the board, complete with the names of those present and voting on the Chessman paroles.

A judge has to live with his decisions. He has to think of the consequences of permitting an animal such as Chessman his freedom. Why should not a parole board member? I suspect that in a number of our states, excluding mine I am happy to say, the failure of a parole board to sit for six months or so would do more to cut the crime rate in that state than any other factor.

R. F. Manson
Watertown, S.D.

This letter will never get printed, so I'll let you have it between the eyes. Your article on Chessman was literary trash. It was the worst piece of "yellow journalism" I have ever seen in CAVALIER. The facts against Chessman that the author presented to your gullible readers are pure foolishness. Many such "facts" have recently been disproven—as you would discover if you read other literature on this case besides your slanted article. . . .

Jack Fyfe
Troy, Ohio

Your fine article about Chessman did not change my mind one bit. I say this despite the fact that I think Chessman was little better than a beast; that I disagree with many of Chessman's defenders; that I emphatically disagree with the French publisher who said: "How could you kill a *cultivated* individual like Caryl Chessman."

I agree with the facts of the Huie article. I don't agree with the conclusions. I believe that Chessman should have been allowed to live for two reasons: (1) Justice should be based on reformation of the individual and protection of society in general, not on revenge. (2) Although I believe that Chessman is guilty, I recognize that I (and you) could be wrong, since there seems to be *some* doubt. Don't forget that many innocent people have been executed by society (you and me) in the name of "justice."

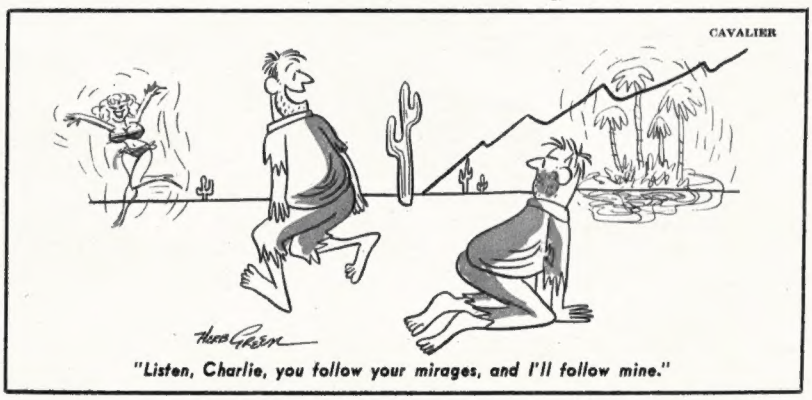
Everett Leppert
Saginaw, Mich.

CAVALIER deserves a citation for having a man like William Bradford Huie as a contributor. I never miss one of his stories and his "Why We Executed Caryl Chessman—The Myth of the Martyr Rapist"—was a masterpiece.

America can be proud (and so can CAVALIER) that men of his insight are still available to protect the "humanitarians" from themselves.

Arthur Rehan
Chicago, Ill.

There are two qualities I like to find in a publication: Intelligence enough to separate truth from fabrication, and guts enough to print truth after you have found it.



"Listen, Charlie, you follow your mirages, and I'll follow mine."

I find both in William Bradford Huie's story on Caryl Chessman in the January CAVALIER. While people were crying to save this monster from the gas chamber, not once did I see in print the other side of the story. Now the other side has been told and I think Mr. Huie has been fair-minded in telling it.

K. Guggemos
Winsted, Minn.

PLANE TALK

I enjoy reading your stories about WW I pilots and I would like to see "Flying Time" come out in every issue. Whenever the stories overlap on pages (which they usually do) I usually buy two or three copies.

If I only had the money to do it, I would like to start a World War I aero museum down here and make honest, but nonflyable reproductions of the famous planes of both the Allies and Central Powers.

Will C. Cox
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

You have really done it this time. I refer to the two-page color spread of the WW I planes in the January issue—an illustration unblemished by a title.

I buy CAVAILER each time you have a feature about airplanes, especially WW I, and have been saving the paintings. But since the story usually starts on the same page as the painting, I couldn't frame any. But I already have framed the fine January illustration by J. D. Carrick.

Thomas Lemerand
Monroe, Mich.

I particularly enjoyed reading "The Dog Fight That May Never End" in the Jan. CAVALIER. I believe that Dr. Graham's post-mortem is the real answer to how Richthofen was killed. I'll never believe that he was shot down by ground fire. He was too experienced.

It's also a fact that Richthofen was a coward who picked out green, inexperienced fliers to do combat with. There were at least a dozen Allied aces who could have shot Richthofen down, if given the chance. . . .

Montie O'Brien
Ravenna, Mich.

With great interest I read your presentation of "The Dog Fight That May Never End" in the January 1961 CAVALIER, but I cannot help feeling that the writer of the first episode overplayed and misrepresented Dr. Graham's part. It is strange indeed that this doctor should be in the vicinity of the episode for only five days, but that can be accepted. However, I cannot believe that this doctor, who signed himself as M.O. in charge of No. 22 Wing—an operational formation of ten squadrons with some 200 aircraft with 250 officers and 2,000 men—had, as his main task, to report on the occupants of all aircraft shot down. For what possible purpose? It presupposes that this very controversy was to arise! One can almost hear the No. 209 Squadron commander rapping his map and saying, "O.K. boys—bring the Red Baron down this morning, right here, where the doc is standing by—in Square One!"

We read that the doctor was sent to this job "shoved forward from the 22nd's base" (wherever that was). The base was at Bertangles—the place the writer tells us the doctor *never saw!*

In any case, the value of the medical report is annulled by the fact that it just does not make sense. Presumably "right nipple" should read "left nipple," otherwise the bullet could not have passed, as the report states, from right to left, or have raised the possibility of the spine being involved. (This is not a printer's error, it appears in the original report.) While this medical evidence must thus be dismissed, the opinion expressed that, if Richthofen was killed by machine-gun fire from the ground, then he must have been flying upside down can be treated as the view of a layman on this aspect, for we are told that the doctor knew nothing of aircraft. . . .

Richthofen's Fokker Dr. I banked, climbed, and dived during his flight, Richthofen himself hunched his body and we know that from his long experience, he constantly turned to view behind. His machine was presented in various positions and his body in various postures. The position of the wound cannot therefore give a conclusive clue, and you, I feel realized this, for you entitled the account "The Dog Fight That May Never End."

For the records, may I correct a point in the prologue. The engines of No. 209 Squadron's Camels that coughed into life at 9:35 a.m. on April 21, 1918, were Bentleys, not Le Rhones, for the squadron had re-equipped with 12 Clayton and Shuttleworth-built Sopwith Camels in March 1918.

Bruce Robertson
Editor, Von Richthofen and the Flying Circus
London, England

In your January issue, in the article titled "The Dog Fight That May Never End," you printed the solution to what seems to be a long, long mystery—who killed Richthofen.

You quote Dr. Grattan Clifford Graham as saying, ". . . if Richthofen was killed by machine-gun fire from the ground, *he must have been flying upside down at the time* and heading back to his own line."

Later on, in the same article, you quoted R. H. Barron's report as saying ". . . at the same time fire was opened on the Baron by our own Lewis gun (manned by Sgt. Franklyn) attached to the Australian field batteries. After a short while, the baron, apparently then realizing for the first time the dangerous position he had run into, *executed an Immelmann turn but suddenly went down* at a steep angle over the ridge." In executing an Immelmann turn, Richthofen was flying upside down or very nearly so, so he was in that upside down position necessary for him to have been in, if killed by ground fire.

Falcon, P.R.
Austin, Tex.

Your new policy of omitting "blurb and opening copy" (as you put it) from the Carrick painting illustrating the WW I flying story (Jan.) is a wonderful idea. . . .

Carl Santoli
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to compliment you on your fine WW I and WW II air stories. I think that they are wonderful. But when you write these stories, if possible, I wish that you would go a little farther in identifying these planes. For example, you could be mentioning a Fokker, which could be anything from an Eindecker to a Fokker D-VIII, and the same holds true with the Albatros, Caudron, Nieuport, and the Spad.

Dewayne Dozier
Nashville, Tenn.

QUESTIONS MARKS

If Herman Marks is an American ("I Was Castro's Killer," Dec. CAVALIER) he is indeed a strange one. He doesn't indicate if he ever was in the armed forces of the U.S. He does say he was a sailor for some eight years. What do sailors have to do with machine guns?

The question arises inasmuch as he claims he taught Cubans to take down, reassemble, and fire such an automatic weapon. He goes further and claims he is practically a gunsmith or gun expert. So, we may ask: Where did he get such knowledge or experience?

He claims that service in the Merchant Marine (the U.S.?) 1939-46 absolves him from the stigma of being a draft dodger. Well, a majority of service and ex-servicemen do state the Merchant Marine was a draft dodgers' haven in WW II.

Sean T. Costello
(Fifth Marines, WW I)
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Author Richard Hanser

Richard Hanser, co-author of *Victory at Sea* and the award-winning documentary on Nazism, *The Twisted Cross*, and top writer on TV's acclaimed Project 20 series, was hot on the trail of Adolf Eichmann long before the killer was caught. Here is the result of his long research into the case and the answers to the questions...

Why Did He Have to Kill 6,000,000 Jews? Why is Eichmann "Not Guilty"?

INSIDE EICH

● Nobody could have looked more ordinary than the man known as Ricardo Klement when he alighted from a crowded commuters' bus at his usual stop in the outskirts of Buenos Aires on that mild evening last May.

He had just finished another routine day at the auto plant where he was employed as a minor clerk, and he blended naturally into the stream of homeward-bound workers in the sprawling development near the International Airport where he lived. Nothing distinguished him outwardly from the others as he slouched along, a balding man of medium height with protruding ears and a slightly bowlegged walk. Nothing set him apart as he trudged, with dozens of others like him, toward an unattractive little house where a colorless wife and several commonplace children were, as usual, waiting for him.

He never got there.

Out of the bustling traffic on General Paz Avenue a car suddenly swerved to the curb and came to a screeching halt alongside the man known as Ricardo Klement. Three men, moving with the precision of well-drilled commandos, lunged out and, without pause or warning, snatched him bodily off the sidewalk. In a few swift seconds, before he could resist or even cry out, they bundled him into the back seat and the car roared off.

That night a cable in secret code flashed from Buenos Aires to Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion in the State of Israel. Decoded, the message said: *"The beast is in chains."*

With that, the greatest manhunt of modern times, 15 years of relentless stalking and implacable pursuit, was over. An Old Testament drama of vengeance and retribution, which began in the gas chambers of Europe, had reached a climax on the streets of Argentina. From out of the ancient past

Please turn page

THE FACE OF ADOLF EICHMANN is said to be one of the reasons why he killed so many.

MANN

INSIDE EICHMANN

Continued from preceding page

had come an echo of those terrible words handed down to Moses on Mt. Sinai as the Law of Israel: *"Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. . . ."*

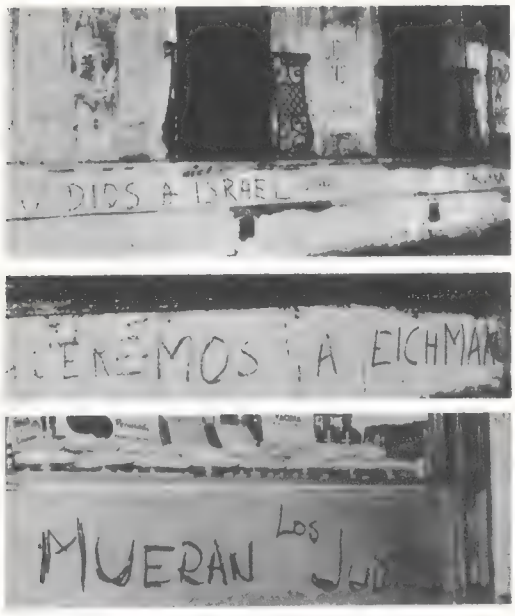
On May 23, 1960, David Ben-Gurion stood up in the Knesset, the parliament of Israel, to make an announcement. His snowy mane was thrown back and he spoke with deep deliberation, as if he were listening with utmost attention to his own words.

"I have to inform the Knesset," he said, "that a short time ago the greatest of the Nazi war criminals, Adolf Eichmann, was discovered by the Israeli Security Services.

"Adolf Eichmann is already under arrest in Israel and will be placed on trial under the terms of the law for the trial of Nazis and their collaborators."

After a stunned silence during which no one breathed, the Knesset burst into uproar. Normally dignified delegates stood up and stamped and shouted.

"NO WAY OUT BUT UP THE CHIMNEY" was grim camp joke; 9,000 were burned in this oven.



"DEATH TO THE JEWS" was chalked on walls after killer's arrest in Argentina, still a Nazi haven.

Some pounded on their desks, while others sat perfectly rigid and stared into space, muttering to themselves. Some went running wildly through the corridors, crying out the news. And some who heard it, overcome by emotion, fainted dead away.

Nothing says more about Adolf Eichmann than this: The mere sound of his name could cause grown men to fall down unconscious.

For Karl Adolf Eichmann is a monster such as the world had never seen before, guilty of "unique and unexampled crimes, unparalleled in the annals of mankind." Only our 20th century could have produced him, an engineer of extermination, a technician in terror, a scientist of human slaughter. When he and his kind first appeared on the scene, there were no words in the dictionaries to describe their deeds. New words had to be invented for them—*genocide,* the systematic annihilation of a whole racial or cultural group; and *thanatology,* the science of producing mass death.

The enormity of Adolf Eichmann's operations can be gauged by the fact that nobody today can say exactly how many men, women, and children he is responsible for killing by bullet, gas, torture, and starvation. Some experts charge him with participating in 6,000,000 murders. Some put the figure at

"ANNIHILATION OF JEWRY BY FIRE" was SS goal. These 300 still smoldered as U.S. troops came in.

4,000,000. Others accuse him of being directly involved in only 1,000,000.

Only!

But now the beast was not only in chains but securely caged as well. After his kidnaping, Eichmann was flown in secret from Argentina to Israel in a special plane, a Bristol Britannica, No. 4X-AGE of the El Al Airline. Closely guarded all the way by the same commando team which had captured him, he was taken by car into the desert to a spot between Tel Aviv and Lydda where the seemingly deserted ruins of a former Arabian settlement are located.

Beneath those empty ruins is the technical headquarters of the Israeli Security Services. Eichmann was locked in a windowless cell, underground, where the bare stone walls give back the harsh glare of an unshaded electric light which shines night and day.

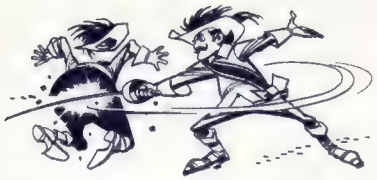
Rotating teams of tough young *Sabras*, native-born Israeli youths, guard him around the clock to protect him from possible lynching and prevent him from committing suicide. He is fed kosher food, the only kind served in Israeli prisons, and is allowed 30 minutes of exercise a day, all by himself behind walls too high to see over. He cannot speak to his guards; he sees no other prisoners. Skilled interrogators cross-examine him hours on end in preparation for his public trial scheduled for early in March.

There is no longer a death penalty in Israel for ordinary murder. When capital punishment was abolished there, the gallows was torn down and the official executioner was dismissed. But Eichmann will be tried under the one remaining law which demands death for the guilty, a law designed to punish "crimes against the Jewish people" and "crimes against humanity."

A new gallows will have to be built especially for Adolf Eichmann. There will be no lack of volunteers for the role of hangman.

No stranger and more terrible life story has ever been recorded than the one which spans the 54 years between the pleasant Austrian town where Adolf Eichmann grew up and the underground cell in Israel where he now sits in the glare of an unshaded light awaiting the judgment that will surely be passed upon him.

There was nothing in his youth and background —nothing, at least, that science can fathom or understand—to mark him as an incipient monster whose trail of death and terror across Europe would one day make Attila the Hun and Ghengis Khan seem in comparison like quaint characters in a nursery rhyme. He was, in fact, [*Continued on page* 50]



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from

Of Our Blade

the flat of CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome

To the "77" Kooks

● There are two prominent amateur programs on television, and one of them is frankly labeled: *Ted Mack's Amateur Hour*. The other one is called *77 Sunset Strip*.

In accordance with the well-established law which says that the worse the show the better the rating, *Sunset Strip* has long been among the top-draw television shows, right along with such gorgeous examples of modern electronic entertainment as *The Price Is Right* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. The way television is nowadays, a place among the Top Ten in the Nielsen ratings is practically an ironbound guarantee of being lousy. *Sunset Strip* belongs right where it is.

The program does, however, have one distinction which makes it positively uncanny. It manages to go out over a national network regularly once a week without using any actors. The credits roll by like clockwork at the end of every episode—Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Edd Byrnes, Roger Smith—and not an actor in the lot.

The No. 1 *Sunset* drip is Efrem, who sets the tone for the rest of the cast. For years now Junior has been droning through his role as a glamorous Private Eye with all the sparkle and verve of a robot manufactured by IBM. He and his equally gifted associates go through their paces like mechanical toys which somebody has wound up with a key, without ever, by any chance, betraying a genuine emotion, or delivering a plausible line, or performing a natural bit of business. You'd think that after a while, through sheer repetition one of them would develop a smidgin of talent.

But no. They all—Junior, Edd & Roger—remain incurably inept and invincibly amateurish. Every night is beginner's night on *Sunset Strip*.

Once, not long ago, Junior was tapped to act as master of ceremonies for an ice show on a rival network. Away from his own warm little nest, where ability is evidently not required of a performer, Junior was so pathetically out of his element that he not only embarrassed the cast and audience but also himself. Not knowing what on earth to do with him, since he seemed totally incapable of doing anything by himself, the ice-show producer had him don a Halloween false-face in a desperate attempt to liven things up. It didn't help. Junior's performance gave new meaning to the old schoolboy saying: "You stink on ice."

But the real phenomenon on *Sunset Strip* is not Junior, as rare a specimen as he is, but Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes who is often described as being the "idol of a million teen-agers," which, we hate to say, might very well be true.

Kookie can't act worth a dime, of course, and will never learn if he tries for the next 6,000 years, but he does have one speciality which sets him uniquely apart in the long history of the drama. He combs his hair.

You've got to hand him that. Edd Byrnes is a fast man with a pocket comb.

If pressed, he could probably also learn to tie his shoelaces and count up to 10, but his adoring fans do not make any such additional demands on him. They are deliriously happy with him just as he is, a superb hair-comber whose match is not to be found in any barber shop from coast to coast.

Of course, there is the constant danger that some new genius will crop up and win away Kookie's following by washing his ears on a rival program or perhaps even picking his nose; but, as of now, Kookie and his comb reign supreme in the hearts of the young drama-lovers of America.

As if that were not enough, however, Kookie is also famous for spouting the most god-awful dialogue ever to issue from the human larynx since man first left the caves and gave up grunting as a form of communication. Lines that Sir Lawrence Olivier himself couldn't deliver with any semblance of plausibility are given to this defenseless shnook who can't say "Hello" and make it sound natural. Yet they keep saddling him with a species of alleged jive-talk that would make a Hottentot retch and they expect Kookie to make it convincing.

"Daddy-O!" "Squaresville!" "Real crazy!" "Man, it's the wildest!" And he keeps it up, program after program, until it sounds as worn-out and foolish and corny as "Hotcha!" and "Razz-ma-tazz!"

Well, he's young. He may yet come to his senses and go into some respectable line of work more suited to his abilities, like jerking sodas or laying bricks.

The third member of the program's celebrated no-talent trio is one Roger Smith. The more dim-witted columnists keep mentioning with awe and amazement that Roger, besides "acting" on the program, also writes some of its scripts.

Ordinarily such items could be dismissed as just so much press-agent malarkey, but in this case they are more than likely to be accurate. Writing a script for *Sunset Strip* is not an accomplishment; it is a misdemeanor. The studio janitor could write a typical *Sunset Strip* script. In fact, most of the shows sound as if he *had*.

So Junior, Edd, Roger & Co. go on and on, rolling up the ratings and dragging down the standards of television at one and the same time. But it can't possibly last forever.

The day will have to come when the public begins to grow up a little and decides to retire the TV Private Eye to private life where he belongs, if anywhere. Then, finally, the sun will set on *Sunset Strip*. •

Author Billman gets a last minute briefing from Spad's owner, Palen, at take-off.

Many of the old War Birds had some tough things to say about one of the famed early planes. Cole Palen gave me a chance to find out for myself. I put it through its paces and now I don't care what the others say. As for me. . . .

I Call a Spad a Spad

by Owen S. Billman

● With an ear-shattering silence the 180 galloping horses of the old Hispano-Suiza engine lapsed into a ghostly canter and then . . . stopped. I was snatched from daydreaming in a beautiful, cloud-dotted sky—where I had been flying a World War I Spad fighter—back to the shocking reality that I must find a field in which I could land it dead-stick. The sky above and those rock-strewn fields below were worlds apart, but, if I wasn't careful, they might soon have one thing in common . . . they'd both be Spad-strewn.

It wasn't a case of "There I was at 30,000 feet, flat on my back, both engines dead and my parachute in the laundry," as told and retold by pilots of the BIG war, but "Here I was at 1,500 feet, helmet and goggles sprayed by a combination of water from a leaking radiator and engine oil from a leaking crankcase and my *only* engine was dead." Where should I put the plane down? Habit made me ease the stick forward and swivel my head over the sides of the little cockpit in search of a field suitable for a forced landing. My ears sensed the rising whine of wind through the wires and struts as I picked up gliding speed.

Intermixed with the worry of ruining my buddy's lovely old airplane were thoughts of my pretty wife and our four children. I tried to remember whether I had made the last mortgage payment. Then it hit me! I wasn't out of gas—just temporarily out of my senses with the joy of flying an old fighter I admired even as a kid.

I switched "nurse" tanks, dived a bit steeper, and prayed very hurriedly. Then the engine popped and sputtered back to life as fuel flowed from the alternate source.

With the full power of the old Hisso restored, a deep sense of relief seeped over me followed immediately by fast-flowing self-criticism summarized something like this: "You ridiculous excuse for a pilot! You forgot everything Cole Palen told you about flying a Spad. You went through the routine of keeping fuel flowing to the Hisso a dozen times if

Please turn to page 18

It takes a husky man, plus a little luck, to fire up the World War I Spad's do-it-yourself starter.

Steering the plane on the ground requires a helping hand; one wing must be held steadfast for the turn.

Cruising easily, Billman discovers a few seconds later he's "out of gas" and has to switch to other "nurse" tank.

Water poured into radiator of the Spad's 180 hp Hispano-Suiza engine was later flung in Billman's face via leaks.

I Call a Spad a Spad

Continued from page 16

you did it once, but you get your head up in the clouds for four minutes and forget everything he told you. Your instructor back in Army Primary in 1943 was right. You'll probably never be a pilot!"

Stinging from my self-castigation, I put the Spad into a climbing turn and started methodically counting the 70 strokes of the wobble-pump necessary to push gasoline from the main tank underneath me into the two-gallon wing tank which I had just flown dry.

I don't know why Cole Palen invited me to fly his Spad. Perhaps he realized that I am a guy who has lived and breathed aviation all his life, who would rather fly than eat, and often does.

During World War II, I flew a P-38. It was always a pleasure to fly this slick airplane, but I especially enjoyed barely clipping the top of a cumulus cloud, then turning to watch the wash from the counter-rotating props twist the top of the cloud into two opposite-winding spirals. Later, the first test-flight of a self-designed sport plane was a kick difficult to match. But the day Cole [*Continued on page* 68]

The parachute is just for a seat cushion, Billman was told. The 42-year-old Spad responded eagerly to his touch. But he ground-looped on landing.

SHELL SCOTT IN

THE BAWDY BEAUTIFUL

The hucksters should have known they wouldn't go Scott free once the private eye saw the lass who could make a Shell out of any man

by Richard S. Prather

Illustrated by Norman Baer

Please turn page

THE BAWDY BEAUTIFUL

● ZING, you'll recall, was the most exciting thing in bathtubs since plumbing for a while. If you could believe the advertising, the lavender soap didn't just clean dirt off you, but "gently coaxed" it away, leaving your skin sinfully soft and maddeningly scented with a seductive fragrance which, presumably, no man with a nose could resist. But no more. Nobody hears about ZING any more.

Overnight the zip went out of ZING. I know, I was there, I saw it happen. In fact, I did it.

It had been a slow day at Sheldon Scott, Investigations, and I was at home, my three rooms and bath in Hollywood's Spartan Apartment Hotel, watching TV for a change. On the screen was a movie which had been cut only enough to remove the plot, allowing equal time for commercials, one of which was starting. I watched it too. Because this was a new ZING commercial—in color.

It began with a stunning and extraordinarily shapely blonde gal playing tennis, racing on the beach, cooking over a hot electronic range. Then—the bath. But not in a tub. Not for ZING. The lovely stood nude beneath a waterfall—at least I guessed she was nude, you could never get a really good look the way they handled the things—laughing wildly as if she had somebody hidden in there with her. Then a shot of her in the mountain pool into which the falls plunged, soaping ecstatically, lavender-tinted ZING lather in great gobs all around her. You couldn't really see a thing this time, either.

But I watched intently as the soupy-voiced announcer spieled away: "ZING! ZING! ZING! Makes your skin feel so good you can't keep your hands off yourself! . . . Comes in a plain, sealed wrapper. . . Tasteless . . . contains the exclusive, magic ingredient, the *secret* ingredient: SX-21!" Or something happy like that.

Right then—it was 8:40 p.m.—the apartment chimes bonged. On the screen the lovely was in a black gown with spaghetti straps and saucy front, thoroughly rejuvenated, dancing in the arms of a guy who seemed to be chewing her neck. I waited until the commercial ended for the next commercial, then walked to the door and opened it.

A tall, blonde girl stood there hugging some kind of white coat, or robe, around her. Irregular spots darkened the cloth, as if it was wet, though this was a balmy evening with no sign of rain.

"Mr. Scott?" she said. "Are you Mr. Scott?" Her brown eyes were wide, very wide. They roamed over my white thatch of hair, the smaller white thatches of eyebrows, my tanned ex-Marine chops.

"That's me. Come on in."

She had a strikingly beautiful face, marred at the moment by marks of strain, or fright. The long blonde hair was damp, little flecks of something like foam upon it.

She said, "You're the detective, aren't you? Will you help me? I just saw a man murdered, only five minutes ago. He pushed him into the pool. I saw it. I didn't even wait to get my clothes back, I just ran—"

"*Wait* a minute." She stopped. [*Continued on page* 64]

She must have been woolgathering when she started to take her coat off—because she hadn't come dressed for business. My train of thought was derailed but, I ask you, who could get mad at such a sincere kid?

Oct. 25, 1854;

The Day the Light Brigade Died

Here is the real story behind the most famous cavalry charge—that really wasn't a charge. "Some one had blundered" all right—and as a result the North almost lost the Civil War

Still at the head of his decimated ranks, Lord Cardigan charged straight at the murderous Russian battery.

by Avram Davidson

Illustrated by Robert Mariner

● Minié rifles cracked in the darkness. The great bell of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in besieged Sebastopol tolled midnight. The deep notes were heard dimly, but distinctly, in the Allied camp miles away above the Valley of Balaclava.

Lord Raglan, general-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Army, sighed on the camp bed in his house. He was old, he was overworked, ill and weary; the stump of his right arm—amputated at Waterloo 40 years before—was giving him pain. Lord Raglan's mind, none too keen to begin with, had been growing increasingly cloudy. The Crimean conflict was his first taste of war since the days of Napoleon and, although the French were now his allies, there were moments

The Day the Light Brigade Died *Continued from preceding page*

when he thought he was fighting them, and not the Russians.

He was more than inefficient—he was incompetent. But no one thought of removing him or of asking him to resign. He was more than just an officer and a gentleman. He was Field Marshal the Lord Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, Baron Raglan. He was a Peer of the Realm. He was an aristocrat.

A voice was heard in the dark distance. Then another, nearer. Another, still nearer. The sentries were crying the "All's Well," as they did every half hour to show they were not asleep. The horses moved restlessly, then quieted. The sick and dying lay on the ground, thin blankets over them, nothing under them. As the effects of opium and rum, the only medication given them for cholera, wore off, they vomited, groaned, raved in delirium.

From the tent of the Cavalry Division's commander, Lord Lucan, came loud snores. He was 54 and needed all the sleep he could get, because the whole division would be awakened an hour before dawn, as always.

No one had ever accused Lord Lucan of being either intelligent or kind-hearted. In the year of the Great Famine he had evicted 50,000 starving tenants in Ireland, pulled down their cottages to prevent them from returning, and then locked the doors of the poorhouse. He was not likely to lose rest over a few hundred dying enlisted men. Prior to the Crimea, he had not seen any military action in 26 years—but he was also a Peer of the Realm and an aristocrat.

Not far off was the bell-tent of the C.O. of the Light Brigade. But the tent was empty. The C.O. was 67 years old, his bladder bothered him, and so did his bowels; salt pork, biscuit, and watered rum—the usual military fare in the Crimea, owing to a complete foul-up in the matter of supplies—did not agree with him. Furthermore, he detested life in the cold, muddy, bug-ridden camp, so he slept on his own private yacht, *Dryad,* in Balaclava harbor. There he was tenderly tended by his steward, valet, and cook. The harbor was several miles from the camp and the C.O. did not believe in hurrying his horse or in getting up early. Accordingly, he arrived hours late every single morning.

He, too, was a Peer of the Realm and an aristocrat. He was Major-General the Earl of Cardigan, Lord James Thomas Brudenell, Commanding Officer of the Light Brigade, and so—although he was a fool, a martinet, and a monomaniac—he could do just about as he damned well pleased.

A keen commentator on the military scene said of all three lords—Raglan, Lucan, and Cardigan—that they were "absolutely unfit for the positions they had secured through family and political influence . . . Had they been privates, I don't think any colonel would have made them corporals!"

And while the struggle for the great Russian Black Sea naval base at Sebastopol went on amidst death and agony in the southwest Crimea, the British High Command there had a little war of its own going on, for Lord Cardigan was not on speaking terms with Lord Lucan and Lord Lucan was not speaking to Lord Raglan. Cardigan wrote long letters to Raglan complaining about Lucan, Lucan wrote long letters to Raglan complaining about Raglan *and* Cardigan. Raglan (who had no time for long letters) wrote notes to both Lucan and Cardigan. One of the notes was to produce the most famous cavalry charge in history—a charge which was technically not a charge at all. That note also was to destroy the flower of the British forces, take hundreds of lives, and produce a poor poem whose rushing lines remain in the mind when better ones have left it. This is the note:

Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, follow the enemy and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. IMMEDIATE.

Which "front"? Which "enemy"? Which "guns"? Why? Where? How?

Not only did the 17th Lancers, the 4th and 13th Dragoons, the 8th and 11th Hussars—making up the Light Brigade—not only did *they* wonder, but in a short time *"All the world wondered."* However—

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

But all this occurred later in the day. Now, it was still dark.

The commandant of the Port of Balaclava could not sleep. The cries of the sentries and the ice-cold wind howling down from Central Asia were not the only things disturbing him. He had a lamp, pen, ink, and paper brought, and he sat down to write a communiqué to Lord Raglan. He wished to remind the general-in-chief that he had had no reply to his earlier notification that a Turkish spy had reported massive Russian troop movements towards Balaclava from the east. The British position was now merely untenable—if the Russians succeeded in cutting the main supply lines, it would become impossible.

The commandant sighed, and laid down his pen. It was useless. Lord Raglan had been warned and had done nothing. He notoriously did not like to be bothered by details, and his aides—including five of his nephews—were all devoid of military experience.

Through the cracks in the windows came the stench that was Balaclava—dead men, dead mules, dead horses, camels and oxen; spoiled and rotting supplies; dung, sewage, vomit, and long-unwashed men. The commandant winced, blew out the lamp, and returned to bed.

About an hour later a glow, like that of sunrise but from the opposite direction, was observed. It came from Sebastopol. Flames, started by the previous day's bombardment and kept under control until now, had gotten out of hand. Encouraged by this, the French

artillery at once began to fire. The British camp awoke and cursed. Red and yellow flashes lit up the night, and the smell of gunpowder soon overwhelmed all other smells.

Old Lord Raglan cried out in his sleep. In an instant his chief of staff, General Airey (age, 51; military experience, none) was at his side.

"M'lord?"

"Whose heavy guns are those firing?"

"M'lord, the French."

"We must attack them immediately!"

General Airey had to remind him, yet another time, that the French were no longer "the enemy." Finally the old man got it into his weary, fuddled head where he was, and why. Groaning weakly, he tried to get some more sleep.

Lord Lucan bounded out of the sack at the first cannonade. "What's the time?" he demanded.

"A little more than an hour before dawn, my lord."

"Mmph. Have the men stand by their horses."

The cavalrymen, stiff with cold, staggered up from the iron-hard ground, saddled their mounts, and fed them from the scant rations. They crammed some dry biscuit into their own mouths, and were standing—gummy-eyed but at attention—when Lord Lucan cantered by in the darkness on the day's first inspection tour.

The siege-guns roared from the batteries—Lancasters (the first rifled ordinance—and none too dependable, either), 32-pounders, 68-pounders, mortars, and 24-pound rockets. The artillery had been shelling Sebastopol for over a week, all day long and every day. It intended to go on doing so until the Russian base surrendered. Or until the Allied forces were obliged by lack of men or supplies to lift the siege.

Meanwhile, on his luxuriously-fitted yacht in the harbor, Lord Cardigan continued to sleep, a silk-slipped and down-stuffed pillow under one ear, and a second pillow over the other ear to keep out the noise. Siege-guns were no business of his. His business was to see that the Light Brigade of Cavalry was in tiptop shape, and to lead it into battle (and glory) when the proper time came. Dawn, in the opinion of the major-general, the Earl of Cardigan, was not the proper time.

The earl's second-in-command, Lord George Paget, was trotting around the camp with Lord Lucan. Gradually the blackness gave way to grayness. The siege-guns paused. It was a heavy, overcast day. Morning mists lay heavily in the valley and along the ridge. Slowly, the thick gray cloud rolled back. Suddenly there was another peal of artillery.

"Hul-lo. That's not siege-guns."

"No, Lord Lucan. Those are the Navy 12-pounders we brought up to the redoubts and turned over to the Turks."

"The Turks! Well, what are *they* up to?"

Lord George took a good look. "They are flying two flags at their signal-staff, sir."

"*Two?*" Lucan stroked his mustache. "That means, 'Enemy approaching,'" he said calmly. Obligingly, at that moment the mists rolled further away. In a flat, harsh voice, Lucan said, "Damn—my—eyes!" Advancing down the valley below in two immense and heavy columns was what seemed like the whole Russian Army—infantry, cavalry, artillery. Battalion after battalion, in long, belted gray coats and flat-topped hats, bayonets fixed; cavalry with drawn swords and readied lances, and horse-drawn cannon by the score.

The Turkish spy, it seemed, had been right, after all.

"There must be at least ten to twenty thousand of them!" the younger man exclaimed. And added, tactlessly, "I wish Lord Cardigan were already here."

Lord Lucan's port-colored cheeks went purple. He thrust out his lower jaw in a horrible grimace. "Cardigan!" he rasped the hated name. "He is never where I want him to be! Damn him! Damn him!"

At just about this moment, down on his yacht, Cardigan himself arose, took a cold tub-bath, carefully brushed and combed his blond mustache, thinning hair, and long side-whiskers, had some breakfast while his valet laid out the clothes, and then dressed. The regiment of which he was colonel (as well as being the brigadier of the whole Light Cavalry) was the 11th Hussars. It was their uniform he was wearing—royal-blue pelisse with gold lace and gold braid, cherry-red trousers with gold stripes, fur shako with white plume. His orderly was waiting on the pier with a splendid chestnut charger, Cardigan's own mount, Ronald.

Some time between eight and nine the noble lord and general began his ride towards camp. His pace, as usual, was leisurely and he paid absolutely no attention to the men galloping past him, nor to the noise of the conflict raging up ahead. For some time he said absolutely nothing. Then he commented, in his hoarse voice, "Wretched country, this."

"Yes, my lord."

Please turn page

Rare, contemporary shot of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death"—Balaclava—was taken by pioneer photographer Roger Fenton.

The Day the Light Brigade Died

Continued from preceding page

"Wretched country. No game, y'know. No game at all!"

What sort of person was this Earl of Cardigan, soon to be the most famous—or most infamous—man in Britain? Those who knew him expressed different opinions. "The entire Army does not contain a greater muff or a more dangerous fool," said one. "A braver soldier never held a sword," said another. The truth seems to be that both were right.

He was "the handsomest man in Europe . . . a splendid, glossy animal . . . uncertain and violent of temper . . . did not know what fear was . . . harsh and domineering . . . mediaeval and chivalrous . . . uncontrollable and subject to fits of extraordinary and unreasonable rage . . ." The writer of these last lines, Cecil Woodham-Smith (whose book, *The Reason Why,* is the authoritative one on the subject) summed it up by saying of Lord Cardigan, "The melancholy truth was that his glorious golden head had nothing in it."

And what little there was in it was permanently disordered when, in teen-age, the "glorious golden head" was kicked by a horse. But it all made no difference. He was a noble lord, immensely wealthy, indulged by doting parents, and spoiled by a total of six loving—and lovely—sisters. Only one thing was he denied—participation in the Napoleonic Wars. He was an only son, and his parents would not risk it.

Cardigan had been living ever since for the chance to make up for the fact that glory in war had been denied him in his youth.

At the age of 26, Cardigan fell in love. He had not been idle until then; far from it. Scores of bastard children were attributed to him. If this seems unlikely to us, it must be remembered that he was rich, he was noble, handsome, heedless, and passionate—and he lived at a time when birth control was almost unknown. The woman he now fell in love with was married to his good friend, Captain Johnstone. This made no difference to the lord, who eloped with her.

Captain Johnstone described her as "the most damned bad-tempered and extravagant bitch in the kingdom"—and happily sued for divorce, and got it. It was only a short time before the lady's second husband came to agree whole-heartedly with her first. They parted, but there was no divorce. Lord Cardigan had joined the Army.

Among his fellow-officers was a dark, dashing, handsome young lieutenant-colonel, who soon proceeded to marry Cardigan's favorite sister, Anne. She eventually left her husband. There had never been any love lost between the two brothers-in-law. Now, intense dislike broke out into active hate.

Lord Cardigan's brother-in-law was no smarter than he was, but he was Cardigan's senior in rank. He remained so. His name was Lord Lucan, and he was Lord Cardigan's immediate superior on that day at Balaclava so many years later.

Cardigan was mad for speed; today, probably, he would be racing sport cars. He did the best he could do in his own period. He joined the cavalry.

How did an officer of the British Army advance in rank in those days? Influence, that is, "pull," counted heavily, to be sure; but the chief means of advancement was simply money. Incredible as it may seem today, from 1683 to 1870, if an officer in the British Army wanted a commission, he had to pay for it. *He simply bought his rank as he might buy a house, a horse, or a yacht.* Men with no money were kept out by this system, of course, but then that was the whole idea. Men without money were too apt to have radical ideas.

Neither Lord Lucan nor Cardigan had any radical ideas. In fact, they had scarcely any ideas at all. Their chief conviction, the principal one animating the life of each, was that he was a king of creation and his personal whims and crochets had the force of natural law. Lord Lucan, in 1826, wanted the command of the 17th Lancers. He got it—for £25,000 [about $125,000]. Lord Cardigan, in 1832, desired the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 15th Hussars. For a mere $175,000, it was his.

The 15th Hussars were a crack regiment, but Cardigan wanted them to be more, much more, than that. He stopped at nothing. All night drills, all day field-days, court-martials, punishments, forced resignations—it became an open scandal. It even reached the editorial pages of the influential London *Times,* which called the noble Lord "an unripe gallant . . . a man of no experience . . . incapacitated for command by temper [and] by ignorance, [who] ought never to have been placed at the head of a regiment."

Result: "His Majesty has been pleased to order that Lt. Col. Lord Brudenell [Cardigan] shall be removed from the command of the 15th Hussars."

Two years later, Lt. Col. Childers of the 11th Light Dragoons (Hussars) put his commission up for sale. Lord Cardigan promptly bought it, for $200,000, and the same business began all over again. He had an almost insane demand for perfection. Horses, men, officers, all had to meet that demand—or break. Many broke. One soldier who had attracted his displeasure was flogged on Easter Sunday after church let out. The 11th Hussar's C.O. was hissed and booed in public. He didn't give a damn.

Slowly but certainly he beat the 11th Hussars into the sharp shape he wanted them. Grim, stone-headed, ruthless, kindly only to women, he waited for war. He was determined that when it—and the chance for glory—came, he and his hussars would be ready for it.

And in 1854, the chance came.

Since the days of Peter the Great the Russians had been seeking a so-called "warm-weather port," that is, one which would not freeze their navy in the ice for half the year. They also intended to carve a huge slice out of European Turkey, which then comprised all of the Balkans north of Greece. Czar [*Continued on page* 74]

Wounded, crazed with thirst, Provost was dragged onto the deck. Plummer drew his pistol.

Massacre Mutiny on the Whaler

by Farrell Cross
Illustrated by Bob Abbett

So strong was the hate between the harpooner and the first mate that it shook two continents. Before the last blood was spilled, the President of the United States himself was involved in the fight

● At one of the battered old wooden piers of the Whaling Museum at Mystic, Connecticut, there sits the last remaining American whaler, the *Charles W. Morgan,* enshrined there for visitors to board and inspect. She is given this place of honor because she typifies the rugged American breed of vessel that made history during the Nineteenth Century. And, gazing at the strong, businesslike lines of the *Morgan,* the visitor finds it hard to imagine that a little over a century ago just such a ship was the dramatic setting for a violent event that rocked America, and ultimately led to intervention by the President of the United States himself.

When the newly commissioned whaler *Junior* sailed out of New Bedford that hot July 21, 1857, there was nothing in her appearance to hint of tragedy. A sister ship of the *Morgan* and other New Bedford whalers built around the middle of the century, she was a bark some 105 feet in length with a 27-foot beam and a displacement of 315 tons. She was a solid, dogged-looking three-master, with a broad, square stern and a blunt bow specially strengthened to survive in the ice-scattered whaling grounds as far north as Wrangel Island.

With her normal complement aboard, four officers and 30 men, she eased gracefully out of New Bedford harbor and headed east through

Please turn page

Massacre Mutiny on the Whaler

Continued from preceding page

Nantucket Sound. But she hardly was out of sight of land when trouble began.

The men had lined up aft outside the galley for the evening meal. Within a few minutes every last one of them was spitting half-chewed chunks of salt beef over the rail and cursing the cook. The meat was rancid and so decayed that it crumbled when touched with a fork.

The incident passed and was soon almost forgotten. Bad food was nothing new to whalemen, because stores had to be preserved during months—even years—of voyaging in search of whales. Southward across the Atlantic and down

As the captain tried to get out of his bunk, Plummer raised the heavy whale gun. Then others got to work with knives.

into the South Atlantic, the sturdy little whaler cruised erratically, her lookouts constantly watching for signs of their prey. On deck, some four weeks after the incident, everything looked serene. But down below, in the forecastle, matters were vastly different.

"This damn slop isn't fit for pigs," one of the foretop hands was muttering as he came down the ladderway, mess gear in hand.

"Been a week now since I been able to keep anything on my stummick," replied one of the deck boys, who lay, pale and thin, on his hard bunk.

The mutterings on all sides rose into a sound like wind in the rigging. After the first incident of rotten meat, the food had been about normal. But for the past week it had been consistently bad.

"It's time we did something about it, mates."

The muttering stopped momentarily, and the forecastle hands turned toward the lithe, powerful figure of the speaker. It was Cyrus Plummer, one of the ablest harpooners in the business. "I'm going to have a little talk with the cook."

He swung easily up the ladder [*Continued on page* 57]

He Has the Bloodiest Job in the World

Andre Obrecht's title is a vile insult. For he is keeper of The Widow, who pays him 30 tax-free bucks a week but earns him the fascinated hatred of his countrymen

by David L. Goodrich

Illustrated by Norman Baer

● On the days when he is going to chop a man's head off, Andre Obrecht gets up early—generally a few minutes before midnight. Outside the windows of his comfortable apartment in the white-collar district of Auteuil, France, the streets are silent, the air chilly and damp. Obrecht steps into his black trousers, pulls a cardigan vest over his freshly starched shirt. Shoes in hand, he tiptoes from his bedroom, taking care not to wake his wife.

Obrecht's first stop is the garage on the street level. Here, in the back of an olive-drab Renault truck, license plate number D 64090, The Machine—his portable guillotine—is waiting for him. Obrecht switches on a flashlight and gives it a quick but thorough inspection: The half-dozen bulky wooden members—base, up-

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The giant Gorguloff bellowed in agony as the heavy blade dropped again and again on his neck.

He Has the Bloodiest Job in the World

Continued from page 30

rights, *bascule,* upper cornice—lie on the bottom; on top of them are neatly stacked the two-piece, wooden *lunette* which will grip the victim's neck, and the wedges, hammers, screws, and mason's level that Obrecht will use in setting up The Cigar Cutter. The counterweight is in its proper place in one corner. Obrecht moves to the opposite corner and lifts the lid of a large black box. It is painted red on the inside, and Obrecht's flashlight picks out the gleam of the brightly polished blade. One last item to check, and then he can go and fix himself some coffee. There it is—up near the driver's seat: a red, zinc-lined, wicker basket, as wide and deep as the normal coffin, but not quite so long.

"Eh, bien, bien," Obrecht mutters to himself. "Good, good."

Obrecht quietly closes the back doors of the truck and flicks off the flashlight. He walks slowly back through the darkened house, a big, stocky, heavy-featured man in his mid-60s. In the kitchen, he checks his watch; his two assistants are due any minute, and another day's work will soon begin. This time, they will drive to the prison at Versailles, an hour away, and exact the payment the Republic demands of murderers.

In the meantime, Andre Obrecht, "Monsieur de Paris"—France's only executioner—strikes a match and starts water boiling for his coffee.

At this same hour, out at Versailles, in the section reserved for prisoners condemned to death, there are other men awake. Among them—these are not their real names—are Eugene Lacoste and Romain Benoit.

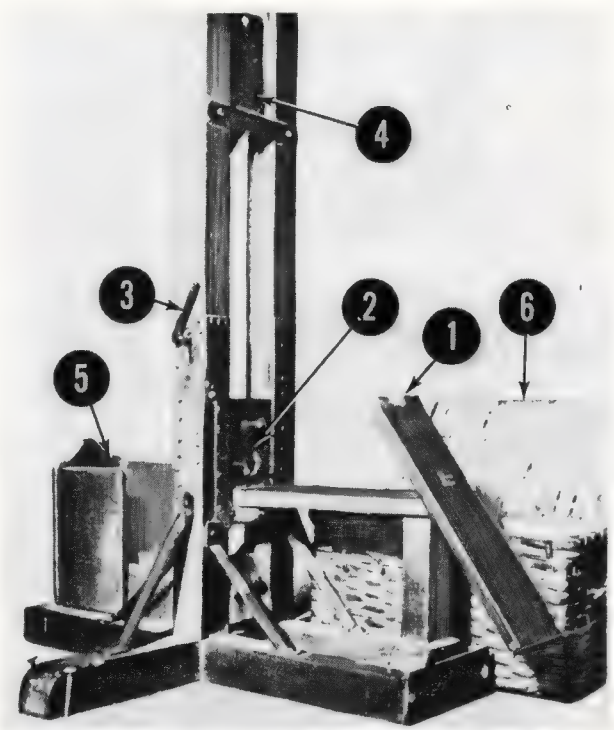
Benoit is a guard, a veteran of 20 years' service in the *Administration Penitentiaire.* A heavy, soft-spoken man, he is sitting at the door of Lacoste's cell, peering at his charge through the six-inch-square Judas window.

Lacoste sits on a wooden, straight-backed chair which is chained to the wall so he cannot use it as a weapon. He is only 24, and is short and lightly built, with dark, curly hair and a mouth full of crooked, tobacco-stained teeth.

In the space of one week, 16 months ago, Lacoste killed and robbed two Versailles taxi drivers. The killings never seemed monstrous or vicious to him. As he explained them at his trial: "I was paid to kill in the army in Algeria, and I got used to it. Besides, I needed their money." He was found guilty and sentenced to death two and a half months ago and, with his lawyer's help, filed a *recours en grace* [request for reprieve]. As yet, he does not know what decision has been reached by the President of the Republic—the only man with the power to pardon him. He knows that only a small percentage of death sentences are actually carried out. Some day soon, he is sure, his lawyer will appear at the peephole and tell him that he won't be meeting The Widow. Until then, he almost never can sleep at night.

He gets up now and makes his thousandth agitated circuit of the cell. There is one unshielded light bulb burning close to the ceiling. Lacoste stops in front of the Judas window, clears his throat and finally asks the inevitable question: "You're sure I'm not for tonight?"

Benoit's face remains placid. He knows the truth, but he also knows that it will be far easier on Lacoste if he lies. The authorities want the prisoner to be kept in ignorance as long as possible; the theory is that it's more merciful that way. So far, Lacoste has had a comparatively easy time of it, and has been a good prisoner. In the first weeks, like most men condemned to death, he was dazed, silent, withdrawn; then came a period of wild elation during which he talked incessantly, night



THE WIDOW: (1) Condemned is strapped face down on the *bascule.* (2) The *bascule* slides forward and becomes horizontal, upper panel is raised, neck is placed in opening. (3) Handle is thrown, dropping 75-pound blade (4). Severed head falls into *bassine* (5). Body is rolled into the basket (6) by an assistant. Executioner later throws in the head.

Now camera-shy, Obrecht was photographed in 1939 at the funeral of his uncle and predecessor, Anatole Dolbier. Current joke was that Dolbier, unlike his victims, was buried with his head on.

and day, asking Benoit and the other guards about themselves and their families, and telling them the story of his own life. In this exuberance he wrote dozens of letters, and even tried his hand at poetry.

Then, gradually, as the weeks dragged by and no word of a reprieve was brought to him, Lacoste slipped into the tense, tortured state which the guards call *angoisse*—agony. Once he tried to kill himself by butting full tilt against the wall, and the guards put him into a strait jacket until he calmed down. The worst that has happened to him are the visions: the guillotine blade slashing down . . . the coveralls of the assistant executioners, faded pale blue by too many washings.

There is nothing Lacoste can do but wait. If he gets through this night safely, tomorrow might be the day he is reprieved. . .

Benoit knows the truth—that in an hour or two the olive-drab truck will pull into the courtyard below, and Monsieur de Paris and his two *valets* will silently start assembling The Widow. But only one answer is possible: "No, you're not for tonight. And tomorrow you'll get your reprieve." He looks at his watch. "Midnight." He unlocks the cell door, locks it again behind himself, and pulls a pair of handcuffs from under his belt.

With his wrists bound together, Lacoste lies down on his iron cot. "Try to get some sleep," Benoit says.

"I'll try."

The guillotine is put up quickly. The whole process takes less than 45 minutes. Waving his flashlight in the blackness of the court, Obrecht whispers orders, and performs the more complicated tasks himself: driving the wedges in under the cross-shaped base, setting the bolts which bind the 14-foot uprights to it. His assistants are big men, and handle the heavy timbers easily. Curious guards watch from the shadows, and Obrecht steps aside and quietly questions them: "Has this guy got much hair?"

"Yes."

"Good." (Obrecht himself will transfer the head from the *bassine* to the coffin, and will need a solid handhold.)

Finally the base and uprights are in place, and the *bascule* and *lunette* are ready to be attached. The *bascule* is the plank on which Lacoste will lie. It stands vertically now, but when the prisoner's body is shoved against it, it will flip over into a horizontal position and the *valets* will push it on its runners down toward the *lunette*. The *lunette* is hinged, and when it has clamped down, Obrecht will throw a lever and the 75-pound blade will fall.

The blade is in place, and Obrecht lowers it to within 10 feet of the *lunette*. They are almost finished now; the red, zinc-lined basket is put on the ground parallel to the *bascule*, and the buckets are neatly arrayed in the *bassine* beneath the *lunette*. Obrecht takes a last look at the arrangements, and then with a pair of scissors cuts several lengths from a coil of quarter-inch rope.

Off to one side, waits the official party: the public prosecutor, the director of the prison, Lacoste's lawyer, a priest, a doctor, the court clerk, a police officer, and four uniformed guards. It is 3:15 in the morning; in the east, the false dawn has smeared a faint tinge of pink across the sky. The prison director asks Obrecht if everything is ready; Obrecht nods. He and his men will wait for Lacoste in an office near the courtyard. The director says a few final words to his party, and they set off to get their man.

Sitting before the Judas window, staring into the still-lighted cell, Benoit feels them approach. He does not hear them—they are in their stocking feet and walk on tiptoe. Benoit turns and whispers two words: *"Il dort"* [he's sleeping]. Everything has gone according to plan: Lacoste will be snatched from oblivion to face the guillotine.

The guards are first into the cell. The door is soundlessly swung open, and they creep across the few feet of concrete floor to the cot, then pounce together, seizing the sleeping prisoner by both arms. One of the guards stoops over Lacoste, ready to sit on his chest if he struggles too violently. The voice of the prosecutor echoes through the narrow chamber, intoning the traditional words: "Eugene Lacoste, your request for reprieve has been rejected. Prepare yourself to die."

Lacoste is still half-asleep. "Rejected?" he mumbles. "It's me tonight?"

The priest and Lacoste's lawyer move to his side as he is helped to his feet. They talk soothingly, quietly to him: "Be brave, my son. . . ." "I'm here, Eugene. . . ."

Lacoste begins to tremble and runs his tongue over his lips. His eyes dart around [*Continued on page* 60]

THE ACE WHO WAS 10 FEET TALL

This story should be told every boy on the day he becomes a man; for, better than any other, it shows the heights a man can reach

by Paul Clifton

Illustrated by Phil Ronfor

● "Douglas is windy, y'know, old boy—he's scared."

The amateur pilot who sat drinking coffee in the clubhouse of the civil flying club at Woodley, a grass airfield in the Thames valley about 40 miles west of London, winked knowingly at his civilian companion. The corners of his mouth curled downward in an irritating smirk.

Douglas Bader, the muscular young Royal Air Force pilot officer who faced him, kicked back his chair in anger. Pugnaciously leaning across the table on his clenched fists, he glared at the man who had dared to question his courage. A flood of hot fury surged inside him.

Stifling the oath on his lips, he snapped:

"I've told you already, old boy, I *won't* do any low flying today!"

The amused civilian pilot, now thoroughly enjoying the joke, tilted back his chair and burst into laughter.

He nudged his companion. "I see we've got Douglas rattled, old man."

Douglas Bader flushed. The needling hurt. But, although filled with suppressed anger, he still refused to be persuaded—for the moment.

It was not quite 11 o'clock on the crisp winter morning of December 14, 1931. Pilot Officer Douglas Bader, a 21-year-old career officer who had graduated from Cranwell (the West Point of the RAF) only 16 months previously, was the aerobatic king of Hendon, the RAF's prewar annual air display.

He had won, throughout the RAF, a deserved reputation as a daredevil. His specialty (very unofficially) was a strictly-forbidden, slow roll close to the ground, an exceptionally dangerous maneuver. Un-

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When Bader was slung out of his damaged Spitfire, he left one leg behind.

THE ACE WHO WAS 10 FEET TALL

Continued from page 34

officially, everyone knew about his daring stunt. Now, while talking shop with the two inexperienced pilots, he was asked to give a display of his famous low-level roll.

Bader turned down the request for a very good reason. But the civilian pilots were insistent, and dared him to show them the tricky maneuver.

What troubled Bader was that twice recently his flight commander had had him on the carpet for low flying. Consequently, since his renowned stunt was, according to the book, a court-martial offense, he thought it prudent to play safe, just for once.

But Douglas Bader was a young man who could never resist a challenge. As a rather unfavored younger brother, he had fought rejection all his life, and, now, as he heard the civilian pilots' guffaws, the nagging insinuation that he was yellow stung his pride.

"Hell, *I'll* show them!" he muttered, jutting out his jaw, as he strode angrily out toward his aircraft.

The Bristol Bulldog, a gleaming array of struts and wires, was the RAF's newest fighter. The little biplane could do almost 180 mph straight and level. However, she lost height in a slow roll—and she had already killed two of Douglas's chums who had rolled her too close to the ground.

Still boiling inside, Douglas took off, banked steeply, and flew toward the clubhouse very low. He snorted at the two figures who stood on the steps, watching his performance. Drawing level with the building, he pulled the stick slightly back, applied right rudder, then pushed the stick to the right. As the Bulldog went into her roll, Douglas noticed that he could pick out individual blades of grass.

When the aircraft was almost on her back, he closed the throttle slightly to prevent the engine cutting. He was losing height rapidly. Tautly, he pushed the stick all the way over. The twin mainplanes, he noticed, were almost vertical. At last, she began to roll out.

Suddenly, the bottom wing-tip caught the grass. The propeller, thrown down, churned into the soft turf. Douglas was flung violently sideways. A ripping of fabric filled his ears, followed by a metallic clanging as the engine was wrenched out of its mounting. Then he found himself held sideways by his straps, breathing dust. He was conscious of a numb aching in his knees.

In a detached way, he looked down. His right overall leg was ripped at the knee. The flesh underneath was pulp. Blood spurted rhythmically out of the crushed mess. Idly, he watched his white overalls turn red. His left leg was trapped underneath the seat. A tooth jutted through his upper lip.

He remained conscious until rescue came. As a result of that crash, he lost his right leg above the knee. His left leg was cut off below the knee.

For most men that would have meant the end of a flying career. For Douglas Bader this was the turning point in his career.

Bader (rhymes with "harder") had fallen in love with flying when he was a cadet at Cranwell. The young athlete soloed the Avro 504, a fabric-covered biplane, after only six-and-a-half hours of dual flying time. Though he was lukewarm toward ground school, his imagination was caught by the heroic stories of Ball, McCudden, and other great aces of World War I. Their examples taught him the secrets of airfighting—and he never forgot.

At Cranwell, he showed little respect for official rules. He was more interested in boxing. He knocked out every opponent in the first minute, an all-out technique he later used in airfighting. He was also a crack rifle shot. In the air, his most dangerous feat when flying solo was to take off his parachute, clamber over to the empty front cockpit, tie a handkerchief to its stick, then climb back to his own rear cockpit. The real thrill was not to be caught.

However, when Bader was ranked 19th out of 21 students in ground school exams, his squadron commander decided to stand no more nonsense. He sent him to the commandant.

Flight Cadet Bader thought the end had come when he stood on the carpet before firm, but kindly, Air Vice Marshal Halahan.

"Bader, I'll give you one more chance." The commandant was tight-lipped. "We want men here, not boys. Either you pull your socks up or you get out."

The blunt statement that he was failing to measure up to standards shook Bader. Worse, he realized that he had, in fact, been irresponsible. He was flying Siskins now, single-seat fighter trainers, and he was more determined than ever to become a fighter pilot like Captain Ball.

The air vice marshal's bawling out gave Bader the jolt he needed. Reforming completely, Cadet Bader became a model student. Working late every night, he even became expert in math, which he hated. At graduation, he ranked second in his class.

In August 1930, Pilot Officer Bader, D.R.S., proudly wearing his new wings, reported to No. 23 Squadron at Kenley. A fighter pilot at last, he was flying Gloster Gamecocks. The dashing airman was everything a young buck of 20 could wish to be: handsome, popular, a brilliant sportsman, and adored by girls. Then, 16 months later, life almost ended for Bader.

The doctors expected him to die after his accident. It was just a matter of time, they said. But one day, as he hovered between life and death, he heard a nurse's remote voice in the corridor saying, "Quiet, please, a young Air Force pilot's dying in there."

"Me? Dying?" thought Bader.

He fought back. Pain flooded his body. But he had something to live for; he wanted to fly again.

Unreasonably, he refused to concede defeat and thus he stayed alive.

One morning much later, he tried on the metal legs that had been made for him, and was bitterly dismayed to find he could not move a step. The right leg was the trouble, for he lacked a right knee. He refused to give in. He continued to try. Finally, he learned to throw his whole weight forward to move the stump. The exertion, though, left him sweating, and the perspiration chafed his stumps, making the skin raw.

In the next three weeks, during which he tasted black despair, he learned painfully to walk again. He stubbornly refused to use a stick. The first time he fell in public, he indignantly turned down the offer of a fellow officer to help him up. "Don't touch me!" he snapped, "I'll manage alone!"

During the agonizing weeks that followed, he achieved triumphs that a legless man had never accomplished before. He not only learned to walk again, he drove his MG once more, went swimming, met a new girl friend, and jubilantly took her dancing. And he flew again, effortlessly.

But the RAF doctors refused to pass him as fit for flying. "I'm awfully sorry, old chap, there's nothing in King's Regulations to cover a legless pilot," they told him.

Invalided out of the RAF with a 100 per cent disability pension, Bader took an office job. He played squash and tennis and learned to play golf, reducing his handicap to nine. He also married Thelma Edwards, a girl he met after he lost his legs. She made civilian life worth living. But he still longed to fly again.

Three times, before the war, he tried to rejoin the RAF. But, each time, he was turned down on medical grounds. When war broke out, however, the RAF desperately needed trained pilots. This time, ignoring King's Regulations, the doctors passed him. He was back home at last.

His old friend Geoffrey Stephenson, now commanding No. 19 Squadron of Spitfires, asked for him; but, when he reported to Duxford in February 1940, he felt like an outsider. The other pilots were mostly boys of about 20, while he was a rather elderly gentleman of almost 30—with twice as many flying hours as most. Worse, his Cranwell contemporaries were commanding squadrons while he was a mere flying officer.

He felt the need to prove his worth. His opportunity came one day when his young flight commander lost his position on a cross-country flight. Bader, who had map-read all the way, led the flight back home.

Next day, as reward, he was made leader of three gray-green Spitfires. Shortly afterward, transferred to No. 222 Squadron under Tubby Mermagen, he put up his second stripe as a flight lieutenant (captain) and was given command of a flight.

He already had quarrelled with the official Fighter Command method of attack. His approach was to follow the technique made famous by Capt. Albert Ball in WW I: Attack from height, out of the sun. Now he drilled his young pilots in this classic method, anxious to prove its worth in combat.

Bader tasted first blood over Dunkirk. Sighting four Messerschmitt 109s above the beaches, he dived to attack. He reefed his Spit into a tight turn as the Messerschmitts broke.

Suddenly a 109 arced up in front of him at 1 o'clock; the dirty, oil-stained camouflage filled the glowing ring of his reflector sight. He kicked hard on bottom rudder to stay on [*Continued on page* 70]

In spite of two metal legs, Bader needed no help in climbing into his Spitfire.

Captured gator grunts below Seminole totem pole.

WATER WAY TO GRAB A GATOR!

Photos by Kurt Severin

● Sometime or other, every man has been faced with the proposition that baby needs a pair of shoes. If baby has expensive taste, these shoes are likely to be made out of alligator. But the real live alligators in Florida's Everglades have never before been faced with quite the kind of shoes that an enterprising shoemaker named Alan Martin recently dreamed up.

Martin's inspiration—his patents are pending—is called the Miami Water-Shoe and is made of a cellular plastic material which is practically unsinkable and soak-proof, even after many months of continuous use in the water. A pair weighs about 40 pounds, thus they are easily stored and transported. They will support even a hefty sportsman who tips the scales at up to about 225 pounds.

Wooden "sea-claws" act as stabilizers and facilitate walking. A sportsman can even take a casual stroll in choppy water against a 20-mile-per-hour wind. But, if a guy merely wants to sail along and dream, the sea-claws fold up and he can strap a sheet on his back. For drifting, the claws are also folded and a seat is placed over the floating bales in back of the user.

There are many potential uses for the Miami Water-Shoes. They may prove of great value not only for the hunter and the fisherman, but for all who engage in rescue and lifesaving work, skin diving, and spear fishing.

Although the shoes are still in the testing stage, Paul Hernandez—as you can see from the pictures on these pages—is using them now to trap alligators. It's hard to feel much sympathy for a roaring, sharp-toothed reptilian monster, but we do think it's kind of rubbing it in to catch a gator with shoes and then turn him into a pair. ●

Literally walking on water, Paul Hernandez finds a sunning gator.

After Paul tosses a rope over the alligator's head, the brute suddenly comes to life and decides to fight.

Paul tries to lift the gator onto his Water-Shoes for the trip home.

But the struggling gator throws both Paul and himself into the swampy water of the glades—the gator's home and hunting ground.

Splashing in a desperate escape struggle, the alligator tries to head for deep water, but Paul grabs the snout of the 7-foot monster, holds him in the shallow, muddy area, and the weird battle rages on.

Finally subduing the gator, Paul places him on the front of his shoes and starts back toward the Seminole village.

An Indian friend, Stanley Tiger, picks both Paul and the gator up in a boat and the gator-stalk is over.

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Cash Prizes

To Choke A Horse"

puzzle. After you have read the rules carefully, transfer your answer to the official entry blank, cut it out, and paste it on a postcard.

We're not just horsing around when we say that the new Jackpot Puzzle will intrigue you. And don't forget that next month and every month, CAVALIER will bring you a completely new Jackpot Puzzle with big cash prizes.

Names of winners of this month's Jackpot Puzzle No. 2, with the complete and correct solution of the puzzle, will appear in the July issue of CAVALIER. Keep a record of your entry so that you can compare it with the winner.

RULES

1. Entrants may submit a same-size, hand-drawn facsimile of the official entry blank. You do not have to buy CAVALIER to compete. Entry blanks must be pasted or glued on a post card for ease in checking. Entries submitted inside an envelope are ineligible and will not be inspected. CONTESTANTS ARE PERMITTED TO SUBMIT ONLY ONE ENTRY, AND SUBMISSION OF MULTIPLE ENTRIES DISQUALIFIES THE CONTESTANT.

2. All winners will be notified by mail and their names printed in CAVALIER. The July issue of CAVALIER will publish the solution to the Jackpot Puzzle No. 2, with an explanation for each word chosen.

3. Entries must be mailed to CAVALIER JACKPOT CONTEST No. 2, POST OFFICE BOX 1035, GREENWICH, CONN. (see Rule 1.) To be eligible entries must be received, via mail, by 12 Noon, Monday, April 3, 1961, and be post marked prior to March 29, 1961. The publishers of CAVALIER assume no responsibility for late entries or entries lost in the mail.

4. There is only one correct answer to a CAVALIER Jackpot, and it is being held in custody. If more than one correct solution is submitted the $10,000 prize will be divided among the winners. ONLY a perfect solution can win. All entries become the property of Fawcett Publications, and none will be returned. Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning this contest, or with agents for contestants, and the contest will not be discussed with contestants by telephone. Prior to becoming entitled to and receiving a prize, each contestant agrees, if required, to truthfully sign an affidavit certifying: That the answers submitted are his own and have not been obtained from so-called "puzzle lists" or any source whatsoever outside of the contestant's own family or personal friends.

5. The contest is open to any resident of continental North America, or the 50 states, except employees or the members of their immediate families of (1) Fawcett Publications, Inc. (2) its wholesale distributors.

6. By signing the entry blank each contestant, in consideration of the enjoyment furnished him by the puzzles supplied for his amusement and as a test of skill, and in anticipation of the valuable prizes for which he is eligible, voluntarily and irrevocably agrees as follows:

a. That he will accept as final and correct the solution held in custody until contest closes.

b. That, by signing the entry blank, the contract between the contestant and Fawcett Publications, Inc., shall be deemed entered into within the State of New York, regardless of where and to whom the contestant's entry blank may be mailed.

c. That any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York.

d. That the contestant waives any or all right that he may have, or deems he may have, as a result of entering this contest, to make any claims of any kind against any person, firm or corporation which or who sells or offers for sale copies of CAVALIER. Such contestant also waives any and all rights that he might have to attach funds or property of Fawcett Publications, Inc., situated or located elsewhere than in the states of New York and/or Conn.

CAVALIER JACKPOT CONTEST NO. 2

Use this as a work sheet. Transfer your solution to the Official Entry Blank.

CLUES ACROSS:

3. Normally, it adds to a certain flavor, of course.
6. Conscience could easily bother person who's this.
7. Late on an eerie night, a person who's..... is likely hesitant about answering the door.
8. Could appear a bit silly and yet be quite nice.
10. If of absorbing interest, you may well be sorry as it comes to an end.
11. The greatest possible.
14. Abbreviation of "manuscript."
15. Fish eggs.
16. Propel a boat with oars.
18. Even though well liked, certainly not masculine.
19. Abbreviation of "station."
21. The ability to remember them can be a great help to a policeman.
23. It's not very unusual for a girl to be this.
24. A beverage.
25. Abbreviation of "Mister."
26. A feminine name.
28. Requirement.
31. A whip.
33. Number of years old.
34. Of deaths in French Civil War, it's well known how .....of aristocrats were accounted for by guillotine.
35. Having criticized a civic authority, writer may be called upon to prove the.....

CLUES DOWN:

1. You can hardly treat a serious.....with levity.
2. A nice.....may catch the fancy of a girl.
4. Helps.
5. Melodies.
6. Naturally, one thinks of them as being sharp.
9. Whatever is left around, good.....will pick up.
12. Piece of land.
13. Spring is a.....of the year.
14. Welders fuse metals at their.....point.
17. Egg-shaped.
20. Less than ten.
21. Fear that you may.....is liable to have the effect of making you do so.
22. Stop.
27. Initials of "National Housing Act."
29. Snakelike fish.
30. Abbreviation of "debutante."
32. An exclamation.
33. .....well as.

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SAMPLE

CLUES ACROSS:

5. A man may just be bored if his wife constantly seeks to.....him.
7. A monkey on one could look rather comical.
8. Small bird.
10. Very rare stamps are often.....by a philatelist.
13. It's good for cab drivers to have nice friendly ones.
15. Two of a kind.
16. Jewel.
18. Help.
20. In hospital, a doctor suggesting this could well do so to make a patient feel a little better physically.
21. The fact that a new one is different from the old hardly matters.
23. It's up to the owner of an apartment house to see that it's well.....
24. A sand hill.
25. There are blue ones, of course.

CLUES DOWN:

1. Could be followed by suspicious policeman on his beat.
2. You can do so with a knife.
3. A few news items can definitely be expected to.....people talking.
4. It lives in water.
6. Paying a large sum for one could be quite a gamble.
7. It can be hard to wait for food to.....when you're really ravenous.
9. Generally speaking, few men ever.....as much as they would like.
11. Where her acceptance of a coveted award is concerned, an actress would naturally be.....
12. Change direction.
14. Though old, may be worth hearing.
16. Evidence of.....is likely to put the police on their mettle.
17. Necessary or vital.
19. Female animal.
22. Shut out in the rain, a.....dog may look very forlorn.

AN EXPLANATION OF MORE DIFFICULT CLUES

CLUES DOWN:

1. MAN not van. While he "*could* follow" a MAN without any aid, "a policeman on his beat could" not "follow" a van, unless he had transport and this we can't be sure of. Fan is weak.
3. GET not set. "GET people talking" implies *intention* that they should "talk" and this is the objective of only "a few news items." There are *many* "news items" that will set "people talking."
6. SITE not sire. The SITE "could be quite a gamble," though there is no particular reason why it should be. Where size is concerned, there is *always* a definite element of chance, since the horse may die. Side and size are too vague.
7. COOK not cool. If "really ravenous, you can hardly wait for" it "to" COOK, of course; but "you" *don't* simply "wait for it to" cool—if necessary you take steps to cool it *down* to a suitable temperature for eating.
9. HAVE not save. HAVE is best, since saving is not an end in itself and *possession* is the main idea in any case. GAVE is poor grammatically. Pave, rave and wave are poor.
11. GRACEFUL not grateful. The clue stresses "*her acceptance* of a coveted award," but her gratitude would not be confined to "her acceptance" of it. She is grateful for it and GRACEFUL in "her acceptance of" it.
14. RIDDLE not fiddle. The clue implies that age counts *against* this, favoring RIDDLE. The best fiddles *are* "old" ones.
16. GUILT not guile. GUILT is most apt, since many honest citizens could be credited with a certain amount of guile. Guild is remote.
22. WET not pet. "In the rain" points to WET. The fact that the "dog" is a pet has no bearing on the matter.

CLUES ACROSS:

5. AMUSE not abuse. Merely "*seeks* to" implies inability to do so, favoring AMUSE. She *can* quite certainly abuse "him."
7. CHAIR not chain. "On" a CHAIR, possibly in imitation of humans, "a monkey could" certainly "look rather comical." There is nothing "comical" about being "on" a chain, however, and, consequently, the words, "on one," are pointless where chain is concerned.
10. BOUGHT not sought. The clue says "*a* philatelist," that is, any one particular "philatelist." "Very rare stamps are" *always* sought by "a philatelist," surely, but "often" BOUGHT, as he would not be interested in *all* "very rare stamps."
13. FACES not fares. The implication that "it is good for a cab driver," if a fare is "friendly" seems a little odd. Furthermore, regardless of how "friendly" he is, it certainly isn't "good," if the fare is overly intoxicated, for example, or perhaps doesn't have the money to pay at the end of the ride. Fakes, fates and fazes are not good.
20. DOZE not dope or dose. "Drug" would be better than dope (a word normally used in a slang sense for the use implied) as something that "a *doctor*" would "suggest" and again, "dose of *medicine*" would be better than just dose. Also, both the foregoing could have a *powerful* effect, while a DOZE could merely make the "patient feel a little better." Dole, dome and dove are poor.
21. SPADE not shade. SPADE is more apt. Since you may well have chosen the new shade intentionally *because* of its "difference from the old one," it seems pointless to say that the "difference *hardly matters*."
23. LET not lit. "The owner" may be responsible for "seeing that" there are facilities for good lighting, but hardly for "seeing that" the place "is" actually "well" lit. It's definitely his concern "to see that the apartment house is well" LET, however.
25. DYES not eyes. "Blue" DYES, certainly. Strictly speaking, however, there are no "blue" eyes, but only "blue" irises of the eyes. Lyes and ryes are remote.

Though a terrific ballplayer, Hack Wilson always looked like a clown.

He Never Came From The Same Direction TWICE

Hack had brief return to glory in a Brooklyn night club act in 1939 (above left). He soon struck out again.

Once a super star, Hack Wilson seems doomed to be known only as Baseball's All-Time Booze Fighting champ. Here a top writer tells why Hack deserves to be in the Hall of Fame and why some would like to forget he ever existed

by Al Stump

● Like a searchlight picking its way amidst battle smoke, a blue spot glided through the congested atmosphere of Frankie Pope's Little Chicago cabaret and settled at a ringside table on a huge, squat, red-faced customer who sat facing a large empty fishbowl. All interest in such occupations as dancing and crap-throwing ceased as a man with a microphone hopped onto the bandstand.

"Folks," he shouted, "Mr. Hack Wilson will now attempt to break his own non-stop world record for drinking beer!"

Amidst cheers, waiters carried in the brew—four quarts of it—and carefully measured it into the bowl. Insofar as local record-keepers knew, no man ever had managed to consume a gallon of prohibition lager in one uninterrupted draught, and the betting was lively that not even Hack Wilson—the acknowledged champion guzzler of Cook County—could succeed in such a prodigious feat. The fat man already had enough glow on to illuminate Pope's joint, but he addressed himself to the task seriously. He loosened the belt girdling his 240 pounds. He inhaled and exhaled powerfully. He took a grip on the beaker and raised it.

Please turn page

He Never Came From the Same Direction Twice

Continued from preceding page

"When I've finished this," he roared, "bring me another for a chaser!"

The golden stuff went down in a slow, steady stream . . . 30 seconds passed . . . a minute . . . close to two minutes. With the bowl two-thirds emptied, Hack was on his feet, staggering as he drank—eyes bulging, face purpled, sweat streaming from the effort he was putting out. The crowd went wild as he refused to quit. "A hundred he makes it!" a voice cried. The bet was promptly covered. Friends now were supporting the anguished king of swill, whose legs were gone. Only guts—and a supernatural thirst—kept him going.

But then, heading into the last quart, he seemed to expand like a balloon. The bowl flew into the crowd as he fell back with an awful groan, did an eccentric heel-and-toe walk in a small circle, and collapsed soggily to the floor.

The great Hack Wilson was out cold.

Tenderly, they revived him, and Hack made up for the loss of time. Within a couple of hours he was hitting it up in a series of Tenderloin dives, and, as always, with imagination. He didn't leave off until day broke over Chicago. By then he'd switched to rye, been in a fight, and collected several blondes. He'd emptied many more glasses, been given a ticket for careening up North Clark Street while using his feet to steer his car, blown a few hundred dollars, and lifted a fully-grown cart horse from the ground. The horse, encountered in front of a South Side greengrocer's, weighed around 900 pounds. Gambler Frankie Pope, who'd joined the Wilson entourage, claimed he couldn't hoist the animal. Taking a brace under Dobbin's stomach, and with somewhat less effort than he'd put into the marathon beer bout, he proved that few living men had a stronger back than Lewis Robert Wilson of Martinsburg, West Virginia.

Around 10 a.m., he had a shave and a nap. Then, that afternoon, he broke up a ball game at Wrigley Field.

Dizzily hung over as he was that August day of 1930, the three-time home run champion of the National League hit two doubles and a homer off Brooklyn's ace fastballer, Dazzy Vance, to lift his batting average to .368. The bleacher wallop was his 44th of the season—a new all-time league record. It also tied him with Babe Ruth in a home run derby which had the nation's fans panting in suspense and surprise—for until then it was assumed that the Babe was mightiest and was bound to prevail.

But Hack won easily. The keg-shaped Cub center fielder, who trained on needled beer, bathtub gin, and rubbing alcohol and was the biggest brawler, night-walker, and happy-go-lucky hooligan in the modern history of ballplaying, hit 56 homers to Ruth's 49—a feat, everything considered, which never will be equaled.

Today, nearly 30 years later, Hack's 56 remain the National record. Even with pulled-in fences, they can't touch it. Moreover, the runs-batted-in mark he set in 1930 is another that Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, Ernie Banks, Hank Aaron, and others never can match. These days, when 100 runs batted across per year is epic hitting, it seems beyond belief that a player once reached 190. Hack put that score up there for all time. Not Cobb, nor Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Hornsby, DiMaggio, Williams, or Musial ever were up to it. Of all the slugging marks in the book, this one seems the most imperishable.

And none of them—Ruth briefly excepted—ever stood at the plate with a jag still on and the marks of a cop's nightstick concealed by his cap. For Hack, these were run-of-life handicaps. Through six of his prime years, he averaged a fifth of hard liquor a day. He almost never slept. At 10 a.m., the breakfasting Cubs would meet Wilson weaving into the hotel. The women he knew emerged only by night, and the Martinsburg Iron Man wasn't one to break off a date simply because his bender had lasted 10 or 12 hours—doubleheader that day or not. By dawn, after a dozen saloons, he was still in shape for the boudoir. And, after that, ready to face the best pitchers of a tough era—the Hubbells, Luques, Wild Bill Hallahans, and Vances. Such stamina left Hack's managers speechless—almost.

"Somehow the ----- shows up for work each day," admitted Bill Veeck, Sr., general manager of the Cubs, "but the helluvit is, always from a different direction."

Yet such a hitter seldom has been seen. Once, in a two-year stretch of 305 games, he made 406 hits, among them 171 doubles, triples, and homers, while driving in or personally scoring the incredible total of 630 runs and averaging .350!

It tells enough that Ruth, in his best two consecutive seasons, never produced like that.

All the same, they've buried the Blue Ridge Mountain boy good and deep in baseball lore and would like to forget him entirely. He's not in the Cooperstown Hall of Fame, and never will be. On physical durability alone, he should be. But, while earning and unloading $250,000, he was a constant contradiction to baseball's carefully-contrived grab

The terrible power Wilson had can be seen here as he drives a home run. He once hit 56 in a season.

for social prestige. While William Wrigley, John McGraw, and other of his employers hired experts to convince America that big-leaguers no longer were the vulgarians of the Gaslight Age—along came the raffish, well-pickled Hack to expose the whole thing as a sham. From 1926 on, he wrote his own headlines: RAID ON BEER FLAT NETS HACK. And WILSON TERRORIZES FAN IN STANDS. And RAILWAY DEPOT RIOT BRINGS RIOT SQUAD —HACK'S IN THE MIDDLE AGAIN!

Before he was 30, Hack had inspired members of the influential Baseball Writers Association to head a movement to oust him from the game for life. By then he had beaten up two sportswriters (and refused to apologize), been banned from a Boston hotel for lobbing empty bottles out upper windows onto pedestrians (without bothering to open the windows), and had incited a riot in Brooklyn. Twice he'd been jailed for drinking. Once he'd nearly burned down a Pittsburgh hotel. The Anti-Saloon League also was up in arms. One of its officials had approached Hack, preaching sobriety, but had run out screaming when he stuck an electric buzzer under her petticoat.

Most of these were overshadowed, though, by the Fourth of July, 1929—the day he broke one train into two and rearranged schedules in southern Ohio.

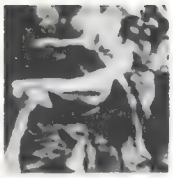
Where modern ballplayers look like pettish schoolgirls in a fight, the fat man was all pro. He could hit—either hand—like 30 mules. The return punishment he simply blotted up.

His biggest Independence Day began when he hit a single before a large crowd in the Cincinnati park and trotted down to first. The grandstand jockeys were on him, and Wilson responded in his usual crowd-pleasing manner—thumb to his nose. But then, from the Reds' dugout, pitcher Ray Kolp yelled a remark asserting that Hack's family tree was entirely populated by illegitimate dope fiends, thieves, and streetwalkers.

Though the crack was routine, Hack forgot the game, left the bag to charge the dugout, and leaped on Kolp, both fists churning. All of them were extra-base blows. When umpires and players finally pulled him off, Kolp needed medical attention and Hack was ejected from the game.

"Don't think I won't see you bastards later!" he promised the Reds, as cops hustled him away.

That night the two teams, both headed east, were routed out of town on the same train. The Reds found Hack waiting for them—alone—on the loading platform. He demanded [*Continued on page* 79]



INSIDE EICHMANN

Continued from page 13

a rather timid little boy with large, soft eyes and a high forehead who attracted no particular attention. He came from a conventional middle-class home, his father being a minor official of an electrical concern.

Though born in Germany in 1906, he passed his formative years in the provincial town of Linz, in Austria, where Adolf Hitler had also lived some years earlier. Eichmann actually attended the same secondary school and learned history from the same professor whose teaching, Hitler said, was "perhaps a factor deciding my whole career." This was Prof. Dr. Leopold Pötsch, an otherwise obscure schoolmaster who left his imprint on two of the most appalling personalities of modern times.

Prof. Dr. Pötsch's pupil Adolf Hitler was destined to rise to dictatorial power and launch a program of calculated slaughter and scientific extermination such as the world had never seen. Prof. Dr. Pötsch's pupil Adolf Eichmann would become the Grand Inquisitor in that program.

But his career began normally enough with an ambition to be an electrical engineer. After only two years of study, however, he was abruptly compelled to leave school because his father's business was failing. Defeat in World War I had left Austria, like Germany, with a deep and chronic depression, wide-spread unemployment, and almost total economic stagnation. The atmosphere was poisonous with apathy and despair, and for thousands of restless and embittered spirits it was a breeding time for anarchy and revolution.

Eichmann managed to get a job as a traveling salesman for an electrical firm, and later for the Shell Oil Co. But he felt restless, cheated, discontented; and from across the border, from Germany, the raucous and impassioned voice of the ex-Austrian, Adolf Hitler, was being heard. Eichmann began listening.

With the hypnotic insistence of a jungle tom-tom, the voice of Hitler was calling on Germans to tear the old Europe to pieces and build a new one on the ruins, a Europe overpowered and dominated by the German race. Instead of apathy and stagnation, he was offering action—action of the most direct and brutal kind. "The new Europe," the voice was saying, "will be a continent deliberately restored to barbarism. This time the foundations of society will be laid not by priests and diplomats, but by pirates of destiny!" And he was saying: "It is not by the principles of humanity that man lives or is able to preserve himself above the animal world, but only by means of the most brutal struggle." And he said, over and over: "If a people is to become free it needs pride and will power, defiance and *hate, hate, hate, and once again—hate!*"

In a thousand variations, but always with the same theme, he trumpeted the savage doctrine of an earlier German warlord and took it as his own: "It is necessary that our civilization build its temple on mountains of corpses, on an ocean of tears, and on the death cries of men without number."

To reasonable men, it all seemed wild and preposterous and mad. But Adolf Hitler was the greatest demagogue in history, and he was creating in his followers a kind of mass insanity.

Adolf Eichmann became one of them.

He joined the National Socialist Workers Party, the party of Hitler, which people called "Nazi" for short. He worked so actively for the Party in Austria, where it was forbidden, that he lost his job and was in danger of being thrown in jail.

After Hitler came to power in 1933, Eichmann fled to Germany and joined the Nazi Austrian Legion which was then being formed in Bavaria. He became a full-fledged Storm Trooper.

Among the back-alley thugs and assorted human apes who crowded into the ranks of the Storm Troopers, young Adolf Eichmann seemed distinctly out of place. He was slender and somewhat shy, with an affable manner and even a touch of traditional Austrian charm. With his overlong nose, his stick-out ears and those big, almost dreamy eyes, he did not look very formidable. Aside from a fondness for horseback riding, he was in no way athletic and did not seem especially robust. In a movement which was loudly calling for "splendid blond beasts, a race of conquerors and masters" he appeared to have joined the wrong lodge.

But he had come to the right place. In any sane society he might have wound up, sooner or later, inside a padded cell and chained to a wall. But among the Nazis he could flourish.

His first assignment, after preliminary training, was anything but spectacular. He was transferred to Berlin and ordered to put together a reference file on Freemasonry in Germany. The Freemasons were one of Hitler's many weird and irrational hates. He regarded them as members of a world-wide conspiracy and dangerous to the wondrous new Third Reich which he was establishing. So Adolf Eichmann began his career in the Nazi Party pecking away at index cards like an office clerk.

But the masters of the new Germany soon sensed Eichmann was one of their very own, the kind of human material they needed for their spreading reign of terror—"men from whom the world would shrink back," as Hitler put it, "violently active men, dominating, intrepid, brutal."

He was taken into the Security Services of the Nazi Elite Guard, the *SS*. The initials came from the two S's in the word *Schutzstaffel*, which merely means "protection staff." Beginning with a small unit of picked men as Hitler's body guard, the *SS* grew to enormous proportions and became the most powerful organization in the Third Reich. It included the most blindly fanatical and utterly ruthless elements of the Nazi movement, and in time established its own secret service, its own police and terror apparatus, and even its own army (the *Waffen*, or weapons, *SS*) which provided some of the most effective infantry and armored formations in the German Armed Forces in World War II.

In the Nazi philosophy, the Germans were the elite of mankind; the Nazi Party was the elite of Germany, and the *SS* was the elite of the Nazi Party. It became a state unto itself within the German state. It provided the framework of terror and brutality in which an Eichmann could operate.

The *SS* had its own system of military rank, to differentiate itself from the Regular Army, and wore a distinctive black uniform. Eichmann became an *Untersturmführer*, or second lieutenant. Within a year he was a *Hauptsturmführer*, or captain, an unusually rapid promotion in an elite corps whose military standards were of the strictest.

He moved up from his card index to the establishment of a police museum at Security Headquarters, and here his talents as an organizer first became evident. The museum displayed assorted objects chosen to focus attention on the alleged enemies of the Third Reich, of whom the Jews were supposed to be the foremost.

Eichmann featured such items as Hebrew coins, ritual books, synagogue scrolls, and similar paraphernalia. He became absorbed in the so-called "Jewish question" which played so large a part in Hitler's rise to power. From the start, Nazi propaganda had used the Jews as scapegoats for all the calamities that had befallen Germany for 100 years and more.

Who was responsible for Germany's disastrous defeat in World War I? Not the overwhelming power of the Allied armies but, in some mysterious way, the Jews. What caused the devastating economic depression after the war? Not the disruption and chaos resulting from the war, but a dark conspiracy of Jewish bankers and Jewish Communists. (In Hitler's racial mania no contradiction was too preposterous to be preached by him and believed by his followers. By incessantly linking the words "Jewish" and "conspiracy" he could lump bankers and Communists together and actually convince people he was making sense.)

This violent and vicious anti-Jewish propaganda was a basic element in Hitler's "Master Race" theory, a cornerstone of his program. According to this theory, the Germans were pure-blooded "Aryans," the highest type of mankind and therefore entitled to dominate the lesser races of the world. All non-Aryans were racially inferior, little better than

animals and fit only to be slaves. Among the lower species of mankind—which included Poles, Czechs, Russians, and Americans ("mongrels")—the Jews were branded as the worst.

Hitler's maniacal hatred of the Jews continually expressed itself in the most brutal terms and the most barbaric repressions. "Jewish blood must flow!" he would bellow in speech after speech, and his controlled newspapers were filled with hysterical appeals to the blood-lust of the mob—"On every telegraph pole from Munich to Berlin we must display the head of a prominent Jew!"

In this all-pervasive atmosphere of *"hate, hate, hate and once again hate,"* Adolf Eichmann came into his own. He was promoted again and put in charge of a section of the *SS* devoted to "Jewish Affairs." A *Dienststelle Eichmann*—an Eichmann Bureau—was established and was given the cryptic designation of IVA-4b. It occupied a modest, four-story building at 116 Kurfürsten Strasse, and was seemingly only one of the hundreds of government and Party offices scattered around Berlin. Among the grandiose buildings and impressive quarters which housed the Nazi hierarchy, IVA-4b was purposely kept obscure and unpublicized. Thousands who went past it every day had no idea what went on inside its walls. But there the bueaucratic planning that resulted in the death of millions—the paper work of terror—was done. Eichmann had become a Vice President in Charge of Extermination.

He plunged into his work with feverish intensity, and the eyes which once might have been thought dreamy now took on a hectic, smoldering glow. He moved and spoke with a kind of obsessive energy, his mouth twitching slightly to the left as he talked. Everything about the so-called "Jewish problem" seemed to have an unholy fascination for him and he even undertook the study of Hebrew and made an exploratory trip to Palestine. He learned to speak some Yiddish.

As the Germans took over one country after the other, he traveled incessantly, to Vienna, to Prague, to Warsaw, surveying the Jewish communities of occupied Europe, gathering the facts and compiling statistics needed for his program of annihilation. He was like a business executive making trips into the field to acquaint himself with all possible sources of raw material for his factories.

But in the case of Adolf Eichmann raw material meant human beings, and his factories were the concentration camps which produced wholesale death.

What Eichmann and his Nazi chieftains officially called the *Endlösung*—the "final solution"—got underway in all its inhuman ferocity in the summer of 1941 with the German invasion of the Soviet Union. *Endlösung* turned out to be just a cover word for massacre.

Behind the German armies which went storming deep into Russian territory came specially-trained *SS* formations called *Einsatzgruppen*—Action Groups. Their mission was mass murder: organized, authorized, militarized murder.

One *SS* commander, Maj. Gen. Otto Ohlendorf of Action Group D, afterwards described the standard operating procedure of those special formations in these words:

"The unit would enter an occupied village or city and order the leaders of the Jewish community to call all Jews together at a specified place. They were told that they were about to be 'resettled.' This kept down panic and made our task easier.

"The Jews were then requested to hand over their valuables to our squad leaders. Just before the executions, the victims were ordered to remove all their clothes.

"The men, women, and children were then led to the place of execution which was usually a tank ditch dug extra deep for the occasion, or a large natural ditch of some kind.

"Then they were shot, kneeling or standing, and the corpses thrown in the ditch."

Major General Ohlendorf, a strict disciplinarian, liked to conduct his exterminations in a tidy, military manner. "As commander of Group D, I never permitted shooting by individuals, but ordered that several of the men fire at the same time so as to avoid direct personal responsibility. Otherwise the psychological strain on the troops became too great. Of course, unit leaders or specially designated men had to fire the final bullets into those victims who were wounded but not quite dead."

Otto Ohlendorf, major general in the *SS*, was not given to emotional language. But something of the real horror of what happened when an Action Group moved into a captured town comes from a civilian witness who saw it with his own eyes—and could hardly believe what he was seeing.

Hermann Gräbe, a German construction engineer, was in the city of Rovno, in the Ukraine, on the night of July 13, 1941, and told the following story under oath:

"Shortly after 2200 hours, the ghetto, the Jewish section, was surrounded by a large detachment of *SS* troops and about three times as many Ukrainian militiamen [collaborationists]. Huge electric arc lights that had been erected in and around the ghetto were switched on, and detachments of four to six *SS* men and militia troops began forcing their way into the houses, smashing doors and breaking windows and shouting for the people inside to get out of bed and come outside.

"The people were driven into the streets just as they were, some half dressed, some undressed. When they resisted, they were beaten with whips and rifle butts until the houses were empty.

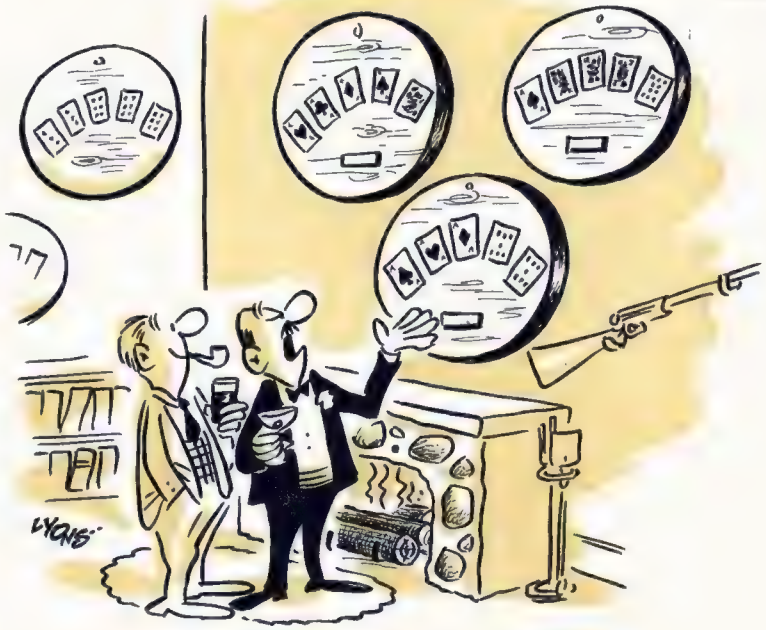
"Some of the parents were driven from their homes before they could gather up their children, and in the streets the mothers were wailing and crying for their young ones. That didn't stop the troops from driving the people through the streets like cattle toward waiting freight cars.

"Amid the screams of the women and the crack of the whips and the sound of rifle fire, the people were jammed into the freight cars.

"Some of the younger and stronger broke away and ran for freedom into the dark beyond the arc lights. To catch them or shoot them down, the Germans sent up rocket flares.

"All night long, these beaten, hounded, and wounded people streamed through the brightly lighted streets toward the waiting train. Women carried dead babies in their arms. Children pulled the dead bodies of their parents along, sometimes dragging them by an arm or a leg.

CAVALIER



"This one I got in the wilds of Maine in 1938."

"I saw dozens of corpses of people of all ages and both sexes in the streets as I walked along. The doors of the houses were open, the windows smashed. Scattered about in the streets were shoes, stockings, jackets, caps, hats, coats, and so on. At the corner of one house lay a little child of less than one year old with a smashed skull. Blood and brains were smeared on the wall of the house and on the street. The child was wearing only a little shirt . . ."

Engineer Gräbe was also on hand at another action and saw what happened when the victims were delivered by train and truck to the place of execution:

"An *SS* man with a dog whip in his hand ordered everybody to undress and put his or her clothing on separate piles —shoes on one pile, underclothes on another, and so on. One very old woman with horribly thin legs had to be supported by two people while a third took off her clothes.

"The people stood around naked, in family groups, kissing and saying goodbye to each other, as they waited for directions from another *SS* man who also had a whip.

"I saw a woman with snow-white hair holding a tiny baby in her arms. She was singing to it and tickling it, and the baby cooed with delight. Its parents wept as they watched.

"A father held the hand of his little boy of about 10, and spoke quietly to him. The boy was fighting back his tears. The father pointed to heaven, stroked his son's head, and seemed to be explaining something to him.

"Then the second *SS* man called out an order, and about 20 people were taken around a high mound of earth. I still clearly remember a young girl, dark-haired and slender. As she passed me, she pointed to herself and said, 'Twenty-three years old.'

"I went around the mound and saw a huge ditch. In it lay heaps of bodies packed so close together that only the heads were visible. Blood was running from almost all the heads. Some of those who had been shot were still moving, with here and there an arm feebly waving or a head jerking to show that its owner was still alive. The ditch was already three-quarters full, and I judged that there were about 1,000 corpses in it.

"I looked around for the executioner. He was sitting on the edge of the ditch at its narrow end, his feet dangling down into it and a cigaret hanging from his lips. He had a submachine gun in his lap.

"The newest victims, all completely naked, were ordered down some steps that had been cut into the clay bank of the ditch, and then had to crawl and slip over the corpses to the place that the *SS* man indicated. Some of them talked to those in the pit who were still living, comforting them and caressing them.

"When everybody was in place, the *SS* man gave a signal and the tommy-gunner began firing burst after burst until the newcomers were all shot down. I saw the fresh corpses sprawled over the others. Here and there, a body still twitched.

"When I went back to the other side of the mound, a new batch of victims was being prepared for killing. The *SS* officer with the dog whip was ordering them to get undressed . . ."

In all the immense areas behind the long Eastern fronts the Action Groups rampaged at will, ranging far and wide to spread their systematic slaughter throughout Poland, the Ukraine, White Russia, the Caucusus, the Crimea, and the Baltic States. The various Action Group commanders competed with each other to achieve the greatest number of corpses in the shortest possible time, and detailed progress reports were regularly sent back to *SS* headquarters. Some horrifying totals went into the files of the Reich Security Head Office on Prinz Albrecht Strasse in Berlin.

Action Group C, commanded by *SS* Col. Paul Blobel, killed 33,771 Jewish inhabitants of Kiev in two days, September 29 and 30, 1941—a record, as Activity Report #106 proudly noted. *SS* Lt. Col. Eduard Strauch of Special Commando 2 directed the massacre of 10,600 men, women and children in Riga on November 30, 1941. In nine months, the highly efficient and militarily correct General Ohlendorf and his Group D disposed of 91,678 victims. This figures out to an average of 340 murders a day, a feat all the more impressive when it is considered that Ohlendorf's outfit was the smallest of the Action Groups, none of which was much bigger than an infantry battalion. In addition, there were special, free-lance units, sometimes called *Jagdkommandos,* or Hunt Commandos, which also performed incredible feats of butchery. The hunting motif was carried further in an especially ferocious formation made up of hardened criminals and called the "Dirlewanger Poachers." The name came from the commander, Oskar Dirlewanger, himself a convicted criminal, alcoholic, and sex pervert who, it has been said, "achieved a record of bestiality unequaled even in those bestial times."

Adolf Hitler had said, "Conscience is a Jewish invention. It is a blemish, like circumcision," so, without conscience or scruple, the massacre went on until the number of corpses mounted into the hundreds of thousands. The *SS* men were simply carrying out the Eichmann program set forth in their official publication, *Das Schwarze Korps* ["The Black Corps], which called for the "complete annihilation of Jewry by fire and sword."

But "fire and sword" was an old-fashioned expression—lifted out of the despised Bible, in fact—and after a time the extermination methods being used in the East also began to seem old-fashioned and outmoded to Adolf Eichmann and his superiors in Bureau IVA-4b, the organizing center of the slaughter. In the first place, the Action Group system of rounding up thousands of victims and then laboriously shooting them down one at a time seemed needlessly slow and inefficient. And there were other drawbacks.

There was, for one thing, the "psychological strain" on the troops. Duty with an Action Group or a Hunt Commando had certain advantages: higher pay, special rations, frequent leaves, regular issues of *schnaps,* and the chance of booty by plundering the possessions of executed Jews. (Technically, this was strictly forbidden by *SS* regulations, but it went on all the time.) Then, too, some soldiers strongly preferred murdering defenseless Jews to fighting armed Russians, who could shoot back. But even so, the "psychological strain" turned out to be unbearable for many. Eichmann saw this with his own eyes when, on several occasions, he attended *SS* actions in the east, and he discussed it with his associates with "great concern."

Hardened *SS* men, who were supposed to be unblemished by conscience, went stark mad after obeying orders to mow down women and children screaming for mercy. "Many members of the Action Groups," one report says, "committed suicide, unable to endure wading through blood any longer." Thousands of *SS* men became hopeless alcoholics and could not perform their grisly work unless blind drunk. Some of the extermination units consumed astounding quantities of alcohol. It was all very bad for discipline and morale.

But worse, from the Nazi viewpoint, was the fact that the *SS* actions were frequently carried out in the open where the non-Jewish population could witness them and see for itself what Hitler's "New Order" was really like. Even some German civilian officials in the occupied East were appalled at the mass liquidations, and protested to Berlin. A representative of the Propaganda Ministry in Lvov sent back a report which pointed out that while "everybody agrees that the Jews must be exterminated," it ought to be done in a manner which aroused less public "excitement and abhorrence." The way the program was being conducted, the report said, "often takes on forms unworthy of a cultured people."

In other words, extermination was necessary and proper, but less openly outrageous means should be found to accomplish it. It was a matter of public relations.

Adolf Eichmann, the Organization Man of terror, was equal to the problem. In a day of advanced technology and scientific improvements, he was sure that more modern and businesslike methods could be found for carrying out his mission, and he found them.

The answer was the gas chamber, scientifically designed for maximum (human) capacity and operated by experts especially trained for the work. From Eichmann's viewpoint, the advantages of the new method would be numerous and obvious:

EFFICIENCY—Whole batches of victims could be disposed of at once, tidily and quickly, without all the bloody mess and uproar which attended the primitive ditch-and-machine gun method. More corpses could be produced at less cost in time and manpower.

SECLUSION—The gas chambers could be located in out-of-the-way places, or sealed off from the general population

which then would be unaware of what was going on.

CENTRALIZATION—Instead of having bands of executioners wandering all over the map and slaughtering as they went, permanent execution sites could be established and the victims funneled into them. It was the obvious and proven principle of freighting the raw material to the factory, and not vice versa.

Like all technical innovations, Eichmann's system of scientific extermination required some time to get running smoothly. He had to sweat through a period of trial and error before the best and cheapest gas for killing human beings was found and his chambers could begin functioning satisfactorily. He was, after all, a bureaucrat, an administrator, and had to rely on technicians in these matters. But he kept everlastingly after them until he got what he wanted.

The first technical error was the attempt to use gasoline exhaust fumes—carbon monoxide—as the exterminating agent. This had been tried in some mobile death vans, for killing backward and imbecile children as part of Hitler's euthanasia program, and in several concentration camps such as Belzec and Treblinka. But in studying reports from these operations, Eichmann discovered several flaws in the procedure.

At Treblinka, for instance, the exhaust was fed into the chambers from engines taken from heavy trucks and tanks. The process required about an hour to kill a chamber-full of people, which was too long. In addition, one report said, "the performance of the engines is not always uniform, so that the exhaust gases are often insufficiently strong to kill everyone in the chambers. Many are only rendered unconscious and have to be finished off by shooting." Obviously, an efficiency expert like Adolf Eichmann could not settle for any such crude and uncertain system as that; a smoother and more reliable process would have to be developed.

The solution, as it turned out, was finally discovered by a minor *SS* officer in the concentration camp at Auschwitz in Poland. He was charged with executing a batch of about 200 Russian prisoners-of-war and *politruks* [political commissars], and for some reason decided to depart from the usual procedure, which was shooting in the camp's gravel pit. This time, the officer jammed his victims into cement detention cells underground and, using a gas mask, discharged crystals of something called *Zyklon B* into the cells. The Russians died almost instantly.

The problem was solved.

Zyklon B was a preparation of prussic acid, made for killing vermin. It came in large green containers, and there was always a liberal supply of it on hand at the camp. Now that a new use had unexpectedly been found for it, huge quantities were ordered from its manufacturers, the firm of Tesch & Stabenow, and a new era in the history of mass extermination could begin.

Eichmann arrived in Auschwitz post haste when the successful experiment with Zyklon B was reported to him. He personally took part in the planning and design of new gas chambers and in selecting sites for them at the camp. He did this in collaboration with the camp commandant, *SS* Maj. Rudoph Höss, who had the responsibility, under Eichmann, of operating Auschwitz as Europe's maximum-capacity extermination center. It would be Eichmann's task to supply Auschwitz with an unending stream of victims gathered up from all over Europe; it would be Höss' job to employ the camp's new equipment and facilities to dispose of those victims with the greatest possible speed and efficiency.

Both men set to work with a will.

Eichmann had bureaus and agents all over Europe, and he traveled continually from place to place supervising the rounding up of "non-Aryans" and shipping them in cattle cars to Auschwitz and the other extermination centers scattered throughout the Third Reich. He was a model of the industrious, bustling bureaucrat. He seemed to be driven by a kind of inner frenzy, continually afraid that somewhere, somehow, a possible victim would escape his clutches. He had unlimited powers, independent of geographical frontiers.

Everyone who worked with him noticed the strange, burning glow of his eyes and the compulsive energy which betrayed the true fanatic. Once he showed the master plan for the annihilation of "all the Jews we can lay hands on" to an assistant, an *SS* officer. The plan plainly and undisguisedly meant the murder of millions. The officer was momentarily appalled.

"God grant that our enemies never get the chance to do the same to us!" he cried.

"Don't be sentimental," Eichmann retorted coldly. "These are orders from the *Führer* and must be carried out."

In those words lay part of the explanation of why Adolf Eichmann could do the monstrous things he did. "Don't be sentimental . . ." In other words, suppress, eradicate, and banish all normal feelings of pity and compassion. "He was," said Commandant Höss afterwards, "completely obsessed with destroying every single Jew he could lay hands on, without pity and in cold blood."

Hitler had ordered it, and *Befehl ist Befehl*—"orders are orders." Another Nazi war criminal with a philosophical bent, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, tried to explain it in his cell during the Nuremburg war crimes trials: "There is a limit to the number of people you can kill out of hatred or lust for slaughter, but there is no limit in the cool, systematic manner of the military 'categorical imperative' where every order is obeyed without question and with blind obedience."

To which Höss, again, added: "Don't forget that the *SS* was drilled to be so hard that one would shoot his own brother if ordered to."

So if an *SS* man like Adolf Eichmann would promptly shoot his brother on orders, why would he hesitate for a moment to kill any number of Jews who, in his belief, were one and all the natural enemies of his nation and race? In Eichmann's diseased and twisted mind, Jews were simply not human beings. They were a species of insect, and destroying them was hardly different from exterminating vermin.

That, indeed, was the general Nazi theory, but many who thoughtlessly accepted it were incapable of acting on it to the hideous extreme to which Eichmann carried it. With him other factors were operating, deep and murky disturbances of a crippled personality.

As a youth he was moody and detached, without any of the warm and natural associations of normal boyhood. He looked like a Jew, although there are no known "non-Aryan" elements in his ancestry. But his Jewish looks caused him to be mocked and tormented by his playmates at a time and place where anti-Semitism was not unusual.

As he came to manhood and responded

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"Your mistake is remaining neutral. That antagonizes **everybody.**"

to the vicious propaganda of the Hitler movement, he seemed to be consumed with a compulsion to prove he was *not* a Jew. He deliberately involved himself in the anti-Semitic aspect of the Nazi movement, seizing every opportunity to demonstrate his own hatred of Jews and thus absolve himself of any suspicion that he himself was tainted.

At the same time, he had deep-rooted misgivings about his own manliness and courage. Though his record in the *SS* was good, and his personnel file is studded with commendations, he was forever excusing himself for not possessing any of the usual *SS* sports medals. He had hurt his right hand as a youth, he would explain, even when nobody asked him.

This basic insecurity pursued him through his whole career. For all his terrible ferocity in his role of Grand Inquisitor, he remained the typical German official and exhibited the underling's fawning fear of the boss.

"He was an out-and-out bureaucrat," one of his closest associates said of him. "He never made a move unless he was sure his superiors approved and he had it in writing. He told me over and over to be sure I was covered from above at all times."

But once he had his orders, Eichmann was like a tiger unleashed. He was driven by two powerful compulsions which, when combined with the paranoid-neurotic elements of his own personality, lashed him into ever greater orgies of fanaticism and brutality.

In the torrents of blood he shed he could drown his own self-doubts and insecurities. Every Jew he delivered to the death chambers was one more proof that he, Adolf Eichmann, was not a Jew.

And holding in his hands the fate, the very lives, of millions gave him a sense of enormous personal power. His idol, Adolf Hitler, had said: "Only he who is hard enough, he who knows the joy of cruelty, can be historically effective today." Thus Eichmann could swell with pride and burn with the feeling of tremendous achievement as he shipped his victims in their thousands to the slaughter pens.

He, puny Adolf Eichmann whom the other children used to mock in the streets of Linz; Eichmann, the thwarted engineer, the ineffectual ex-salesman who couldn't win a sports medal—*he* was being "historically effective," a man of destiny!

But for all his enormous power and incessant activity, Adolf Eichmann by choice remained "a man in the shadows." While other Nazi big-shots strutted for the cameras, flaunted high decorations, and lived like oriental potentates, Eichmann deliberately obscured himself and studiously kept out of the limelight. Hardly anyone, inside Germany or beyond, knew who he was and what he was doing. There were generals and field marshals without a fraction of his power, but he himself never took a higher rank than *Obersturmbannführer*, or lieutenant colonel.

Apart from his awful activities as Grand Inquisitor, he seemed to be a quite ordinary person, with a winning manner and a sociable air. He was a good family man and father. He had found time to marry a rather drab and unexciting girl named Vera Liebl, and the marriage produced three sons in whom he took a warm interest. He has even been described by some as "popular with the ladies" and "liked by all."

But all such traits vanished when he was on the hunt for more victims for his gas chambers. When he descended on a town or city he was all cold-blooded efficiency. He gloried in smooth, swift operations such as the one he supervised in the Saarland when 7,450 Jews were rounded up and herded into nine freight cars and sent rolling across France to a concentration camp. They were mostly old people and children, and a large number of sick, who could not be used for war work. Many of them were routed out of their homes by night with less than 20 minutes' preparation for the trip which ultimately took them to Auschwitz and extinction.

"The whole procedure went off so quickly and quietly that the local population was hardly aware of what was going on," Eichmann crowed.

He flew into tantrums of rage when hitches developed in the steady flow of his victims toward the death centers. On one occasion, in Bordeaux, not enough Jews were rounded up to fill the waiting trains, and Eichmann exploded with fury. Such inefficiency! Here he had gone to all the trouble of arranging with the Ministry of Transport for the necessary rolling stock, and then the cars had to be cancelled! "It makes me look like a fool!" he raged. "How am I going to report such a fiasco to higher headquarters? A thing like this has never happened to me before, and if it happens again I will have to take drastic measures!"

It was, incidentally, a symptom of the insanity of the Nazi regime that even in the most acute phases of the war, when railway transport was of the utmost military value in Germany's life-and-death struggle, Eichmann was always able to obtain precious freight cars for his senseless, pointless program of annihilation.

Cattle cars were preferred for the transport of Eichmann's victims, and usually they were jammed so frightfully full that they became rolling torture chambers. Inside, in the suffocating dark, men, women, and children went howling mad from fear and thirst, and their shrieks could be heard above the rattle of the wheels as the cars went rumbling through the night. When one train from Belgium was emptied at Auschwitz, the corpses of 25 children, none of them over four years old, were found inside.

Those who died on the way were the lucky ones.

One educated *SS* officer used a Latin phrase to describe Auschwitz. He called it *anus mundi*, the "asshole of the world."

"Compared with this place," he wrote in his diary, "Dante's inferno was a comedy." Commandant Höss himself called it "the largest human slaughterhouse that history has ever known."

Auschwitz covered about 20,000 acres in a swampy plain about 160 miles southwest of Warsaw. It was surrounded by double barriers of electrically-charged barbed wire and, at regular intervals, by 20-foot guard towers manned by machine-gunners and equipped with searchlights. The grounds were regularly patrolled by *Hundestaffel*, or savage dog squads, which were used especially to terrorize the women inmates. There was a saying among the prisoners: "There's no way out of here but up the chimney!"

Auschwitz was actually two camps, one for the mass exterminations and the other for slave labor where the inmates were worked to death in various shops and factories, including branches of such well-known German firms as Krupp and Siemens. It was Eichmann's idea that everybody sent to Auschwitz should be liquidated without exception, but his superiors in the *SS* insisted that able-bodied prisoners be exploited as long as they lasted to produce goods for the war effort. This also provided a huge income which the *SS* used to maintain itself.

Life in Auschwitz, for those who weren't immediately gassed, was reduced to a depth of horror never reached anywhere else on earth, with the possible exception of the Soviet concentration camps on which the German ones were modelled. Overwork, starvation, disease, beatings, torture quickly reduced the inmates to living skeletons. Every scrap of human dignity and self-respect was systematically stamped out, and most prisoners soon degenerated to the level of beasts, with nothing human left but the primitive instinct to survive.

Any attempt at escape or resistance was instantly met with the most barbarous reprisals. Flogging blocks and gallows were regular features of the Auschwitz landscape. A hundred fiendish tortures were invented as routine punishment; the testicles of men, for instance, were stabbed with electrical needles, and burning suppositories were introduced into the vaginas of women. Both men and women were used for fruitless medical "experiments," with living flesh wantonly slashed open by *SS* doctors as if the human beings under the knife were of less worth than guinea pigs.

The moral degradation equalled the physical. Perverted female guards could slake their lesbian lusts on the girls and women in their charge without restraint. Male guards ran wild among the women prisoners, forcing them into indescribable perversions and mass orgies. Auschwitz was a perpetual carnival of sadism and degeneracy.

But it was in the modernized death-producing installations, in the camp called Auschwitz-Birkenau that the ultimate horrors occurred. Four railway lines converged on the camp, and day after day the cattle cars arrived packed with victims. The human freight was unloaded at a special ramp and lined up for what was called a "selection." An *SS* doctor went down the ranks and sorted out the able-bodied from the old, the weak, most of the women, and all of the children. With a negligent flick of his cane, the doctor separated those who

would die immediately from those who would be worked to death in the factories.

The doomed were then led away under the pretense that they were about to be disinfected. This, again, was to keep down panic and make the victims more manageable. They were herded along by so-called "special squads" composed of prisoners so brutalized that they were willing to act as Judases and lead their fellows unwittingly to death. (The "special squads" believed their own lives would be spared for doing this ugly work, but on Eichmann's orders they all wound up in the gas chambers themselves.) Few of the prisoners ever noticed the little mushroom-shaped devices made of cement which were set at intervals in the well-kept lawns of the area.

In underground dressing rooms, the deception was continued that nothing worse than a shower bath was in prospect. Everybody was ordered to get undressed, and sometimes soap and towels were distributed to heighten the illusion and keep everybody calm. The special squads bustled about, assuring everybody that there was nothing to fear.

But many weren't fooled. Mothers especially sensed that something terrible was happening. Some of them, in their desperation, sought to hide their little children under the piles of clothes, from which the squads later routed them out. Others, seeing that it was all hopeless and that the end was coming, put up a pitiful pretense of gaiety and tried to amuse their children with little games and jokes to divert their minds from what was about to happen. Still others broke down completely and began screaming or begged piteously, and futilely, for the lives of their little ones.

Commandant Höss, as monstrous a creature as ever lived, afterwards admitted that even he was sometimes affected by such last-minute scenes between doomed mothers and children. But, he said, whenever he had such "inner doubts" about what he was doing he thought of the iron determination and unwavering will of his chief, Eichmann, and got on with the job.

When everybody was naked and the clothes had been neatly piled, the prisoners were directed into the adjoining room which was fitted with fake shower fixtures and pipes. As many as 250 people could be packed into a single gas chamber. They often stood motionless for several moments, waiting for the water to be turned on.

But then an airtight steel door was slammed shut behind them, and in a moment a scream would go up: *"Gas!"*

From overhead, through the mushroom-shaped devices on the lawn, *SS* medics trained to handle Zyklon B had thrown the crystals of prussic acid. On coming into contact with oxygen they instantly volatalized, giving off deadly fumes which paralyzed the lungs.

If the gas chamber was packed, the victims had no choice but to remain rigid and in place and wait for death. But if there was any free space, they flung themselves in mortal panic against the steel door and piled up in a tangled pyramid in front of it as the gas took effect.

The killing took from 3 to 15 minutes, sometimes longer, depending on atmospheric conditions and the number of people in the chamber.

Commandant Höss had his own way of telling when the gas had done its work. *"We knew when the people were dead because the screaming stopped,"* he said.

But, as a matter of routine precaution, the doors were not opened for 30 minutes. Then the electrical suction pumps were turned on to change the air and the special squads swarmed in to haul out the bodies and hose down the chamber in preparation for the next batch. But even now, Auschwitz was far from finished with its victims.

Other squads immediately attacked the corpses with dentist pliers and scissors. The pliers were for extracting gold teeth; the scissors were for cutting off the hair of the women, which was then shipped off by the carload for use in war industries. The gold from the teeth was melted down into bars by *SS* dentists and deposited, along with whatever money was found in the belongings of the dead, in the Reich Bank in Berlin. Jewelry was handled separately and sold on the Swiss market.

The clothing left behind by the victims was not ignored, either. It was carefully sorted out and thriftily packed away for future use. There were two enormous warehouses at Auschwitz in which ton upon ton of the clothing of the dead was stored. The warehouses, for some reason, were called "Canada I" and "Canada II."

The corpses were piled into carts and pulled away on rails to waiting elevators which lifted them to the crematoria, of which there were two major ones. Each of the crematoria had five three-door ovens for burning corpses, and on busy days "the sweetish smoke of burning flesh," according to Höss, "permeated the entire area." The bones were crushed to powder, carted off in trucks, and dumped into the Vistula River.

On busy days as many as 6,000 human beings went up in smoke at Auschwitz, but this was by no means the maximum figure. In the Summer of 1944, at the peak of Eichmann's activity, a record total of 9,000 men, women, and children were gassed and cremated in a 24-hour period. The over-all total of those who died at Auschwitz may never be known exactly, since it was Eichmann's policy to destroy all relevant documents as soon as a transport of victims had been processed through his death mill.

On the basis of figures supplied by Eichmann, however, Commandant Höss put the figure at well over 2,000,000 people. This did not include the other extermination centers which Eichmann was also steadily supplying with carloads of the doomed.

But as the defeat of Germany drew near, Adolf Eichmann lashed himself into even greater frenzies of genocidal activity. He seemed possessed by some internal demon, frantically determined to carry out the "final solution," single-handed if necessary, so that not a single Jew would be left alive in Europe when peace came.

An astonishing transformation came over him. The "man in the shadows," who seldom signed his name to anything, who kept out of the papers and out of official records, who had no pictures taken and was spoken of only in whispers, suddenly assumed a new personality.

He appeared openly in Budapest, took a swank suite at the Majestic Hotel, and began living like a lord. He smoked incessantly and drank to excess. The "good family man" vanished; he acquired a mistress and swaggered about like a demented playboy.

None of this diminished his driving, obsessive mania for feeding the gas chambers. He would summon leaders of the Hungarian Jewish community to him and snarl, "I am usually a nice fellow, but now I am a bloodhound," and lay down his demands for new roundups of Jews and fresh trains of cattle cars for Auschwitz. Sometimes he tormented his prospective victims by pretending to be friendly, discussing Jewish problems with them, speaking some Yiddish—and then abruptly switching to his bloodhound role and setting his terror apparatus in motion again.

CAVALIER

"I don't like it!"

"I'll make a deal with you," he told one Jewish leader. "I'll sell you 1,000,000 Jews for 10,000 army trucks. One army truck for every 100 Jews. That's a fair bargain, isn't it? You get me the trucks and I'll give you the Jews."

It was a totally impossible offer, of course, with the Red Army rolling steadily in from East and the Americans and British closing in from the West. Even when the supreme command of the *SS* called a halt to the murder of Jews and directed that the gas chambers be dynamited before the enemy arrived, Eichmann ignored orders and kept sending off trainloads of victims to his slaughter pens. Some of his final transports to Auschwitz were his largest.

But now terror was gripping Adolf Eichmann, too, and he lived in constant fear of assassination. His rooms were heavily guarded day and night, and he always kept two submachine guns and several hand grenades in his car. The odd twitching of his mouth became more pronounced, and those strange and terrible eyes burned more feverishly than ever.

And he had reason to be worried. He was being watched, observed. Already men were taking solemn vows that if they lived they would one day track him down to the ends of the earth. Already his doom was being sealed.

Outwardly he kept up a show of bravado. When one of his officers asked him what he would do when Germany surrendered, Adolf Eichmann replied: "I shall commit suicide. I shall leap into my grave laughing. The feeling that I have 5,000,000 human beings on my conscience will be a source of great satisfaction to me."

But he did not commit suicide. When the end came, he gathered up some members of his staff and vast quantities of Jewish loot and fled to the Austrian mountains. He expected to join up with some of his *SS* superiors and go into hiding, but they rejected him outright. "That one will only compromise us with the Americans," his chief said—and Adolf Eichmann was alone, cast out by his own kind, hunted in a world of enemies, a man accursed.

At first, in the general chaos of Germany's military collapse, he managed to lose himself among the prisoners-of-war then being rounded up by the hundreds of thousands. He was picked up by an American patrol but not recognized. He passed himself off as a *Luftwaffe* lieutenant, but when he scented the danger of being exposed he escaped from the POW camp, not a very difficult feat at the time.

Making his way to north Germany, he contacted a former *SS* comrade who gave him a job on a remote estate as a woodchopper. Living in a hut in the forest, he melted without a trace into the gray, rubble-strewn scene of postwar Germany. But he was not forgotten.

At the war crimes trials in Nuremberg, his name constantly came up in the testimony and his unparalleled record of millionfold murder was revealed in open court. While in hiding he learned from the papers that Rudolph Höss, his deputy at Auschwitz, had been captured and put on trial by the Polish government. The Poles took Höss back to Auschwitz, back to the abandoned gas chambers and cremation ovens, and hanged him there.

Eichmann, by means not yet disclosed but probably with the help of a Nazi underground, contrived to leave Germany and find haven for a time in the Middle East. At Damascus, in Syria, he joined with other exiled *SS* officers and engaged in importing arms for use against the Jews in Palestine. But, like Cain of old, he was a man "cursed from the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond" and could come to rest nowhere.

Equipped with faked papers as a "displaced person," a refugee—pretending to be one of his own victims!—Eichmann went to South America where he knocked about from place to place under various names and in various jobs: surveyor, farm overseer, mechanic in Brazil, Paraguay and Bolivia. He sent for his wife and three sons, and another son was born to him during his years of wandering. Finally he settled down, as much as he could settle anywhere, in Buenos Aires with his clerking job at the Mercedes-Benz auto plant. He called himself "Ricardo Klement."

"He lived in constant terror of being killed," people who knew him there have said. "He saw assassins around every corner and in every shadow. He grew more and more nervous, gaunt and furtive. Even with other fugitive Nazis he used false names and never felt entirely safe. He tried to shroud his whole life and personality in perpetual obscurity.

"Then, as the years passed and the horrors of the concentration camps faded into the past, he began to feel a little safer. He began to hope he was being forgotten."

He was mistaken.

All that time, all through those years of running and hiding, a world-wide search for him was going on by day and by night. In the new State of Israel, a special bureau for tracking and apprehending Nazi war criminals had been set up. At the head of the bureau was a man named Tuvia Friedman.

As a 16-year-old prisoner in a concentration camp, Tuvia Friedman had sworn a holy oath that if he survived he would devote his life to striking back at the monsters who were destroying his people. His own family was wiped out by an *SS* slaughter squad, and with his own eyes he saw the gas chambers and ovens in operation. He would never forget.

Patiently through the years he compiled the documents and gathered the evidence that brought hundreds of Nazi war criminals to justice. One by one he saw them arrested, tried, convicted, executed, or imprisoned. But at the top of the list, as the years went on, one name remained: Karl Adolf Eichmann.

All over the world agents of the Israeli Secret Services—volunteers and professionals alike—kept constant watch for any sign of their Enemy No. 1. Periodically rumors of him filtered in. Eichmann was in the sheikdom of Kuwait; he was working for Nasser in Egypt; he was reported in a dozen places at once, like some cloak-and-dagger phantom in a fictional drama of international intrigue.

But gradually, bit by bit, hard evidence began piling up. One Israeli agent traced a former mistress of Eichmann's and won her confidence. She gave him one of the few pictures of Eichmann then extant and some letters. The movements of his wife and children were followed. All signs led to South America. Then the clues narrowed down until they pointed at last to the man who called himself Ricardo Klement.

How the final, positive identification of Ricardo Klement as Adolf Eichmann was made has not been disclosed, and may never be. One version is that he was finally fingered by another Nazi fugitive—for money.

But when the Israeli commandos swooped down upon him on that evening last May they knew without a shadow of doubt that the 15-year hunt was over. They had their man.

He admitted it. "Yes, I am Adolf Eichmann," he said, and seemed relieved that the running and hiding, the nights and days of fear and fleeing, were at last over.

Probably never before in history has the arrest of one man, a private citizen with no official standing, caused such an international uproar. His kidnaping by Israeli agents on foreign soil was a clear violation of the sovereignty of Argentina, a crime in itself. Argentina protested to the United Nations and ordered the Israeli ambassador to leave the country.

In justification, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion could only plead the enormity of Eichmann's crimes and point to the 6,000,000 Jews whose murders demanded that, at long last, justice be done.

Putting Adolf Eichmann on trial in the State of Israel has also been protested on the grounds that his crimes were not committed there and that Israel therefore has no jurisdiction in the case. He should, some argue, be tried in Germany or before an international tribunal. But the Israelis who caught him, whose people suffered most terribly from his actions, who feel that elementary justice demands that they, and no others, call him to account, will not let him go.

They will make an international event of the coming trial. They are preparing evidence so massive that the world will have no doubt at all of the rightness of trying Adolf Eichmann in the State of Israel.

They also point to an ancient principle of international law. There have always been some crimes, like piracy, which were regarded as so far-ranging and widespread that they applied to no particular country but to all countries. Those who committed such crimes were branded as *hostes generis humani*—enemies of the human race.

And when the uniquely horrible story of this greatest killer of all times and all ages is finally concluded, his epitaph, if his grave is marked at all, may well be—

"ADOLF EICHMANN: ENEMY OF THE HUMAN RACE."•

MASSACRE MUTINY

Continued from page 29

and strode across the deck to the galley.

"I'm sorry, Cyrus," the cook said. "I know that meat is rotten and crawling with maggots. It oughta be. It was left over from the last voyage."

"Well, throw the whole damned cask overboard then," said Plummer.

"I can't. Mr. Provost says we gotta use it all up before we can open a new cask."

"Provost!" The name hissed from Plummer's lips. "I might have known."

Nelson Provost, the first mate, was known as a bully and a sadist who could find more excuses for flogging men than could all the other officers put together. Whenever a man was lashed to the mast or strung up by his hands for misconduct, it was always Provost who administered the cat-o'-nine-tails. Whenever a man was sent to the brig for insubordination, it was always Provost who ordered the meager bread-and-water ration cut in half. And whenever a man was put in irons, it was always Provost who made sure the metal was so tight that it cut into the flesh.

Plummer stalked back to the forecastle. "I'm leading a delegation to see the captain," he said. "Herbert, you come with me. And you, Hall. And Cartha." The three men stood up and reluctantly followed the harpooner up the ladderway and aft across the deck to the quarter-deck.

There, the way was blocked by the dark shadow of a hulking man standing near the taffrail. It was Provost. "What do you want?" he barked.

"We want to speak with the captain," replied Plummer evenly.

"Mister Mellen has no time for nonsense," said Provost, a slight smirk twisting his features as he, almost eagerly, anticipated a little trouble. "If you have anything to say, you can talk to me."

"No, Mr. Provost," replied Plummer. "We are a proper delegation, chosen to discuss a grievance, and we have a right to see the captain."

"A *right!*" The first officer laughed mockingly. "On this ship, you have no rights."

"Well, sir, it's the food . . ." began whaleman Herbert.

"Food!" Cyrus Plummer spat contemptuously towards the rail. "The cook must have filled the cask from his outhouse back home."

Provost looked around at the faces, his own stern and unyielding. He knew the men had a valid grievance. He knew, too, that he could not give an inch to Plummer.

"It's better food than you'll get, you scum," he barked, "if I throw you in irons. And that's exactly what will happen, if you don't go back where you came from—right now."

For perhaps 10 seconds there was silence as Provost and Plummer glared at each other. Then the harpooner turned, without a word, and strode back to the forecastle. The others followed.

Provost had won the first round.

As the *Junior* proceeded southeastward toward the Cape of Good Hope, where she would head around Africa into the rich whaling grounds of the Indian Ocean, tensions increased and conditions grew worse. By now, there was not a man aboard who had not spent hours retching over the side from the rotten food.

Once more, Cyrus Plummer tried to see the captain. But Archibald Mellen, Jr., was a weak skipper on his first command. Not only was he unsure of himself, but he was actually afraid of the blustering, tyrannical first mate.

Second Mate Lord and Third Mate Morgan were no help either, though they knew the men were being mistreated. They made it a point to be strictly unavailable for any discussion of grievances.

The situation was building up to a crisis when the *Junior* ran into a storm off the Cape of Good Hope. During the blow, a green deck hand bungled his job and was responsible for several pieces of deck gear going overboard. The first mate was furious. He seized the seaman by the shoulder and threw him so hard against a stanchion that the man was knocked unconscious.

Cyrus Plummer did not try to protest the incident; he was biding his time. Late in November, as the *Junior* cruised the broad Indian Ocean, it came.

Plummer was taking a trick at the wheel. Brooding over what was becoming a more and more intolerable position for him, he let the bark fall slightly off course. It was the opportunity Provost was waiting for.

"Mind that helm, *you!*" he growled. "Is that the best you can handle a wheel, landlubber?"

Provost looked so pleased at having caught his opponent in the act of a greenhorn that Plummer deliberately let the wheel fall off still more. The mate, incensed, leaped across the quarter-deck and landed a stunning blow on the harpooner's chin. Plummer returned the punch instantly. Then the two men came to grips and went rolling across the deck, furiously lashing out at each other.

The next day, after Plummer had spent the night in irons, he was brought before the mainmast for the inevitable punishment for striking an officer. This time, Captain Mellen was forced, by the rules of the sea, to make his own decision as commander of the vessel. He turned to the first mate. "Mr. Provost, give the man 20 lashes."

Provost leaped to the assignment. Shedding his shirt, he bent his full strength behind each lash of his murderous cat-o'-nine-tails. His body was soon drenched with perspiration.

Cyrus Plummer took his punishment well, but when he was finally cut down from the rigging, to which he had been strung by the thumbs, his back was a bloody pulp and he was lapsing into unconsciousness.

From that moment on, Plummer had only one objective: revenge against the officers of the *Junior*.

At first, the men were with him. Plummer's plan was adventurous, romantic, and apparently remunerative—as well as being vengeful.

"Australia—that's the place for us, mates," he told his growing band of conspirators. He took a small chart of the continent out of his sea bag. "You see this section along the east coast? Cut off from the outside world; little towns where we can get supplies. And—back in the bush—gold." The plan was to seize the ship and sail to a position near Lord Howe Island. Once there, the mutineers would take to the longboats with plenty of supplies and arms, and land at a point where they could vanish into the interior.

One by one, however, the men "blubbered out" on Cyrus Plummer when they learned that the plan involved killing all the officers except one, who would be forced to serve as navigator. Finally, there were only four other die-hard conspirators: John Hall, Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns and William Herbert.

"We'll have to work fast," said Plummer. Though other crew members who knew of the plans would not willingly reveal the plot, there was always a chance someone's tongue would slip. Accordingly, the early hours of December 26 were selected as the moment to strike, for several reasons: By that time the *Junior* would be getting close to Australia; the officers and men would be in heavy sleep from the extra rum rationed out to celebrate Christmas, and—most important—it would be a simple matter for the mutineers to arrange to be on watch together, switching with other men for an extra noggin of rum.

"Course east northeast," said the helmsman as he turned the wheel over to his relief at midnight, December 25. "Moderate sea and wind."

His replacement grunted sleepily as his hands grasped the spokes and he watched the fore and aft watchmen turning their posts over to the relief.

An hour passed. At two bells on December 26, the hatchway amidships opened cautiously and a shadow emerged. It made its way along the rail to the quarter-deck. It was Cyrus Plummer.

"Any trouble?" he asked the after watchman, Richard Cartha.

"No. Ship's quiet as a grave. William Herbert's got the wheel. And Cornelius Burns is on forward watch."

"Good." The two men left the quarter-deck and moved to a companionway directly below it, which led to the officers' quarters. At the ladder they were met by John Hall, holding a shielded lantern. By its glow they could see a stack of vicious-looking tools of the whaleman's trade: two whale guns, two boat hatchets, several lance heads, and a long boarding

knife [a double-edged, swordlike blade used for cutting off "blankets" of whale blubber]. In addition, each man had a short boat knife in his belt.

The three men each grabbed a weapon, then, led by Plummer, squeezed down the narrow ladderway.

Their first objective was the captain's quarters. As they thrust the lamp over the bunk, Capt. Archibald Mellen, Jr., rose up in surprise. Hall pushed him roughly back.

"Damn you! What is this?" cried the captain, managing to twist his body to one side and swing his feet to the deck.

At the same instant, Plummer raised the heavy whale gun he held in his hands. The sound of the blast shook the tiny cabin. Three iron balls ripped into Mellen's left side. "Damn your scurvy hide!" roared Plummer. For good measure, Hall and Cartha struck the captain three or four times with boat hatchets.

In the meantime, according to plan, Cornelius Burns had come aft and quickly dispatched the third mate by running a long boarding knife through him several times as he slept. Then he was joined by Cartha in an attempt to overpower Second Mate John Lord, asleep in the same cabin.

"Now for Provost," muttered Plummer. He and Hall squeezed into the first mate's cabin (next to the captain's) and shot him point-blank with a second whale gun as he was rising to see what was the matter. Nelson Provost slumped back onto his bunk.

In the second mate's cabin, Burns was attacking Lord with the same boarding knife he had used to dispatch the third mate, but with no success.

"Get out of the way!" yelled Cartha, wielding another boarding knife from the doorway.

He made a furious lunge. But the second mate was on his feet now. "Damn you, Cartha!" he roared, seeing in the dim lantern light who his opponents were, "you'll hang for this!"

"Not at your hands, I won't!" replied Cartha, drawing a small pocket pistol out of his jacket and firing it at Lord.

The second mate went down, wounded in the chest, but still full of fight.

"Hold off, Dick," said Burns, seeing that Cartha was about to fire again. "We need him alive to navigate the ship."

Together, the two mutineers managed to bind Lord with a piece of line from the mate's sea bag. Then, shoving the prisoner ahead of them, they proceeded to the quarter-deck.

Plummer was already topside, along with Hall and William Herbert, who had remained at the wheel.

Plummer was ready for further action, if necessary. But everything had happened so quickly, and the attack had been so well planned that there was no further resistance. In fact, the men in the forecastle—well saturated with rum—had not heard the shooting, and did not even know the ship had been taken until they were awakened by the mutineers and told about the change in command.

It was while Plummer was shoving the second mate forward that he heard a cry of surprise from the quarter-deck area.

"Provost's alive and he's escaped!" It was John Hall, who had gone below to the officers' quarters to collect arms.

Plummer left the second mate in the hands of Cartha and Burns and raced aft. It was true. He could see a trail of blood from the first mate's bunk along the deck to the steerage compartment and down a narrow hatch into the lower hold.

"Come on up out of there, you bastard!" yelled Plummer. There was no answer. "Well, let the rat stay down there and rot," he said finally, realizing it would only be suicide to go after Provost. The man was undoubtedly armed. He was cagey and powerful. And, even with a bad wound, he could hide behind the casks and sacks, ready to shoot or knife any man who came after him.

At dawn, Plummer ordered all hands on deck. He and the other mutineers held a funeral service and threw the captain and third mate overboard, lashed together to the ship's grindstone.

For four more days, the *Junior* plowed through the waters of the Indian Ocean on an erratic course toward Australia. Second Mate Lord proved to be a poor navigator to begin with, and even worse with the pistol wound, which touched off a high fever. The mutineers began to grumble to Plummer that they never would reach the promised paradise.

Then on the fifth day, Wednesday, December 30, one of the hatchway guards shouted excitedly, "It's Mr. Provost!"

Two whalemen rushed to the main hatch and disappeared below. In a few minutes they emerged, dragging the sorry-looking figure of the first mate. His face was deathly white under his filth-caked beard. Too weak to break into the water casks in the hold and crazed from thirst, he had been driven to face what he felt was certain death by coming topside.

As he was dragged onto the main deck, his right shoulder caked with blood, Plummer strode over to him from the quarter-deck, a knife in his belt and pistol in hand.

"Well, that's the end of Provost," somebody muttered.

But, as the astonished men watched, Plummer shoved the pistol back in his belt. "We have a new navigator," he said quietly. "And I'm sure you'll do a good job, *Mister* Provost."

After making a pact with the first mate that his life would be spared, if he would navigate the *Junior* quickly to Cape Howe, the southeastern tip of Australia, Plummer ordered the men to carry Provost below and attend to his shoulder.

By Sunday, January 3, the whaler made landfall. And by Monday morning, she stood off Cape Howe, some 20 miles from the beach.

"We can go in closer," Provost insisted.

"Not if you still value your life," replied Plummer. He was taking no chances on having the whaler sighted from shore. In small boats, the mutineers stood a good chance of reaching the beach undetected—even during daylight. But a full-rigged bark would be a different matter.

Now occurred one of the strangest ceremonies in whaling history.

First, Plummer gathered on the quarter-deck his fellow conspirators, Hall, Cartha, Burns, and Herbert. Next he selected five other men—not mutineers, but men who earlier had expressed a desire to skip ship—and ordered them to equip the two largest and strongest whaleboats with provisions, water, arms, tobacco, liquor, and clothing.

Then he sat down and dictated a document to the mate:

> "This is to testify that we, Cyrus Plummer, John Hall, Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns, and William Herbert did on the night of December 25 last take the ship *Junior* and that all others are innocent of the deed. . . . We are taking two boats and 10 men and everything that we want. . . . We particularly want to say that all others in the ship but we aforesaid men are quite innocent of any part in the affair."

After the mutineers had signed this, Plummer extracted a promise from the first and second mates that they would not try to put in at any Australian port to reveal that a mutiny had taken place. The two officers then swore on the ship's Bible, which they were ordered to kiss.

Then, in gloomy weather, the sky ugly and threatening, the two sturdy whaleboats were lowered into the dark waters of the Tasman Sea and the mutineers debarked. The first boat contained Plummer, Cartha, Burns, and two nonmutineers. The other was skippered by Plummer's "lieutenant," John Hall, and contained William Herbert and three nonmutineers.

Plummer's big moment had come as the two long, narrow boats upped sail. Only 20 miles away lay adventure, freedom—and gold.

Paradise, however, was not to be won that easily. The two boats had not proceeded an hour before a storm hit.

"Lower your sails!" Plummer shouted to both boats. "And every man stay alert at the oars!"

Only the skill of the whalemen, accustomed to handling the oars during critical moments while approaching whales, kept the boats from capsizing. But by morning they were completely swamped. Most of the supplies had been swept overboard, and the men were exhausted.

"We will find plenty to eat and drink ashore," Plummer assured his men. When they finally landed—more than 24 hours after quitting the *Junior*—he leaped ashore with a roar of delight. He had won another round.

But even as he won it, he was losing another.

No sooner had the *Junior* sailed out of sight of land, on a heading directly away from Australia, than Nelson Provost roared an order from the quarter-deck.

"Stand by to come about!"

"We're heading for Sydney," continued Provost grimly. "I won't rest until I see Plummer and every one of his men swinging from the gallows."

Though Cyrus Plummer could not then know about the treachery of Pro-

vost, he was faced with what seemed like an even worse turn of fate. The mutineers had been ashore only a few minutes when Plummer saw that this was not the lush, friendly land he had imagined. Instead, it was a desert, with nothing but sand, dust, and low, parched scrub.

Now began a heated debate, with Plummer's authority being questioned for the first time since he had proposed the mutiny. He had indicated that they would rest one day, then take to the boats and head north along the coast toward Sydney. Herbert, however, insisted that the best direction was west, toward Melbourne. And four of the nonmutineers wanted to head directly inland toward the mountains, where there might be mining camps.

Plummer was too exhausted to press the point. Besides, he was happy to have less responsibility, now that he had escaped from the ship. In the end, the men divided into three groups. Herbert and one nonmutineer set out to hike along the beach. The remaining four nonmutineers elected to follow what looked like a trail inland. And Plummer took the better of the two whaleboats and sailed north, with Cartha, Hall, and Burns. Each man had a ration of soggy tobacco, a handful of biscuits and meat, and a bottle of rum—but no water.

During the day, after hiding the whaleboat in the scrub, the Plummer group rested. At night, they sailed or rowed, depending upon wind conditions.

As the days went by, the situation did not improve. The coastline remained unchanged—dry, desolate, and hostile. Somehow, they managed to catch a few fish and bag a number of scrawny birds ashore. And, since they had discovered a fresh-water stream early in the trip, they had filled their remaining keg with a temporary supply of water.

When they had come to within 75 miles of Sydney without locating any terrain that appealed to them, Plummer made a decision: They would go to the city itself, sound out people on what was going on, and then strike out for other places—in search of gold.

"We'll hide the whaleboat and go the rest of the way on foot," he said, having heard that there was a good highway inland a few miles.

"What if we're seen?" protested Cartha.

"Well, what of it?" replied Plummer confidently. "We're just four Americans who jumped ship—let's say the *Greyhound,* since we all know her—to go into the hills to try a bit of prospecting."

It was when they finally reached the highway, a hot, dusty stretch of hard-packed clay, that Plummer realized something was seriously wrong.

"Quiet! What's that?" he said, after they had trudged wearily along for several hours. From half a mile or so ahead they could hear the muffled tramp of feet and a mournful, wailing song.

"Damned if I know," said Hall, "but I don't like the sound."

The four mutineers hustled off the road and into a dust-powdered thicket. Within minutes, the sound grew louder—the tramp of hundreds of feet, exhausted voices raised in an agonized chant, the sharp curses and commands of angry and demanding voices.

"Hundreds of prisoners!" moaned Burns when the sound seemed almost on top of them. "We've got our necks stuck smack in the middle of a war."

"No, that's not it," said Plummer in a hoarse whisper. "Those men aren't war prisoners—they're convicts."

All at once it dawned on him what all this meant. He had heard that the Australians were blasting roads deep into the interior to the gold in the mountains. He had not bothered to wonder who was furnishing the labor. Now he knew.

"We'll have to move stealthily, mates," he said, "until we can get to Sydney and lose ourselves in the city."

They had no papers to prove their identity. And now Plummer was not only worried that they would be arrested for mutiny—but also that they would be mistaken for escaped convicts and shot. Or, at the least, forced into a labor gang.

At the outskirts of Sydney, the four sighted a ramshackle inn. It looked seedy enough to be the hangout of characters who would not be likely to ask questions.

"We'll take a chance," said Plummer, "and ask for food and lodging. With food and drink and a chance to wash, we'll be less likely to arouse suspicion when we walk into the city than if we look like tramps."

Money was no problem. Before leaving the *Junior,* they had raided the ship's money chest.

The four men had not been in the inn long enough to finish the second round of drinks when there was a great commotion outside the barroom. Then the door burst open and several Australian troopers rushed in, guns drawn. The mutineers froze. Word of the *Junior* must have gotten around!

There was the sound of gunfire in the hall and the crashing of furniture. Then two troopers appeared, dragging a struggling captive, an escaped convict. No questions were asked, but the affair was enough to leave the whalemen shaking. They hurried out of the barroom and continued along the road to the city.

It was Wednesday, January 20, just 16 days after leaving the *Junior,* that they set foot inside the city limits.

"Now," said Plummer with great confidence, "we can get lost in places where no one will ever find us."

To be safe, he decided they should stop off at another tavern, and cautiously tap the grapevine to see whether news of the mutiny had leaked out.

From guarded questions to one of the barmaids, Plummer learned that the mutiny had indeed been reported, that Nelson Provost had anchored the *Junior* in the harbor at Sydney, and that there was a price on their heads.

"Damn your ideas," muttered Cartha in an undertone to the harpooner. "I should have listened to Herbert and set off in the other direction."

Under the circumstances, there seemed to be nothing to do but get drunk. While Cartha, Burns, and Hall proceeded to get roundly soused, Plummer took the opportunity to let the buxom barmaids know he was the headman.

"We'll be going out after some gold soon," he boasted.

When one of the barmaids started to warn that the mountains were filled with cutthroats and thieves, Plummer just laughed. "I'm not afraid of any man on your whole damned continent."

When the barmaid still expressed doubt, Plummer loosened his tongue a bit too far. He was not, he explained, just an ordinary American seaman who had jumped ship. He was, in fact, something of a rogue himself. A few rash remarks about the *Junior* had the desired effect.

While the barmaid snuggled up closer and fed him another drink, a second barmaid slipped quietly out of the room.

"Where has your friend gone?", he suddenly asked, leaping to his feet.

"Only for more drinks."

Plummer ran to the window. Down the street, the missing barmaid was talking to a policeman. He turned to his companions, "Get out of here—fast!"

They were by now too drunk to pay attention. Burns had passed out. Cartha and Hall were singing raucously.

Plummer raced into the hallway and headed for the back stairs, even as he heard several policemen rushing in the front door.

As he reached the back door, it was opened by a policeman closing in from the rear. Plummer caught the man by surprise with a blow on the chin. Then he darted into an alleyway, sped down it and across an open field. A quarter of a mile farther, he came to a barn and crept inside.

Suddenly, he heard a sound behind him. He wheeled, poised for a fight, and then breathed in momentary relief. It was a horse, tied in a stall. He was in luck. Within half a minute, he had led the animal out, mounted bareback, and was galloping across the fields.

After several days of hiding, Cyrus Plummer once again ventured into the city. This time he picked the waterfront area and headed for the nearest barbershop to have his heavy beard shaved off to change his appearance.

Secure at last, he lounged around the waterfront dives for several days, using up his dwindling supply of money and becoming friendly with several rough, but smart-looking, characters. Plummer was invited to sit in on a small "business conference."

It turned out that there was a small schooner lying off shore with a tidy little cargo of gold in her hold.

"We need a good swimmer," Plummer was told, "some one who can get out there and take care of the guard on deck before we sneak up in a small boat."

The plan went off smoothly. By morning, Plummer was richer by some $5,000 worth of crude gold, enough to keep him in luxury for many months. Alone (his companions had melted out of sight after the job), he toured the town, trying to decide what to do with his new wealth.

As he walked along, several pieces of the gold slipped to the pavement.

Quickly, he bent down and scooped the metal into his jacket. But as he stood up, he found himself facing a revolver. "Turn around and go ahead of me," ordered the man with the gun, "the magistrate's office would like to ask a few questions."

Plummer had been trapped by a new law. Because of the frequency of gold robberies, any man owning or transporting crude gold needed special papers to establish his identity and right to the precious metal.

It was not long thereafter that Plummer found himself in the city jail. He was soon united with Cartha, Hall, and Burns, and from them found out what had happened to the rest of the fugitives from the *Junior*.

The four nonmutineers who had headed inland had lost their way, barely escaped headhunters, and had then retreated to the beach to put to sea in the second whaleboat. A few miles up the coast, they had been sighted by a patrol boat, pursued, and easily captured when they tried to disembark in quicksand.

Mutineer William Herbert and the nonmutineer with him had not fared so well. Hiking toward Melbourne, they had encountered a land patrol. After an exchange of shots, both men had been captured and summarily tried and hanged.

After negotiations with the American consul in Sydney, the eight surviving escapees from the *Junior* were turned over as prisoners to Nelson Provost for the return trip to America.

The four nonmutineers were given restricted freedom on board. But Plummer, Cartha, Hall, and Burns received the kind of treatment that the sadistic first mate thought appropriate under the circumstances. They were herded into a small cage on deck, specially designed for them.

"You'll have plenty of time to decide whether mutiny is worth it," jeered Provost.

The trial, in the Circuit Court of Massachusetts at Boston, was lengthy, involved, and the subject of a tremendous amount of legal debate. The controversy raged like wildfire throughout New England, and even across the country.

The four surviving nonmutineers were quickly acquitted on the grounds of having been forced to take to the whaleboats.

Then Plummer, Cartha, Burns, and Hall staged an almost successful legal counterattack by charging that they, too, had been forced into their actions by the incompetence of the late Capt. Archibald Mellen, Jr., and by the extreme cruelties of the ship's officers.

After long deliberation, the verdict was brought in. Now the first mate had reason to gloat. Though Cartha, Hall, and Burns were adjudged guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment, Cyrus Plummer was not let off so lightly. He was found guilty of murder and was to be hanged.

Then, even as Nelson Provost leaned back with the flicker of triumph on his face, an undertone of discontent spread through the room. The verdict was exceedingly unpopular.

The judge rapped for order and dismissed the court. As Nelson Provost strode from the building, he was greeted on all sides with glares of animosity. The feelings of the people swelled over the next few days into a tide of protest.

At the last minute, when Cyrus Plummer was about to be hanged, a reprieve came from the very highest authority in the land. President James Buchanan, stirred by popular sentiment, commuted the sentence to life.

Though Cyrus Plummer would not go unpunished for his violent acts, in the end he could hold his head high. In his long and tragic battle with First Mate Nelson Provost, Plummer had, in his mind, won the final round. •

HE HAS THE BLOODIEST JOB IN THE WORLD

Continued from page 33

the cell. He starts to say something, but before he can get the words out a guard steps forward and hands him his street clothes. Silently, with sweat running from his armpits and chilling his sides, he takes off his khaki prison garb and puts on the trousers and shirt which he last wore in court.

Now, the last liberties; within limits, Lacoste can take as much time with them as he likes:

Does he want to write a letter? Yes, a short note to his mother. Pen and paper are brought, and he is also given a small glass of rum.

He can talk with his lawyer if he wishes: "Why did they reject it?"

"It was impossible. I'm sorry."

"But *why*?"

The priest takes him briefly to the prison chapel and mass is said—like most men waiting for the guillotine, Lacoste has turned to the church for help in the past months.

The party moves next to the recording office, and for the first time Lacoste catches sight of Obrecht and his *valets*. Lacoste stares at the older man for a moment: Obrecht's face is impassive, his gaze flat and steady.

Lacoste signs a receipt for the wages he has earned while working in prison. His fingerprints are taken. Finally, the director opens a ledger and, opposite Lacoste's name, writes: "Delivered to the executioner for the carrying-out of his punishment."

Obrecht has been standing to one side. Now he steps forward and gravely signs his name on the same line. He puts down the pen, turns toward Lacoste, and grips him by the elbow. The gesture is eloquent, its meaning simple: *Now you belong to me.*

For Lacoste's sake, the rest must be done as quickly as possible. The execution party marches to a small room just off the courtyard, and Lacoste is seated on a stool. Obrecht again takes his scissors from his pocket, and, while his two assistants hold Lacoste by the arms, Obrecht clips the hair at the back of his neck and trims the material of his shirt down to mid-shoulder. Meanwhile the ropes are being tied: Lacoste's wrists are strapped together, then his upper arms just below the biceps. Here, when the last knot is bound up, a foot-long strand is left dangling free. A third line goes around his ankles, slack enough to permit him to walk, but tight enough to keep him from running.

Thus far, Lacoste has remained calm, and has not struggled. But as Obrecht's *valets* pull him to his feet and turn him toward the courtyard door, he flings himself backwards with all his strength. Instantly, the men on either side of him tighten their grip on his elbows and seize him by the seat of his trousers, lifting his feet off the floor. Obrecht leads the way into the courtyard, moving swiftly to the nearest upright and grasping the release lever. His two assistants have automatically fallen into step, and they carry their burden quickly over the cobblestones and ram it belly-foremost against the *bascule*. The *bascule* tips over and slides forward; the larger of the two *valets* leaps on top of the tightly trussed figure and rams his knee into the small of the back, at the same time wrenching the loose rope-end upwards to pinion the arms still more firmly. The *lunette* slams down, and the other *valet* gets a firm grip on Lacoste's hair. Obrecht jerks the lever.

A metallic crash, a second thump as the blade rebounds, a jet of blood, a puddle that soon becomes an ocean. . . .

The body is rolled from the *bascule* into the red basket, and Obrecht picks the head out of the *bassine* and drops it in on top of it. The business of cleaning up begins. Obrecht detaches the blade, sponges it off, and carefully replaces it in its box. He rinses out his sponge in a bucket of water, then sets to work wiping off the *lunette* and *bascule*. Soon his wrists are scarlet, his fingernails circled with clotted blood.

It takes even less time to strip The Cigar Cutter down than it did to set it up; in half an hour the freshly-scrubbed pieces are stowed in the truck. Obrecht and his *valets* turn a hose on the cobblestones, washing the last rivulets of blood down the sewer.

When all evidence of what has taken place has been removed, they move to the zinc-lined basket. A cheap, flimsy coffin now lies beside it, and the three executioners heave the corpse, still bound hand and foot, into the box. The head comes last: Obrecht picks it up by

the hair, swings it across, and lets it fall.

The remains will be buried in the graveyard for executed criminals in the suburb of Ivry. There will be no tombstone.

It is quarter of six now and growing lighter every minute. For the return trip to Paris, Obrecht has given the wheel to one of his *valets*—he will see if he can catch a few minutes' sleep. He climbs in and slams the door. The gates of the prison swing open, and the Renault glides out onto the highway.

His home district of Auteuil was dark and silent when Obrecht saw it last, as he departed on his mission. He returns to find it totally changed. His neighbors are bustling about in bright morning sunlight, the children running off to buy fresh bread and milk for breakfast, their mothers shaking out blankets from the balconies, their fathers thumbing through the morning papers for yesterday's soccer results. Obrecht comes awake with a start as the Renault slows down. His assistant guides it across the sidewalk, and Obrecht climbs out and pulls the heavy double garage doors open. A passerby stops to watch: the executioner has returned from his sortie, some poor devil is dead. The spectator mutters "*bourreau*" under his breath and walks on.

Bourreau is the French word for "executioner"; it is one of the vilest insults in the language. The dictionary tells us that when a Frenchman uses *bourreau* as an insult, he is calling his enemy an "inhuman wretch." A world of meaning is lost in that translation; probably the closest printable equivalent we have in English is "scum of the earth."

The people hate and fear their headsman—and yet at the same time they have an enormous curiosity about him, about his emotional makeup, and his family and friends. In a recent newspaper article, a highly respected lawyer asked the question that invariably enters the collective mind after an execution: "Can the hands of these three executioners grip the hands of other men? Do these hands caress the bodies of women?"

The answer is that Obrecht's life is not so far removed from the norm as might be imagined. He has a small circle of friends (most of them, it is true, are relatives and acquaintences of his assistants and of former executioners). He takes vacations at the seashore like other men; he is happily married. Above all—and this is probably the key to his contentment—he is proud of his work.

He explains his pride this way: "Some people attack The Machine—they want to do away with it. For myself, I believe that there is no better safeguard for society than the guillotine. And it will be around for a long time. Believe me, I'm not finished."

He has said these last words with conviction—with even a trace of pleasure. As if to wipe the slate clean of any hint of sadism, he holds out his huge hands, palms down, and then slowly rolls them over. "Do I look brutal?" he asks. You are forced to admit that he does not—his face is far from being sensitive or intellectual, but neither is it the face of a monster.

Obrecht's wife chimes in: "They call me the wife of the *bourreau!* I wish every woman had a husband as kind and tender as mine. And do you think the guillotine makes those murderers suffer? Why, there's no quicker and more painless system in the world. Andre takes a lot of trouble to make sure of that."

Obrecht has been France's chief executioner since November, 1951. Previous to that, ever since 1922, he served as assistant headsman, doing the heavy work at 362 decapitations. Since his appointment as executioner-in-chief, French courts have been handing down fewer and fewer death sentences, and each year a smaller number of the sentences are actually carried out. Obrecht has beheaded roughly 15 Frenchmen since taking command. He has also executed a number of Algerians—possibly 30 or more—but the authorities refuse to release figures. Women are no longer guillotined.

Once, when he was a young assistant *bourreau*, Obrecht's job caused him considerable unhappiness. He was in love with a girl, and asked her to marry him; the girl's father refused to allow her to accept.

A document exists from that time which throws some light on Obrecht's feelings about his job. In a letter to the father, he wrote: "You are opposed to capital punishment, and you refuse to let your daughter marry an executioner. Very well. That's one point of view. But suppose one evening you came home to find your wife murdered and your daughter strangled and you caught the murderer still in the house. What would you do? Imagine if you had a revolver in your pocket and the killer tried to escape. Would you shoot?

"Certainly you would. You would kill him for vengeance, out of reflex. If you admit that you yourself might commit this act of punishment, why can't you see the justice in the punishment I carry out? After all, we execute only murderers. In effect, executioners simply put themselves in the places of direct avengers after the trial."

The letter was never answered.

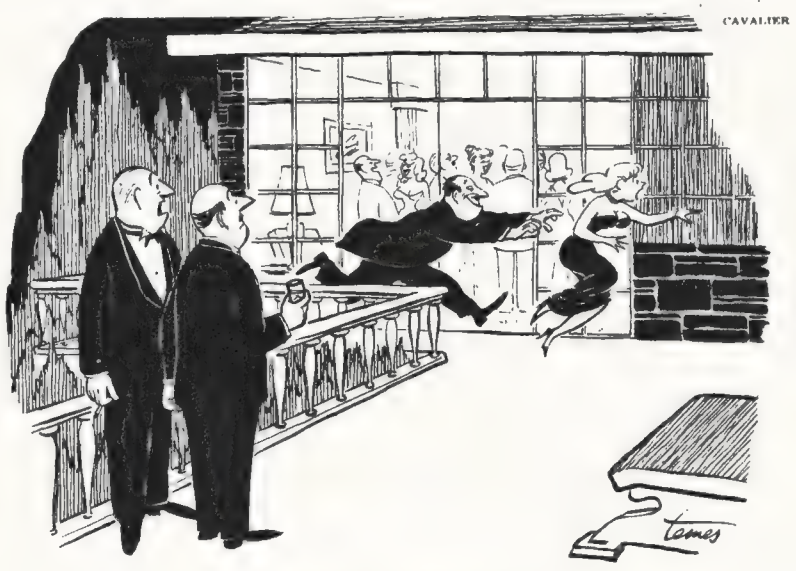
Obrecht's concern for justice is strong, and it is to his credit that during World War II he would not execute underground fighters, and for two years ('43-'45) quit his job. He first refused to cooperate with occupation authorities on August 28, 1942, when three French freedom fighters were delivered by truck to the courtyard of Paris' central prison. The chief executioner at the time was a cousin of Obrecht's, Henri Desfourneaux. Just before the German entry in Paris, Desfourneaux had presided at the beheading of a German spy named Fritz Erler, and had narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Germans for that act.

When the three French prisoners were lined up and marched to The Widow, Desfourneaux, cord and scissors in hand, stepped forward to begin the proceedings. Obrecht turned to the other assistant *bourreau* and said, "It's a full house," then called to his chief: "Stop where you are, Henri. It's not our job."

Desfourneaux, with the close brush with German reprisal still fresh in his memory, did his best to persuade Obrecht to go ahead with the business, but Obrecht would not be budged. Desfourneaux had to call on two of the truck drivers to replace him.

During his self-exile, Obrecht held a number of jobs in various towns in southern France; for a while, he was a mechanic, and later he worked in an ice cream factory, making popsicles. Desfourneaux continued to obey the orders of the wartime regime, and his memory (he died in October, 1951, and Obrecht succeeded him the next month) is well hated. One of his victims, a National Assembly deputy named Jean Catelas, earned the praise of patriotic Frenchmen by spitting in Desfourneaux's face as he was being led to his death.

On April 30, 1944, Desfourneaux wrote



"I think Bryant has had too many—that's his wife."

the bloodiest chapter in his shameful story when he personally threw nine liberation fighters down on the *bascule*. His assistants had started to weaken and lose their taste for the slaughter after the fifth decapitation, and Desfourneaux threw off his coat and pitched in, paddling furiously around in a sea of blood that soon grew ankle-deep. Up until her death two years ago, Desfourneaux's widow maintained that these and other wartime chores weakened her husband's heart and hastened his demise. Plaintively, she used to ask why the resistance men could not have been shot instead.

Desfourneaux used to have terrifying visions after each execution, and went through hour-long crying jags. He had a psychotic fear of publicity and would not receive the press. Visitors had to talk to him through a window in his heavily barred front door—a window very much like those on Death Row.

After the war, the pace of beheadings dropped sharply, and the enforced idleness seems to have scrambled Desfourneaux's wits a bit. On his good days, when he felt well enough to leave the house, he could be found sitting in a neighborhood cafe, always with his hat on his head. Asked why he wore the hat, he would answer: "I'm waiting."

Obrecht, on the other hand, has none of these complexes. There are no spooks sitting on his shoulder; he sleeps soundly at night. He talks to the press, although he has no great love for reporters. "Newspapers have done me a lot of harm," he says. "Once my grandmother learned from a newspaper what I was doing for a living. It made her faint."

If you ask Andre Obrecht why he works as a *bourreau*, his first answer will have to do with economics. It's a good, stable job, he says, with expenses paid and a tax-free income of 600 new francs (roughly $120) every month. Sometimes months go by without an execution, but he gets paid all the same. Obrecht adds that, like all executioners, he has a second job—but, to protect his privacy, he avoids telling you what the job is. "The extra money I get from the government means that my wife doesn't have to work," he says. "It makes for a comfortable life."

In a sense, Obrecht did not choose to become a *bourreau*—he was born one. The job of headsman is hereditary, and is handed down from father to son or from uncle to nephew. This practice is not established by law, but has come into being through the years thanks to the fact that a chief executioner is free to choose his own *valets*. He offers the jobs to members of his own or his wife's family, and then when the time comes for him to retire (or when he dies) the authorities invariably find that the most qualified men are those who have already had training as assistant executioners. Obrecht got his job just that way, beating out approximately 450 other applicants, some 20 of whom were women.

In one form or another, the guillotine has been in use in France since the 1630s. and the tradition of passing the executioner's job down from generation to generation has been in existence almost as long. Previous to the French Revolution, the machine was used to execute criminals of noble birth. It acquired its present name in 1790, when a Dr. Guillotin, a member of the Constituent Assembly, proposed that it be adopted as the official instrument for dispatching all criminals. "The privilege of decapitation," the good doctor said, (unconsciously carving a niche for himself in the dictionary), "should no longer be confined to nobles, and it is desirable to make executions as swift and painless as possible."

Before and during the Revolution and up until the year 1870, there were provincial executioners scattered all across the country in addition to the man in Paris. From 1668 until 1847, all of them were drawn from a single clan, the Sansons; Obrecht is a descendant of the family. At one time toward the end of the reign, seven Sanson brothers were simultaneously engaged in the profession. Beheadings were public in those days (they have been held in secret only since 1939) and enormous crowds turned out to watch Obrecht's ancestors do away with such notables as Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and Mme. Dubarry.

The Sansons were highly skilled craftsmen. In their off-duty hours, Obrecht and his friends entertain one another by recalling an execution which Charles Sanson performed in 1766. The victim, a nobleman named Lally-Tollendal, was thrown down on the *bascule* and pushed up into the *lunette*, where he lay for a second before impatiently calling out, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"But, my good sir," Charles is supposed to have replied, "Look for yourself—it's already done!"

The last of the Sansons, Clement, held his job for only seven years. Clement's problem was that he was too much of a gay dog, continually chasing around the rougher districts of Paris after women, lively companions, and drink. Midway through his short career, he inherited a very tidy fortune, and managed to blow it all in record time. Finally, to pay his debts, he took to giving guillotining exhibitions in a shed behind his house, letting the blade fall on bundles of straw (a normal practice for testing The Widow's state of readiness). The authorities got wind of this, and were beginning to lose patience with him when one day an execution was scheduled and Clement showed up without his machine. He feebly explained that he had pawned it the previous week, and that the pawnbroker refused to let him borrow it back. Clement was sacked.

In 1870, the provincial executioners were dismissed and the system which prevails today—a national executioner operating out of Paris and covering the entire country—was set up. The first man to hold the lone-wolf job was Louis Deibler, another ancestor of Obrecht's. Deibler's family had been in the business for several generations in the city of Rennes. He is remembered as having badly bungled some of his 392 beheadings, and toward the end of his career developed signs of extreme neuroticism. He finally came down with haemophobia —morbid fear of blood—and had to retire.

His successor, his son, Anatole, was the most colorful figure among recent *bourreaux*. He kept at the job right up until the day of his death, in February, 1939, and in his spare time travelled through the provinces selling champagne. The second Deibler was a frantic hobbyist: he had more than 30 caged birds scattered around his house (and would allow no cats in the establishment, believing the animal to be too cruel); he was a member of a bicycling club, loved cooking, and owned one of the finest models of the Darracq automobile. Photography interested him, too, though he was not very expert, and used to slice the heads off his subjects. His comment: "It's so like me to do that!"

Deibler ran up a total of 299 executions during his lifetime. The most notorious of these was performed on a madman named Gorguloff, who had assassinated the President of the Republic, Paul Doumer. Gorguloff's neck was too thick to be sliced with one stroke, and Deibler was forced to drop the blade again and again. Gorguloff began bellowing with pain, and the cries were so horrifying that Deibler ordered one of his aides to stun the giant with a monkey wrench before continuing.

Deibler died of a heart attack in the Paris subway in February, 1939, and his cousin, Desfourneaux, took his place. Obrecht, of course, succeeded Desfourneaux. Obrecht has no children, but that does not mean that when he puts his scissors away for the last time the family will lose its hold on the guillotine: one of his *valets* will doubtless replace him, and both are members of the clan.

During his time as chief *bourreau*, Obrecht has executed murderers of every kind: unrepentant killers like Lacoste; monsters like Jean Dupont, who burned his infant daughter in a chimney on a Christmas Eve; conscience-tormented young "murderers-by-accident" like Jacques Fesch, who in 1954 shot a policeman who was trying to arrest him following a hold-up. (Fesch, the son of a well-to-do family, wanted the money to buy a yacht, which he would sail to the Galapagos Islands.)

Obrecht has said that there is going to be a *bourreau* in France for a long time to come; from the look of things, he may be right. From the very day of its adoption, The Widow has had its enemies—but they have never been as numerous or as persuasive as its friends. The arguments have raged noisily through the years, one side claiming that capital punishment has no place in a civilized society (of European countries, only Great Britain, Spain, Bulgaria, Russia, and France retain the practice), the other insisting that it is a deterrent to crime. The system's critics have recently produced evidence proving that the institution of capital punishment does *not* cut down the number of crimes.

A good number of those opposed

to the business insist that the proceedings are bestial and medieval, and that Obrecht's guillotine is nothing better than an instrument of torture. This last group maintains, among other things, that the severed head remains conscious for some time and can feel pain. They point to tests made through the years, many of which indicate that this may be the horrifying truth. (In 1905, for example, a doctor Beaurieux attended the execution of a man named Languille and observed the following: ". . . immediately after decapitation the eyelids and lips worked in irregularly rhythmic contractions for about five or six seconds, until finally the face relaxed, and the lids half closed on the eyeballs, leaving only the whites visible. It was then that I called in a strong, sharp voice 'Languille!' I then saw the eyelids slowly lift up with an even movement, quite distinct and normal, such as happens in everyday life, with people awakened or torn from their thoughts. Next Languille's eyes very definitely fixed themselves on mine and the pupils focussed themselves. I was not, then, dealing with the sort of vague dull look without any expression that can be observed any day in dying people to whom one speaks: I was dealing with undeniably living eyes which were looking at me.")

Another thing that troubles public opinion is the possibility that innocent men may be executed—as has sometimes happened in the past. The recent Chessman affair stirred up a great deal of controversy on this point. More than once in past months, journalists and legislators have been heard quoting one of history's most passionate enemies of capital punishment, Victor Hugo: "There are three things which belong to God and not to men: the irrevocable, the irreparable, the indissoluble. Woe to mankind if it introduces them into its laws."

Andre Obrecht is far from being a man of letters, and he leaves the speechmaking to others. For him, the questions have already been answered. He will go on cutting off heads in his efficient, precise, craftsmanlike way as long as the Republic wants him to. In the meantime, he finds justification for the way he earns his living in the words of his gay, guillotine-pawning ancestor, Clement Sanson. This worthy man was once interviewed by a journalist who expressed surprise when he learned that Sanson's daughter had married a doctor. (The daughters of executioners are generally shunned by everyone except the sons of other executioners.) "Why are you surprised?" Clement asked. "Try to be objective. A surgeon often has to cut off an unhealthy part in order to save his patient. If the social body has a diseased portion, isn't it reasonable to get rid of that, too?"

The journalist thought this one over for a minute, then answered: "It seems to me that there is a vast difference between the two operations."

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" the *bourreau* replied, "There *is* a difference—in the size of the knives." •

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depends upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

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How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—*get across to him or her your ideas?* That thoughts can be transmitted, received and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact — not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians — one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have privately taught this nearly-lost art of the practical use of mind power.

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.....

THE BAWDY BEAUTIFUL

Continued from page 20

I guided her to the divan, turned off the TV, faced her. She sat quietly, staring at me from the wide eyes. And what eyes they were. Big and dark, a melting, golden brown. Eyes like hot honey, eyes that sizzled. Plus flawless skin, smooth brow and cheeks, lips that looked as if you could get a shock from them. It was a disturbingly familiar face, too, but I couldn't remember where we had met.

I said, "Do we know each other, Miss?"

"No, I remembered reading about you in the papers and that you lived here, and when it happened all I could think of was—" This time she stopped the rush of words herself. "I'm sorry. Shall I go on?" She smiled. It was her first smile. But worth waiting for.

"Sure," I said. "But one word at a time, O.K.?" She was still hugging the stained coat around her, so I said, "Relax, let me take your things. Would you like a drink, or coffee?"

"No, thanks." She stood up, pulled the coat from her shoulders and started to slide it off, then let out a high-pitched scream and I let out a low-pitched, wobbling sound like a muffler blowing out. She was wearing nothing beneath the coat. She jerked the coat back on and squeezed it around her again, but not soon enough. There had been a good second or two during which my muffler had been blowing out, and now I was certain I'd seen her somewhere before.

"I forgot!" she yelped. "Oh, do forgive me. I'm sorry!"

"I forgive—"

"That's what started all the trouble in the first place. Oh, dear, I'm all unstrung."

"You and me both, dear. Haven't we . . . haven't I seen you. . . . I mean, surely we've—"

"You may have seen me on TV," she said. "I've done several filmed commercials for—"

Then it hit me. "ZING!" I cried.

"Why, yes. And you recognized me?"

"Yes, indeed. In fact, I was watching you on that little seventeen-inch screen when you rang my bell. Man, you rang—it was in color, too, Miss, and. . . Miss? What's your name, anyway? Ah, you were splendid." I sat by her on the divan. "Splendid. In a waterfall . . . and all that."

"That's the last one we did. That was a fun one."

"I'll bet. It was fun for me, all right. I don't mean to pry, but do they hide the swimsuit with the bubbles? I mean: Is advertising honest?

"It depends on who does it. I never wear anything at all. It wouldn't—wouldn't seem fair, somehow."

"I couldn't agree with you more."

"I really do have something important to tell you, Mr. Scott. About the murder."

"Murder? Oh, yeah," I said. "Tell me about the murder."

She told me. ZING was the creation of two men, Louis Thor and Bill Blake, partners in ZING!, Inc. They'd peddled the soap virtually alone, and without much success, until about a year ago, when—with the addition of "SX-21" to their secret formula and the inauguration of a high-powered advertising campaign—sales had soared practically into orbit. Their product had been endorsed by *Good Housekeeping*, the A.M.A., and the *Veterinary Journal*, among other repositories of higher wisdom, and before much longer if you didn't have a cake of their soap in the john, even your best friends would think you didn't bathe.

My lovely caller—Joyce Holland was her name—had previously done three filmed commercials for ZING, and this evening the fourth, a super production, had been filmed at the home of Louis Thor. The water in Thor's big swimming pool had been covered with a blanket of thick, foamy soapsuds—fashioned, of course, from ZING—Joyce had dived from the board into the pool, then swirled and cavorted in her luxurious "bath" while cameras rolled. The finished—and drastically cut—product would begin with a hazy longshot of Joyce entering the suds, then bursting above the pool's surface clad in layers of lavender lather, and I had a hunch this item was going to sell tons and tons of soap, even to clean men and boys.

Joyce went on, "When we'd finished, Lou—Mr. Thor—asked me to stay a little longer. He wanted a few stills for magazine ads, he said. Everybody left and I stayed in the pool, then Lou came back alone and leaped into the pool too. And he didn't have any clothes on."

"He didn't!"

"Yes, he didn't. Did, I mean." She paused. "*Did* leap into the pool, and *didn't* have anything on. Anyway, it was evident what he had in mind."

"You got away, didn't you?"

"Yes. He caught up with me once and grabbed me, but I was all covered with ZING—it's very slippery, you know."

"I didn't know. I wouldn't have the stuff in the house. But I'm pleased to hear—"

"So I just scooted out of his clutches. I swam like mad, got out of the pool, grabbed my robe, and ran to the car. The keys were still in it, and I was miles away before I remembered that my clothes and purse and everything were still in the little cabaña where I'd changed."

She'd driven around for a while, Joyce said, then, thinking Louis Thor would have calmed down by that time, she'd gone back to his home on Bryn Mawr Drive, parked in front, and walked toward the pool. While several yards from it, still concealed by the shrubbery, she'd seen two men on her left at the pool's edge. She went on:

"A man was holding onto Lou, holding him up. Maybe Lou was only unconscious, but right then I thought he must be dead. The man shoved him into the water, then ran past the cabaña. There's a walk there that goes out to Quebec Drive. I was so scared . . . well, I just ran to my car and came here."

"You know who the other man was?"

"No, I never did see his face. I didn't get a good look at him at all, his back was to me, and I was so scared. . . It was just somebody in a man's suit. But I'm sure the other one was Lou."

What Joyce wanted me to do was go to Thor's house and "do whatever detectives do," and get her clothes—and handbag containing her identification. She realized I'd have to notify the police, but fervently hoped I could avoid mentioning her name.

Her impact in the ZING commercials had led to her being considered for an excellent part in an upcoming TV series, *Underwater Western Eye*, a documentary-type show to be sponsored by Oatnut Grits. But if Joyce got involved in murder or salacious scandal, the role would probably go to the sponsor's wife, Mrs. Oatnut Grits. Or at least not to Joyce.

"And I so want the part," she said. "The commercials have just been for money, there hasn't been any real incentive for me to do them, but in *Underwater Western Eye* I'd have a chance to *act*. I could show what I can *do*."

As far as I was concerned, she had already and had dandily shown what she could do. But I promised Joyce I would mention her name, if at all, only as a last resort. Seeming much relieved, she smiled one of those worth-waiting-for smiles, and I smiled all the way into the bedroom. There I got my Colt Special and shoulder harness, slipped my coat on, and went back into the front room.

Joyce squirmed a little on the divan. "I'm starting to itch," she said.

"Itch?"

"Yes, I'm still all covered with that soap. I was loaded with suds when I ran away, and I haven't had a chance to wash it off. Mmmm, it sure itches."

"You might as well wait here while I'm gone, so you can use my shower if you'd like."

"Oh, I'd love to." I showed her the shower and tub, and she said, smiling, "If you really don't mind, I think I'll get clean in the shower, then soak for a few minutes in your tub. That always relaxes me. Doesn't it you?"

"Only when I do it." I shook my head. One of my virtues or vices is a sort of three-dimensional imagination complete with sound effects and glorious living color. "Soak . . . as long as you want, Joyce. It'll probably be at least an hour or two before I can check back with you. So you'll have everything all to yourself, doggone. . ."

I looked at my watch. Ten after nine. Time to go, I supposed. "Well, goodbye," I said.

"Goodbye. You'd better hurry."

"Oh, you can count on that."

She smiled slightly. Softly. Warmly. "Don't hurry *too* much. I'll be soaking for . . . at least half an hour."

That was all she said. But suddenly those hot-honey eyes seemed to have everything but swarms of bees in them. However, when there's a job to be done, I'm a monstrosity of grim determination, I like to think. I spun about and clattered through the front room to the door. As I went out, I could hear water pouring in the shower. Hot water. She wouldn't be taking a cold shower. Hell, she couldn't.

Bryn Mawr Drive is only two or three miles from the Spartan, and it took me less than five minutes to get there. But the scene was not the quiet, calm scene I'd expected. Four cars were parked at the curb, and two of them were police radio cars. Lights blazed in the big house and surrounding grounds. I followed a shrubbery-lined gravel path alongside the house to the pool. Two uniformed officers, a couple of plain-clothesmen I knew, and two other men stood on a gray cement area next to the pool on my left. At the pool's far end was the little cabaña Joyce had mentioned, and on the water's surface floated scattered lavender patches of limp-looking lather. A few yards beyond the group of men, a man's nude body lay face down on a patch of thick green dichondra.

Lieutenant Rawlins, one of the plain-clothesmen, spotted me and said, "Hi, Shell," and walked toward me. "How'd you hear about this one?" I grinned, but ignored the question. He didn't push it; Rawlins worked out of Central Homicide and we'd been friends for years.

He filled me in. A call to the police had been placed from here a couple of minutes after nine p.m., and the first police car had arrived two or three minutes after that—10 minutes ago now. Present at the scene—in addition to the dead man, who was indeed Louis Thor—had been Thor's partner Bill Blake, and Antony Rose, an advertising agency executive who handled the ZING account. Neither of them, I understood, had been present at the filming session earlier.

"What were they doing here?" I asked Rawlins.

"They were supposed to meet Thor at nine p.m. for a conference concerning the ad campaign for their soap, a new angle based on this SX-21 stuff."

"Yeah, I've heard more about SX-21 than space exploration lately. What is the gunk?"

"How would I know? It's a secret. That was the new advertising angle—something about a Lloyd's of London policy to insure the secrecy of the secret ingredient. Actually, only two men know what the formula is, Blake and—" He stopped and looked at Thor's body.

I said, "O.K., so now only Blake knows. How's it strike you, foul or fair?"

"Can't say yet. Deputy coroner says it looks like he sucked in a big pile of those thick suds and strangled on 'em. The PM might show he drowned instead, but that's what the once-over-lightly gives us. Accident, murder, suicide—take your pick."

"I'll pick murder. Anything else?"

"According to Rose, he arrived here a couple minutes before nine and spotted Thor in the water, got a hooked pole from the pool-equipment locker and started hauling him out. Then Blake showed up, let out a yell and ran over. Together, they got the body onto the grass there." Rawlins paused. "The way Blake tells it, he arrived at nine sharp for the conference and saw Rose hanging onto the dead guy, either pulling him out—or holding him in. He also says Rose wanted them to take off without phoning us. But Blake insisted on phoning and gave us a call."

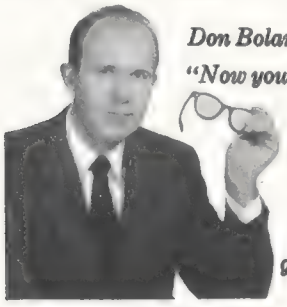
"Friction, hey? They and the dead guy didn't all love each other?"

"They all hated each other. Thor shapes up as a classic bastard, sarcastic, the sandpaper type. Blake's the brain, the thinker. Effective control of the firm rested with Thor and Blake, but neither liked the way the other operated. Each wanted to buy the other out, neither would sell. And I guess they both gave Rose a hard time."

"Where'd you get all this so fast?"

"Part from Rose and Blake, more from Casey there." He gestured toward the other plain-clothesman. "Used to be in the ad game and still keeps in touch."

Oddly, when he said "keeps in touch," that old devil imagination of mine went from stalled to high gear, and either this was more wishy-washy thinking or



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

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Question: *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer: A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

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Question: *Does it really work?*

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Answer: I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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else I was truly telepathic and clairvoyant and addled. Because for a moment, instead of Rawlins's pleasant chops, I saw Joyce leaving the shower and stepping, all pink and glowing, into the tub—my tub. She didn't itch any longer, either, I noted.

Rawlins bent his head toward me. "Did I say something that shook you, Shell?"

The moment ended. "Ah, you spoiled . . . I mean, go on."

"That's about it. Could be a homicide, so we'll take both these guys downtown for interrogation—"

"But that would take too *long*. All *night* maybe—"

"Too long? What difference . . ." He squinted at me. "You got a better idea?"

"I've got a much better—wait a minute. Let me think." I thought. Then I thought some more. "Rawlins, string along with me, will you? Tell Rose and Blake you know it was murder and you're taking them both to the clink. Then let me have at them for a few minutes—but if I shake the right answer out, no questions, O.K.?"

He wasn't wild about the idea, and he growled and even swore a little, but finally said O.K. and led me over to the group of men. Rose, the ad-agency executive was a long, thin, pale guy with sour eyes and the look of a man suffering from chronic misery. Blake, about six feet tall and well-built, with a receding hairline and a nose just wide enough to breathe through, stared at us and shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

Rawlins gave them a spiel and both men started looking grave as his words about murder sank in. Finally, he stopped talking and turned to me.

The clairvoyant part of me saw Joyce making little waves in the water with both hands. I said to Rawlins, "I've seen enough. I'm sure." Then I pointed at Bill Blake and added, "That's the guy who killed him."

Blake's mouth dropped wide, his eyes popped open, he went back one step, and said, "Wha . . . what? Are you nuts? I didn't kill anybody. You are out of your cotton-picking mind." But his lips were sort of wiggling around loosely, and he sounded like Marlon Brando with swollen teeth.

"Sure you did," I said. "I just wanted to get a good look at you, a check on the description. There was a witness. You were seen, friend."

For a little longer his lips wiggled and he mumbled squashily at me, but then he stopped, clamped his teeth together, took a deep breath, and said with complete clarity: "You are out of your cotton-picking mind. Nobody saw *me* here, mister, since that would constitute an impossibility of monumental proportions. *I* was not here."

He sure sounded convincing. I stared unsmiling at him and went right on, "I said you were *seen*, friend. Not actually killing Thor—and keep that in mind. That means I don't know if it was first degree and the gas, or merely manslaughter and a much milder unpleasantness. But I'll buy manslaughter. If you want to sell it."

"You are out of your—"

"Keep listening. After you killed Thor you grabbed him, lifted him up right there—" I pointed to the general area Joyce had described, the concrete at this side of the pool. "He was dead then—or at least unconscious. You lugged him to the edge and plopped him in. Then you went running out—that way." I pointed to a path leading alongside and beyond the cabaña. "On out to Quebec Street, and your car I imagine. That part of it wasn't witnessed."

Blake's face had gotten a little paler, as if some of the blood had turned to gray ash beneath his skin; his lips pressed more tightly together. But he said, "I was not here. Either you are inventing this entire, idiotic story, or someone else was seen here." He swallowed. "However, common sense indicates I should say no more without the advice of my attorney." He paused and added, "My attorneys."

That wouldn't do. I said, "Common sense, huh? O.K., let's try it that way."

I glanced at my watch. Nine-twenty-seven. I'd left the apartment at nine-ten. Another five minutes to get here. So it had been only 12 minutes since I'd parked out front, and 17 since I'd left the Spartan. I thought back to that TV commercial when this had started. Right then—at 8:40 p.m.—my chimes had bonged. Taking off five minutes, the time it had taken Joyce to reach my place from here, would make it 8:35 p.m.

I said to Blake, "You and Rose were supposed to meet Thor here at nine tonight, but you showed up early. About eight-thirty—give or take five minutes either way—you killed Thor. Almost on the dot of eight-thirty you dumped him into the pool. I've told you what you did then.

"But instead of taking off, you waited for Rose to get here, gave him a minute or two and then strode in casually for the meeting—greatly surprised to see Rose with a dead man on his hands. Reason? You couldn't afford to be found with the body, since you'd killed the guy; but if you didn't show up at all that would tag you for sure." I paused. "O.K. so far?"

"I told you the way it . . . way it happened." His voice petered out on him momentarily, there in the middle.

I said, "Look, we know it was *one* of you two guys. Assume for a moment it was Rose. O.K., then *he* tossed Thor in the soap, at eight-thirty-five as witnessed, and then what? Why, then he cleverly stood around for twenty-five minutes waiting for you to show up, whereupon he began hauling Thor out again. Hell, nobody is that stupid, certainly not Rose."

Blake didn't speak. He got a little grayer, though.

"Look," I said, letting the hardness out of my voice. "Even a very dim wit indeed would know the party's over. I've just told you everything, exactly as it happened. Except for why you did it—and how. Man, that's the only out you've got, that's the part for you to tell us."

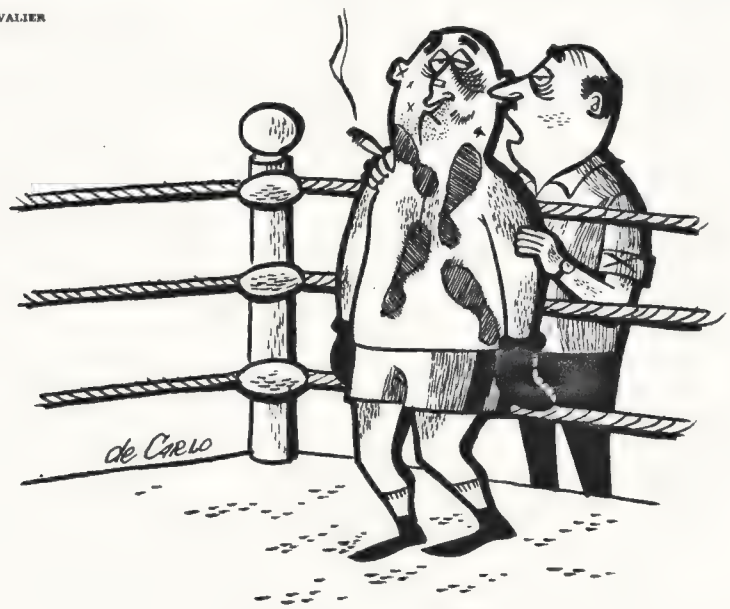
His eyes didn't seem to be focussed on anything. I said, "Blake, no matter how it happened, you'll feel better once you get it off your chest. You really will. And you're stuck; you know you're stuck."

Well, either he did know or he didn't. Which is to say, either he was stuck or *I* was stuck. But I'd used up all my ammunition.

Blake swallowed. That odd glaze slowly left his eyes. He looked at me. Then he said, "You're right, of course. I . . . will feel better." He ran his tongue over his lips but the lips stayed dry. "It was an accident. Honestly it was. Lou was a bastard. Always, as if it was a career with him. We never got along.

"Tonight it started again, he took a poke at me. I hit him on the chin, just once, knocked him into the pool. I started to leave, got clear out to my car, then calmed down, went back. But it was all over by then. He . . . I guess he'd started choking, tried to reach the pool ladder but couldn't quite make it.

CAVALIER



"Keep your eye on his footwork."

I managed to get him out, but he was dead. I knew it wouldn't look like an accident unless he was in the water. So I pushed him back in."

And that was it. Rawlins was looking at the skull above my ear, as if he saw a big ugly crack there. Then he peered up at the sky, dropped his gaze to Blake. He said quietly, "What was the argument about, Blake?"

He sighed. "SX-21—at least that's what it boils down to. Lou insisted we take out a huge policy insuring the firm against loss if anybody discovered the formula." He laughed suddenly. "The insurance angle was to be the basis for a big ad campaign coming up. I told Lou we couldn't get that kind of policy without revealing what the stuff was, but he said we could hire a chemist to figure out something impressive."

That stuck me a little and I started to speak, but Blake was going on, "Lou claimed publicity from the Lloyd's policy and the ad campaign playing it up would boost sales twenty percent. I told him I didn't give a damn. We were making all the money we could keep. Any more would just be grabbed by the government for taxes. I told Lou I didn't *want* to make more profit—especially from SX-21—there just wasn't any . . . any incentive." Blake took a deep breath. "Well, we got into a beef about it, the usual beef. I never liked the damned SX-21 angle from the beginning anyway. It was his baby."

"What is the magic stuff, anyway?" I asked him. "And what did you mean a second ago about having a chemist figure something?"

Blake looked at me but remained silent.

"It doesn't make a hell of a lot of difference to you now, does it?" I paused. "Or to Louis Thor."

He chewed on his lip for a while. "I guess it doesn't, at that. Well, it's air."

"It's—I don't quite get the message here. What about air? Is that what you said?"

"That's what I said—that's what it is." He sighed again. "Originally, when times were tougher, we bubbled hot—heated—air through the liquid soap to save money. The more air in it, the less soap. Pardon, the less ZING. It did change the texture and appearance a little, so Lou decided we might as well capitalize on the new look. He thought about it for a few days. And SX-21 was born."

"Air?" I said dully. "*Air* is the secret ingredient in ZING?"

"That's it. Neither of us expected it to catch on so."

Feeling as if I had a firm grip on unreality, I said, "What in hell is so secret about air? Air's not a secret ingredient."

"You don't understand," Blake said, just a bit stuffily. "We never told anybody SX-21 was air. We kept it a *secret*."

In the ensuing silence I heard a small hissing sound, a very wee sound, like an ant unburdening its bladder near my ear. Only when it got louder did I realize the noise was coming from Antony Rose. Rose, the advertising-agency executive who had composed tone poems, if not complete symphonic epics, about SX-21. His head was thrust forward on his neck, his eyes were thrust forward in their sockets, a vein pulsed snakelike on his forehead, and hissing between his tight-pressed lips was—well, SX-21.

Slowly he stepped forward, slowly his right arm came up from his side, slowly the fingers balled into a fist white at the knuckles. Then Antony Rose opened his chops and delivered his one statement of the evening: "You ghastly . . . unbelievable . . . *monster!*" he said in the tone of a man with his dearest possession being run over by a road grader, "I am going to hit you right on the mouth. Right on the mouth. And hit you, and hit you, and hit—"

But that was as far as he got. Rawlins grabbed him and Rose seemed to wilt. An officer led him, drooping, away. Soon then, the area was empty except for Rawlins and me. He looked at the lavender-dotted pool, at the sky, then at me.

"Shell, will you just for hell tell me—"

"Ah, ah. No questions, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah, but tell me this. How in hell did you know it was Blake? Not just some guy named Schultzbinder."

"I didn't. But I knew *somebody* did all those things I mentioned. And it looked much like Blake for the reasons you heard me give him. Besides, you can't play it safe all the time, and I was in a hurry. What could I lose?"

"Uh-huh. You knew somebody did those things." He squinted at me. "There really was a witness, then? You weren't just making it up?"

I smiled. He frowned. I walked to the cabaña, and in a small locker found feminine clothing—some of it black and wispy—plus a handbag. I grabbed the stuff and headed for my Cad. Rawlins was still standing by the pool. As I walked past him, he scowled at the items in my hands, and at me, swore colorfully. I grinned, trotted to the car, started the engine, and headed for home.

As I drove, odd thoughts and symbols drifted through my skull. Ah, I thought, the marvels of science and the advertising mind: SX-21 . . . GL44 . . . Hyperoricrud . . . "Contains Bacillaurum!" . . . and a half a hundred others, including Hydroatomalkafluororium—the *most-secret* secret ingredient of them all. Probably, I thought, it was old crankcase drainings.

I thought of Louis Thor strangling—how men do initiate their own ends—on ZING. And I thought of all the women bathing all across the land—some wearily, some giddily, some cautiously—with ZING. And I thought of one particular woman bathing . . . under waterfalls . . . in lavender pools . . . in a tub at the Spartan Apartment Hotel.

But by then, because I had been tromping on the accelerator, I was *at* the Spartan Apartment Hotel.

As I got out of the car, I glanced at my watch. Nine-forty p.m. Exactly. From the Spartan and back to the Spartan in half an hour. Probably the speediest case of my career.

But after all, I thought, I'd had incentive. And *that's* the secret ingredient. •

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I CALL A SPAD A SPAD

Continued from page 18

invited me to fly his Spad ranks very high on my list of flying thrills. I was so bowled over that I accepted at once before he could change his mind.

Cole's plane is not a restoration but 95 per cent original. The fabric covering the wings and fuselage look as if it might have been of 1918 vintage; it is a faded olive-drab color with maroon, green, red, and white trim—but it is only 30 years old.

As Cole Palen and I slowly walked around the plane, he pointed out its features. The Spad XIII is small; in fact it is just over 20 feet long and has a wingspan of 26 feet 6 inches. This Spad bears serial number 1924E. The trailing edge of the top wing is just about head-high. The wings have a chord of 42 inches with a total wing area of about 185 square feet. Gross weight, with full fuel tanks and pilot aboard, is about 2,036 pounds. Wing loading thus amounts to 11 pounds per square foot.

The Hisso engine is original equipment. Its radiator, before the plane was restored, was beyond repair and part of the cowling was missing. Being a purist, Cole hated to resort to the use of a radiator from a "modern" airplane, a 1928 Alexander Eaglerock. It may have been this same feeling that caused him to leave the leaks in this radiator unsoldered. One wonders if the squeak in the right wheel is the same one that French mechanics heard as they trundled the Spad out of the hangar at St. Omer. A little axle grease strategically applied would silence the squeak, but then the Spad would lose some of its character.

The original propeller was irreparably damaged in a taxiing accident and has been replaced with one formerly mounted on a British SE-5 of the same vintage. The fuselage framework is made entirely of wood, with wire and turnbuckle bracing. The tail assembly seems small, but actually is in good proportion to the rest of the plane. Rudder travel is only about 10 degrees, which seems inadequate.

The landing gear consists of wire-spoked wheels mounting 20-inch tires on half-axles hinged at the center of a spreader bar. The half-axles are shock-mounted by means of elastic cords in the apex of the landing gear Vs. The tail rides on an oak tail-skid. When the plane is in three-point position, 322 pounds rest on the tail-skid. Considering the fact that the little plane has quite a reputation as a ground-looper, this is fortunate. This tendency would probably be even more vicious were it not for this much weight bearing on the tail-skid.

Cole showed me how to enter the cockpit by putting my right foot into a stirrup in the fuselage, my left foot on a step above the rear of the exhaust manifold, which runs nearly half-way back the port side, and, by grasping the center-section struts, swing into the cockpit. As I slid my feet onto the rudder bar, my backside fitted comfortably into a bucket seat and I had my first chance to look over the "front office" at close range. From left to right, I saw mixture and throttle controls, tachometer, airspeed indicator, wobble-pump, compass, fuel valves, altimeter (in hectometers), magneto switch, oil pressure, and water-temperature indicator.

Grabbing the "joy stick," I moved it to check aileron and elevator travel. Its movement was a bit rough. Cole assured me that it was "only a couple of turnbuckles rubbing on a fuselage cross-member." Then we went into the fuel-feed system which, while not original equipment, is quite unusual. The main fuel tank is in the belly of the ship and holds 100 liters [26½ gallons] of petrol. Since the main tank is in too low a position to gravity-feed into the engine, fuel is pumped by hand into a pair of two-gallon tanks buried in the center section of the top wing. To accomplish this, the pilot turns the selector valve of the left tank toward the pump and starts to "wobble."

This was a new experience for me and it wasn't what I expected. I don't know if all wobble pumps work the same, but with this one the handle is cranked back and forth through an arc of about 30 degrees for 70 strokes (about a minute and a half) to transfer two gallons of fuel into a tank. The Hisso runs on fuel from one tank while the other one is being filled. Bubbles in the transparent tubing through which fuel flows to the engine warn the pilot the engine is about to quit. At the first sputter, he turns the fuel valve to feed the engine from the tank he has just filled and pumps the other tank full.

The original fuel system differed in that an air compressor driven by a small propeller mounted on the right front landing-gear strut continually forced compressed air into the main tank which in turn forced fuel into one of the small wing tanks. When the small tank was full, the excess fuel drained through an overflow back into the main tank. All three fuel tanks were made of ternplate, supposedly capable of withstanding six machine gun bullets before being pierced. The seventh bullet was the one to watch out for. A burning gasoline tank under one's posterior wasn't a very desirable condition—especially in those days when parachutes were almost unheard of.

Starting the engine proved an interesting procedure. The first move was to chock the wheels securely as the Spad has no brakes. With the mixture control set full-rich (lever back), throttle fully closed (lever back), and magneto switch "off," the propeller was pulled through eight to twelve revolutions to draw in the fuel mixture. On the original installation, full throttle was obtained with the lever all the way back and, conversely, idle was with the throttle lever full forward. Wisely, we think, Palen changed this to the currently accepted usage; i.e., forward—full throttle, back—idle.

With this particular Spad, at least, it was necessary to exert some back pressure on the throttle to make it draw fuel properly. The ignition switch was turned on and Cole pulled the prop through as vigorously as possible, considering the friction involved in those eight big cylinders. When the left blade (as viewed from the cockpit) passed through the 10 o'clock position, I closed a switch which sent a shower of sparks from a battery-powered spark coil through the distributor into the appropriate spark plug. The result should be, theoretically, a prompt start. Frequently the engine kicked back until it came into compression again and, if the spring loaded switch had remained closed, as it should be, then the engine would fire forward. With a little bit of luck, the engine continued to run forward.

Once running in the approved direction, the problem was to keep the engine going until it was warmed up enough to run well. Sometimes the Hisso would pick up speed and then cough, backfire, and stop firing—indicating a lean mixture. The solution was to close the throttle quickly while the propeller was still rotating so as to draw in fuel, and then open the throttle slightly to permit a fast idle. This was quite a frustrating procedure to a pilot unaccustomed to the requirements and to the mechanic who watched his efforts bring forth a sputter and a gasp.

Once running, the Hisso had a lovely harsh bark augmented by its long echo-chamber stacks. When the water temperature reached 140°F, the mixture could be leaned and the throttle retarded so that it ticked over as slowly as 150 rpm. The smoothness of the rhythm of those eight idling cylinders was hard to believe.

I sat in the cockpit and felt out the mixture control and throttle as I watched the water-temperature indicator rise. In due time, the "nurse" tank feeding fuel to the engine ran dry so I switched to the other tank and pumped the first one full again.

When the water temperature rose to 200 degrees, I shut off the engine to let it cool. (In practice, once the engine is started, the take-off should be made within three minutes or the water in the radiator will boil.) By the time I had become thoroughly familiar with the cockpit and felt I had the fuel system down pat, a predicted cold front showed signs of materializing so I decided to postpone my first flight until the next morning.

That night, we enjoyed a bull session in Palen's home and he gave me some additional facts about the Spad.

The name was derived from the initials of the company—formed in August 1914—that built it: Société Pour Aviation et ses Dérivés. The head of the company was Louis Bleriot, pioneer of French

aviation. The chief designer, and presumably the designer of the Spad, was Monsieur Becherau. The third member of the company was Marc Birkight, brilliant designer of engines and formerly with the Hispano-Suiza Company.

Pilots of several Allied countries became aces while flying Spads. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker recently told me, "The Spad was one of the best and most rugged fighter planes on either side of the front. In fact, it was the only one that you could afford to take a chance on diving with the engine wide open if you had to."

Specifications indicate a top speed of 135 mph, a stalling speed of 59 mph, and a diving speed of over 200 mph.

The appearance of the Spad at the front in 1917 was a cause for rejoicing among Allied pilots. Records show that the United States purchased 893 Spad XIIIs from the French Government beginning in March of 1918 and that 16 U. S. squadrons were using them at the Armistice.

The morning after our bull session was bright and blue. As I sat in the cockpit, uncomfortably conscious of the hard parachute under me, I was grateful for the heat that came back from the Hisso. The Spad has no firewall to separate the engine from the cockpit; the pilot's feet rest under the magnetos of the Hisso engine. With Cole standing in the stirrup, we checked the instruments once more. Everything looked good. The Hisso turned out 1,470 rpm with the wheels straining against the chocks.

I asked Cole's advice on what altitude, in hectometers, to cruise, and he replied that 500 hectometers would mean approximately 1,500 feet and that I should use my own judgment.

We went through the drill on the fuel system once more just for luck. Then, after assuring me I'd do all right, he yelled, "Don't feel bad if you groundloop on landing. I do it about every other flight myself. It doesn't harm anything unless you're going too fast!"

As my courage started to desert me, he slapped me on the back and jumped to the ground. He grabbed the wing tip and planted his heels firmly as I gunned the engine. The little plane turned out onto the grass runway.

I slowly gave the Hisso full throttle. As the plane started to move forward it was immediately apparent that at low speeds rudder control is marginal. The rudder is so small and moves such a short distance that it seems inadequate to offset the torque of the Hisso at full throttle. As the nose of the plane started to swing to the left, I reduced power. The rudder took over and headed me straight down the runway once more. I again added full power and marvelled at the rapid acceleration as the little fighter became light and lifted.

I held the nose down to pick up a little margin of speed above stalling, made a slight turn to the right to avoid heading directly into a line of poplars beyond the end of the runway, and then raised the Spad's nose for a climb. I was conscious of a nice feeling of solidity in the controls as I cleared the airport boundary. The rate of climb didn't appear to be what I had expected, so when the altimeter indicated 200 hectometers (600 feet) I stole a look at the tachometer. It read 1,330 rpm, a bit low. Cole had said that the Hisso should turn about 1,680 on the climb out. "Well, this is no time to start worrying—you're flying aren't you?" I asked myself.

The engine was running smoothly enough, so I continued to climb round and round the airport. I turned the left selector valve off so that the engine would take fuel from the right wing tank.

I noticed that my goggles were constantly sprayed by a liquid, apparently water from the leaking radiator, so I had to keep wiping them with my sleeve. As I took my left hand off the throttle to do this, for the third time, I noticed that the engine rpm had decreased. Only then did I realize that this plane had a creeping throttle, one that vibrates toward the closed position when not held in position by hand. Normally a throttle will stay where a pilot sets it. Modern airplanes have a setscrew or friction device that prevents throttle movement unless the pilot applies pressure. This old beauty had no such luxury. You want a particular rpm? You work for it!

At 500 hectometers I leveled out, throttled back to 1,400 rpm, leaned the mixture slightly, and began to feel out the controls. A few gentle turns left and right soon proved the Spad to be delightfully responsive and easy to fly. Control pressures were beautifully balanced, one against the other. The Spad was a bit tail-heavy, probably because the machine guns were dummies instead of the heavy twin Vickers guns that were standard equipment in WW I.

Visibility was exceptionally good in spite of the fact that the trailing edge of the top wing was about a foot directly in front of my goggles. By stretching a bit, I could see over the wing and, by bending forward, I could see under it. Cruising as I was at about 700 hectometers, I found that level flight could be maintained by flying with the bottom surface of the top wing slightly above the horizon.

It was interesting to watch the old-fashioned tachometer as it flicked from one reading to the next with rpm changes. Unlike modern tachs, which change continuously around the dial, this one changed in 50 rpm intervals, flicking abruptly from one step to the next. Water temperature ran about 180 degrees throughout the flight.

I was just putting the Spad through a series of turns to skirt some of the puffy little cumulus clouds starting to form over the airport, when the engine coughed, hiccupped, sneezed, and died. My stomach went through several similar, perhaps more violent, reactions. But as I have said, I came to my senses in time to realize that the fault was mine rather than that of the Hisso.

I switched to the nearly full "nurse" tank and proceeded to pump fuel into the empty one by means of the wobble pump. This would have been a fairly simple task had it not been for that creeping throttle. With my right hand on the

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stick, I pumped the handle of the wobble pump with my left, counting the strokes. As I reached a count of 30, I realized that the controls had begun to feel sluggish. A glance at the airspeed indicator showed that speed had dropped off and the tach showed the rpm down to 1,200! "Ye Gods! What next?" I thought. I shoved the throttle open and the Hisso surged into full power. Of course, the throttle had simply vibrated itself slightly closed.

I soon discovered that with both feet on the rudder bar, right hand on the stick, and left hand on the wobble pump, I could still press my left knee against the throttle linkage to prevent its creeping. This provided the added advantage of moving my left leg so that the gasoline that dripped from the leaking wobble-pump fell on the floor instead of on me.

By this time, I had lost count of the strokes I had made with the pump so I wasn't surprised when the right wing tank ran dry. I switched to the left tank, wiped my goggles, and immediately started pumping again.

This time I pumped the tank full in one continuous operation and was pleased to find that I had about three minutes in which to relax and enjoy flying the plane before it was time to switch tanks and pump again.

Once I had dispelled my apprehensions, I decided that flying the Spad was pure delight. It is a pilot's airplane. Its fine response to control pressure gives one the impression that it is not a machine but an extension of the human body. The pilot's mind tells it to turn and the Spad turns as promptly and positively as an itchy nose is scratched. I had heard that old planes like the Spad were unstable, but this wasn't true, I discovered. Except for slight tail-heaviness, I found the Spad quite stable. It had no tendency to over-bank on turns nor to steepen its dive in nose-down attitude.

I was tempted to do a little dog-fighting with an imaginary Baron von Richthofen, but the feeling didn't last long when I recalled that nearly everything about this Spad, including the wire bracing which holds the two wings together, was 42 years old.

I moved the mixture control to full-rich, dropped off some altitude, and located the airport. With both "nurse" tanks feeding the engine, I approached the field and started my glide toward the runway. The idling Hisso ticked over smoothly, unburned gasoline popping occasionally in the exhaust manifold.

I flared out over the runway with the throttle full back and held the Spad off. As it stalled, wheels and tail-skid touched the ground simultaneously for a three-point landing. A low spot in the runway found me temporarily airborne once more, but immediately I was down again to stay and I could feel the tail-skid bite into the sod. "Good!" I thought. "That should keep me headed down the straight and narrow." My speed was dropping off fast now and the nose started to swing slightly to the right.

"Give it left rudder!" I said to myself. "Still swinging—more left rudder! Swinging fast to right! Full left rudder and body English! Too late, She's ground-looping!"

Perversely, the Spad, like a fretful wench, completed a full 180-degree right turn and came to rest unharmed on the edge of the runway headed toward where it had come from! As Cole came running up, I started to apologize for the ground-loop. "Forget it!" he grinned. "That's just about par for the course!"

After we had parked the Spad, Cole saw me eyeing his Bleriot. "Maybe you'd like to fly one of my other planes sometime," he said.

I looked him straight in the eye and asked, "When?" ●

THE ACE WHO WAS 10 FEET TALL

Continued from page 37

the tail of the tightly turning Messerschmitt, hovering on the brink of a high-speed stall. Then he steadied his gun platform and closed to less than 100 yards.

Grasping the spade-grip with both hands, he pressed one thumb against the circular gun button. Bullets broke the patches over the gun ports of his eight Brownings and hammered the 109 behind the cockpit. Twisting to follow the Messerschmitt's evasive action, Bader fired several short bursts from dead astern. Pieces flew off the enemy's starboard wing.

Suddenly a trail of white smoke flared out of the Messerschmitt's engine. Then orange flame licked back. The 109 lazily rolled over and spun away, on fire. Bader flew back to Hornchurch, exultant.

Bader took naturally to command and showed such dash in leading his flight that he was shortly afterward given command of No. 242 Squadron and promoted to squadron leader. No. 242, the only Canadian squadron in the RAF, had been badly beaten up in the retreat from France. The pilots were dispirited and needed a rugged leader to put them back on their feet.

The British Expeditionary Force had just pulled out of Dunkirk. Hitler was expected to invade England at any moment; the rumor, indeed, was that the Nazis were already on the water. This was the atmosphere when Squadron Leader Bader strode into the mess at Coltishall the first time. The officers were rather jittery, to say the least.

Bader's eyes dominated the anteroom. Every head turned to look at the swashbuckling figure blocking the doorway.

"I say, you chaps, what's all the flap about?"

Someone said that the invasion fleet had just been sighted.

"Jolly good show!" chuckled Bader, jubilantly relishing the prospect of a fight at close quarters. "Now we can take a *real* crack at the brutes at last!" He made a rude noise with his lips, imitating machine-gun fire.

Because of Bader's mere presence, panic gave way to readiness to fight. Like Bader and the nation, the pilots grimly refused to throw in the towel.

When Squadron Leader Bader walked into his pilots' readiness hut to take over his new squadron, though, he was greeted with suspicious looks. The sullen pilots did not even take their hands out of their pockets.

"The new CO's got no legs," he heard one pilot whisper.

Bader stormed out, angrily determined to show his new squadron that he was not a cripple in a wheel chair.

Unassisted, he swung himself into a Hurricane. Then he took off, banked steeply over the boundary fence and dived toward the sloppy figures outside the readiness hut.

In the next half hour he performed every tricky aerobatic in the book. He even slow-rolled close to the deck. But this time, in a Hurricane, he did not crash. After proving his airmanship beyond all doubt, he landed. Then he drove off in his red MG without even glancing at his admiring pilots.

Next morning he called the dispirited squadron into his office. The scruffy pilots, hair untidy and shoes dirty, kept their eyes on the floor.

"Look at you!" stormed the new squadron leader. "You're a disgrace! You don't deserve the name of squadron. You're just a bloody shower!"

Shuffling uneasily, the pilots explained that they had lost everything, even their ground crews, in the retreat from France. They had suffered almost 50 per cent casualties; had been posted, unwanted, from one station to another, and had even lost their CO. They had concluded that no one in authority cared a damn what happened to them.

Bader apologized for his initial brusqueness, and promised to give them a square deal. However, first he insisted that they at least look smart.

Their slovenly, polo-necked sweaters and oil-stained uniforms were, they explained, the only clothes they owned.

"Go down to the tailors. Order everything you want; I'll see the bills are paid."

That evening, at dinner in the mess, every pilot turned up with clean collar and tie, polished shoes, and neatly cut hair.

Next day, Bader interviewed each pilot individually. He weeded out one man as unsuitable, and replaced both

flight commanders with hand-picked men, Eric Ball and George Powell-Sheddon.

Then he summoned his engineer officer, Warrant Officer Bernard West, a veteran of 20 years' service. West told him, "I can't keep the aircraft airborne if you become operational. We lost all our spares in France."

Although Bader did not believe in paper work, he sent the necessary requisitions through the proper channels, then awaited results. Nothing happened.

After a week, losing patience, he sent a signal direct to Fighter Command Headquarters. He knew that he had broken all the rules by going over the heads of both Station Commander and Group Headquarters, and he expected to receive a rocket. Sure enough, the rocket came.

Squadron Leader Bader was ordered to report to the commander-in-chief himself, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding had not earned his nickname "Stuffy" for nothing. At Bentley Priory, Bader stood stiffly at attention on the mat before the rather formal Dowding.

"Bader, what's the meaning of this signal?"

The squadron leader explained that he wanted to get his squadron operational as soon as possible. Patience had produced no results, so he had taken matters into his own hands.

Dowding was not too amused. However, after firing a squadron leader (equipment), he gave Bader everything he wanted. As a result, Bader's squadron was ready for the real fighting when it came.

The first time he was asked to scramble his squadron, he turned the request down flat—because the weather was ten-tenths cloud down to the deck. "I can't send my boys up in this soup!" he protested. Instead, he trudged out by himself to his Hurricane, took off on instruments, and sought out the Hun alone.

Almost lost in the heavy overcast, he switched on his reflector sight and rotated the gun button to "fire." Suddenly, through a break in the clouds, he spotted the twin fins and rudders of a Dornier. Cautiously he swung up underneath the bomber's soft belly. Boring in to point-blank range, he aimed carefully. Cartridge cases poured out of his wings as his guns fired several bursts. The "Flying Pencil" crashed into the sea. He had scored his squadron's first victory in weather too bad to permit his boys to fly.

But the Battle of Britain was when Bader really proved his mettle.

Hitler planned to invade England in late September, 1940. First, however, Goering had to defeat the RAF. The odds were heavily against the British.

Bader's No. 242 Squadron was scrambled on its first patrol in the Battle of Britain after tea on August 30, 1940, several weeks after the battle had begun.

Climbing away from Duxford to intercept the bandits, Bader heard the controller's voice crackle in his earphones: "Eighty plus crossing Sheerness. Vector one-seven-zero."

Officially every air battle was directed by the controller in the ops room. However, Bader deliberately disobeyed Wing Commander Woodie Woodhall's R/T instructions.

Bader knew that the course which the controller had ordered him to steer would take him *into* the sun. However, his belief was that the pilot who attacked from height *out of* the sun always controlled the battle. This was the hard-learned battle experience of the great aces of World War I. Though he risked missing the German raiders altogether, Bader changed course to position his squadron high up-sun.

"Laycock leader from green one, bandits at 11 o'clock below."

Bader glimpsed a distant glint as he heard his section leader's warning. Then he picked out faint specks—the enemy. More specks appeared, row upon row. Methodically he counted the neat formations. His nine Hurricanes were up against more than 100 enemy aircraft! Ignoring the Messerschmitt 110s above, he picked the bombers, Dorniers. Denis Crowley-Milling will never forget the melee that followed Bader's order: "Line astern! Get in!"

Obeying a sudden impulse, Bader dived his pack vertically through the center of the massed German swarms. The panic-stricken Hun pilots took violent evasive action to avoid collision. In a matter of seconds, the neat Luftwaffe ranks became a confused shambles. The Dorniers jettisoned their bombs and fled.

As his altimeter stopped unwinding, Bader fastened onto the tail-end Charlie in a section of turning 110s. Closing to point-blank range, he sent short bursts into its belly. The 110 fell away, flaming. Bader broke left, refusing to invite attack by following the enemy down.

Turning across the sun, he closed on another 110, then pressed the gun button. The ME's starboard wing exploded into small pieces. That victim, too, went down in flames.

Suddenly, in his mirror, he glimpsed the twin engines of a 110. The plane was right on his tail! Douglas slammed stick and rudder hard over and white tracers whipped past his wing tip as the Messerschmitt dived steeply away. Then, inexplicably, he found the sky completely empty.

On the way back to Duxford he flew alongside Willie McKnight, who jubilantly held up three fingers. After Bader reached dispersal, he was delighted to find that his squadron had destroyed 12 German aircraft without the loss of a single Hurricane.

Spurred by the success of his novel dive tactics, Bader now argued that bigger formations of British fighters were the real answer to the vastly superior numbers of German attackers. Air Vice Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory, recognizing his individualistic squadron leader's sure grasp of tactics, backed up his theory by giving him three squadrons. On their second big show, Bader's squadrons shot down 20 enemy aircraft with the loss of only four Hurricanes—proof that his pack approach was paying off.

Still obsessed by the overwhelming superiority of the odds against him,

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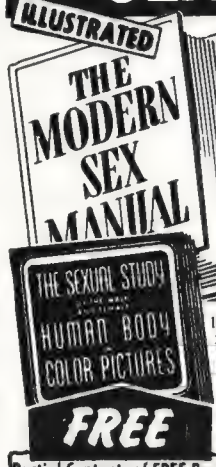

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Bader demanded even more fighters. Impressed by Bader's brilliant successes, Leigh-Mallory gave him five squadrons, more than 60 aircraft, known as 12 Group Wing.

On September 15, in two big shows, Bader's five squadrons shot down 52 enemy aircraft, plus eight probables. Three days later, scrambled at tea time to intercept a raid against London, Bader was relieved to pick out a mere 40 enemy aircraft near the black flak puffs—smaller odds at last. He dived 4,000 feet onto the Germans and personally bagged a Junkers 88 and a Dornier 17, two more asterisks in his logbook. The sky was filled with parachutes; his wing shot down at least 30 enemy aircraft without a single British loss.

Continuously rebuffed by many similar overwhelming defeats, Goering finally realized that he was beaten. As a result, Hitler called off the invasion.

Bader's leadership was as inspiring on the ground as in the air. During spells off from airfighting, he took his boys to pubs such as The Bell in Norwich. There teetotaler Bader drank lemonade while his pilots knocked back their tankards of beer.

One day he designed a mascot for No. 242 Squadron. The badge, painted on the side of his Hurricane's engine, showed Hitler receiving kicks in the pants from a boot labeled 242. Each time another enemy aircraft was shot down, a fresh spark was added to show the effects of the kicks in the pants.

Bader's introduction of his revolutionary dive tactics with many squadrons proved so successful that he was asked to put the fighter pilot's viewpoint to the top brass. In an oak-paneled conference room in Whitehall, Squadron Leader (equivalent to major) Bader found himself the only officer present below air vice marshal (two-star general). Not batting an eyelid, he persuaded the air marshals that the wing leader in the air, not the controller on the ground, ought to direct the air battle. His wing tactics were adopted officially.

One result was that he was appointed the RAF's first wing leader, in charge of three Spitfire squadrons. He was also promoted to wing commander, having risen from flying officer (first lieutenant) to the equivalent of lieutenant colonel in a single year of the war's toughest fighting.

Wing Commander Bader was in the air, practicing aerobatics, almost as soon as he arrived at Tangmere in March 1941 to take command of his new wing. He believed that aerobatics gave a pilot complete confidence in his aircraft. Stan Turner, a stalwart Canadian from No. 242 Squadron, was posted to lead No. 145 Squadron, and Woodie Woodhall, promoted to group captain, arrived to work with Bader as controller.

Now that the RAF had thwarted Hitler's plan to invade England, the air marshals decided to take the offensive. A beehive of a few British bombers, escorted by many fighters, was often sent over France to sting the Luftwaffe into coming up to fight. Bader led his wing on these sweeps, scoring odds of three to two in his favor.

Yet, in spite of his growing fame, Bader was primarily interested in the welfare of his boys. The little things mattered, he believed. His batman, A. C. Stokoe, recalls that one day Bader kicked up a row in the mess because an extra penny was being charged for beer.

Bader liked nothing better than to be surrounded by his pilots, talking shop. At his parties, thrown every night at the Bay House, he took even his most inexperienced officers into his confidence. Capt. Cuthbert Orde, a war artist who attended the parties, recalls that the wing commander authoritatively laid down the law about airfighting: shoot straight, don't straggle, keep your head out of the office, hold your fire till point-blank range.

"Bader's expert discussions of wing tactics taught me the principles of airfighting," says Group Capt. Johnnie Johnson, top-scoring Allied fighter ace of World War II who, as a sprog (newcomer), flew in Bader's finger-four formation. "Even the newest pilot felt that he was on the team."

In the air, too, Bader's masterful voice dominated every moment of the air battle, welding his Spitfire boys into a single team. ("Green Line Bus from Dogsbody. Break up and attack!") His bellowing voice, alternately coaxing and chastising, but always leading, exuded confidence. The result was that his pilots felt mystically protected by the intimate cloak of his leadership. Says Johnson: "I knew that, as long as I stayed with my leader, I should come safely back home."

The Tangmere Wing's implicit confidence in Bader's leadership is summed up by the RAF's new chief of air staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, who commanded a Beaufighter squadron at Tangmere when Bader was leading the Tangmere Spitfire Wing. Says Pike: "Douglas took the fear out of his pilots' hearts. They genuinely believed he was invincible. That was why they were absolutely devoted to him."

His concern for his boys, not his own glory, was illustrated one day when he sacrificed a sure kill of his own to give two new pilots a chance to taste first blood. Breaking off his attack on a Junkers 88, he called in the two sprogs to have a squirt. Carefully shepherded by the wing commander, each young sergeant, in turn, lined up the Junkers' glasshouse in his reflector sight, then fired a burst. Bader finished off the Hun himself, to make the kill a certainty. In his combat report the wing commander officially shared the bagged Hun with the two new boys.

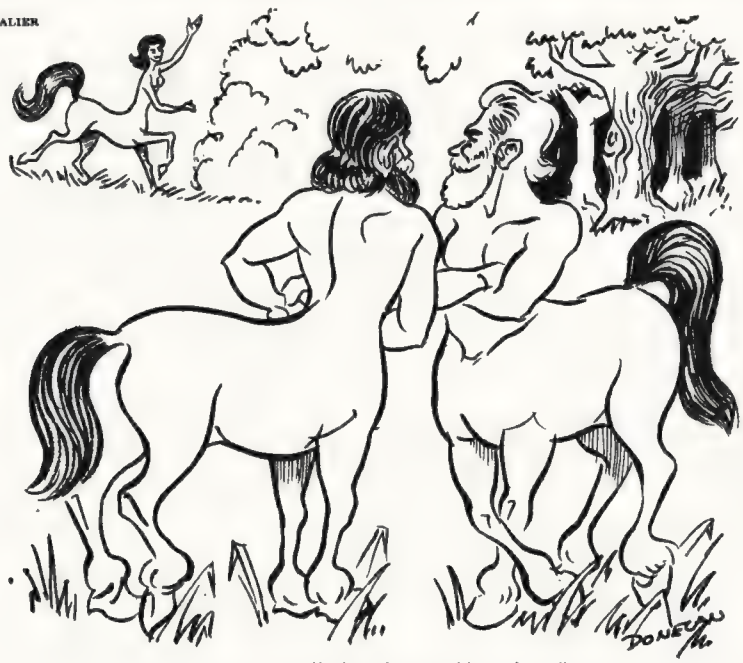
On another occasion, after the wing had suffered several losses, he saw that his pilots were rather depressed. He tried to cheer them up. "Look at them," he cracked in front of them all. "They hoped it was me. They always rush over to the notice board after a wing commander gets shot down to see how they stand for promotion." Then he added, in an aside to a squadron leader: "See they have some fun tonight. You know how it gets them."

Cocky Dundas often flew as Bader's No. 2, and, on another occasion, when the wing was returning from a sweep, Dundas looked across at the Spitfire with the blue and red pennant of a wing commander and Bader's initials DB on its side. He saw the legless ace calmly light up his pipe.

Eventually, the Tangmere Wing's daily sweeps across the Channel became so regular that one pilot painted on his fuselage: "Bader's Bus Company"—and added the legend underneath: "Round Trips Only."

Everyone thought that Bader was unconquerable, but August 9, 1941, was his

CAVALIER



"Yeah, she's a doll—but she eats like a horse."

unlucky day. The wing was scheduled to fly on a sweep over Lille. Taking off, the formation got fouled up; then, on the way over to France, Bader's airspeed indicator went unserviceable. Finally, to crown everything, after he had attacked a swarm of Messerschmitt 109s, he found himself entirely alone in the sky. His eye roved the heavens, but he could not see a single aircraft.

Then, in the distant blue, he glimpsed the flash of sunlight on a canopy. As the aircraft came into focus, he picked out the colored spinners of six Messerschmitt 109s. Dare he risk attack alone? Again and again he had warned his pilots never to attack without a wingman to protect the blind spot behind. However, the challenge of bigger odds proved irresistible. "Piece of cake," he thought.

Opening the throttle, he climbed eagerly to bounce the Huns. Evidently they had not spotted him, for they held their formation. Hardly daring to believe his luck, he picked his man. Then, constantly twisting his head to clear his tail, he lined up the Messerschmitt in his gunsight. He closed and fired, wisps of smoke spurting from his gun ports. The Messerschmitt burst into flames and spun away.

Astonishingly, the other Messerschmitts apparently still had not seen him. Flushed by his success, Bader got on the tail of a second Messerschmitt. He jabbed his gun button, and gave the chop to that Messerschmitt, too. Deciding that a brace was enough, he broke right.

Then his long streak of luck ran out.

Suddenly his Spitfire shuddered violently. A powerful force had slammed into his tail. The nose dropped and the Spit flipped into a tight corkscrew.

Douglas pulled back the stick. The black spade-grip flopped limply in his hand.

He turned his head to see what had gone wrong. The entire tail assembly was missing. One of the four remaining Messerschmitts must have rammed him. He had to bail out—fast.

He pulled the rubber toggle above his head. The canopy flew off. Gripping the sides of the cockpit, he hoisted his crippled body up. Could he drag his metal legs free?

Something was holding his lower half in the cockpit. His right artificial leg was jammed inside.

He was trapped!

Helplessly pinned to his doomed fighter, he fell through space for about 11,000 feet. He had to gasp for breath. His mouth was dry.

Then, unexpectedly, he was flung clear. He tugged his D-ring, and the parachute canopy cracked open when he was a mere 4,000 feet above the green fields.

Looking down, he saw that his right leg was gone. The leather belt that had attached the leg to his body had snapped. He quietly reflected that a pilot with normal legs would have remained trapped inside the wrecked Spitfire. Ironically, his life had been saved by his metal legs.

The German doctor who examined

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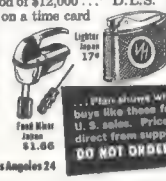

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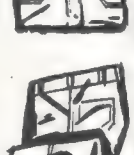

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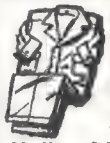

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him later in the military hospital at St. Omer grunted in astonishment to see a pilot with no legs. [In "Lethal Boy Bluey," Sept. 1960, Cavalier told how a replacement artificial leg was air-dropped to prisoner Bader by British fliers.]

The legless ace was no stranger, though, to Oberstleutnant Adolf Galland, whose JG 26 Messerschmitts had often tangled with Bader's Spitfires. Galland sent his Horch staff car for Bader in order to entertain him at Wissant airfield.

During the three-and-a-half years in which he was a prisoner Bader escaped four times. On one occasion, he climbed out of a third-story window, then slid down a rope of knotted sheets to the ground 40 feet below!

He was so incorrigible that he was finally sent to "escape proof" Colditz Castle, reserved for troublemakers. His buoyant spirit was such a tonic that one ex-prisoner said after the war: "Tea with Bader at Colditz was like a night on the town."

After he returned to England, at the end of the war, the legendary pilot was given a hero's welcome. He was promoted to group captain, and he flew a Spitfire again with his old assurance. However, he resigned from the RAF to take a job as an oil company executive, and today he flies his own aircraft on business all over the world (always taking a spare leg in his baggage). Wherever he goes, he inspires other legless men in their fight to walk, and live, again.

Douglas Bader won immortal fame as an outstanding RAF fighter leader in World War II. Though he had no legs, Bader led three Spitfire squadrons, shot down 22½ German aircraft, won two DSOs and two DFCs. But his real claim to fame is the inspiration provided by the triumph of his indomitable will power over the most terrible physical adversity—a battle which he has to fight and win again every day. Douglas Bader, whose moral courage conquered self-pity, is a man who never quits. •

THE DAY THE LIGHT BRIGADE DIED

Continued from page 26

Nicholas I began his plan by building a huge naval base at Sebastopol, in the Crimea, on the Black Sea. Britain and France watched uneasily.

In 1853, war broke out between Russia and Turkey. The czar's forces invaded the Balkans and destroyed the Turkish fleet. If the Russians once succeeded in establishing themselves in the Mediterannean, not only would the balance of power be thrown up for grabs, but the British "lifeline" (via Suez) to India, Australia, and the Orient would be imperilled. In March 1854, Great Britain and France declared war on Russia. An expedition of both nations, plus the Turks, was planned to the Black Sea.

The officials of Her Majesty's Government, civilian and military, were unanimous in their belief that the best man to conquer the Russians was the one who had been the Duke of Wellington's right-hand man for 40 years, to wit: Lord Raglan. Hadn't he lost an arm at Waterloo? What more could one want? The expeditionary army was to consist of six divisions, and command of the Cavalry Division was given to Lord Lucan.

The cavalry was divided into two brigades, heavy and light. The Heavy Brigade went to a General Scarlett, and the Light Brigade to General the Earl of Cardigan, who marked his appointment by issuing two orders. Order Number One: All swords to be sharpened. Order Number Two: Leather insets to be sewn into the seats of all trousers . . .

"British cavalry officers," observed a marshal of the French Army, "seem to be impressed by the conviction that they can dash or ride over everything . . . precisely the same as in fox-hunting."

This was certainly true of Lord Cardigan. In addition, he was impressed by another thing: that his subordination to Lord Lucan was purely nominal, and that the Light Brigade would operate as if there was no one between himself and Lord Raglan. Raglan seemed to support this view. No one bothered to consult Lord Lucan.

As a result, Lucan did not catch up with what was, after all, his own command for months. He arrived in Turkey—Cardigan had gone to Varna in Bulgaria and taken the cavalry with him. Lucan went to Varna, only to find that Cardigan had moved on to Devna; so had the cavalry. By the time the cavalry's official commander got to Devna, Cardigan had taken off to Yeni-Bazaar with the Light Brigade.

Why did the general-in-chief allow all this? Simply because Lord Raglan, stupid as he was, had sense enough to realize he had to keep the two brothers-in-law apart.

To everyone's surprise, the Russians retreated from Bulgaria. What to do next? It was up to Lord Raglan to pick the place to fight. And, by and by, Lord Raglan picked it.

With almost no supply lines, he decided to cross the Black Sea, invade the Crimea, and capture Sebastopol.

As one officer wrote in his diary, *"The taking of the place is impossible, and the plan is that of a madman!"*

The voyage from Bulgaria to the Crimea should have taken three days. It took 17. Cholera broke out aboard the transports. The dead were too many to allow canvas shrouds, so weights were tied to their feet and over the sides they went. The weights were heavy enough to keep the corpses upright, but not heavy enough to pull them under. A long line of rotting, grinning heads marked the passage of the Allied troops across the Black Sea. It was an omen.

An unopposed landing was made at the tiny port of Balaclava, south of Sebastopol. The whole campaign was a hideous farce. The Allies won victories, but failed to follow them up. At one point the Russians in Sebastopol were sure they could not hold out against an attack, but the attack was never made. The men went hungry, the horses ate their own ropes. The troops died of cholera, they died of dysentery, they died of typhus.

And Lord Cardigan continued to ignore his frenzied brother-in-law.

Lucan, finally, insisted upon exercising his command in full. Lord Raglan gave way. Cardigan continued as before. It was now Raglan's turn to be fed up. Cardigan was told, abruptly, to straighten up and fly right. Henceforth, he was to obey Lord Lucan—promptly and in all things. Cardigan reacted with the sullen passion of a spoiled child. "Promptly and in all things," eh? *Very* well. So be it. He would obey every damned order. And if the orders should be wrong—even if they should be obviously and shamefully wrong—he would be damned if he'd point this out; no, he would *obey*.

This was how matters stood on the morning of October 25, 1854.

The Valley of Balaclava lies several miles above the harbor, and is about three miles long. Within the valley itself, which runs roughly east-west, are considerable differences in elevation. At the western end are hills known as the Heights, where Lord Raglan had his headquarters. A ridge called the Causeway bisects the terrain lengthwise into the North Valley and South Valley. The northern one is about a mile wide, bounded on the south by Causeway ridge and on the north by the Fedukhine Hills. Along the ridge ran the so-called Vorontsov Road.

This road formed the only decent supply line between Balaclava harbor and the Allied lines besieging Sebastopol. It was the purpose of General Liprandi, the Russian C.O., to cut this line. It was the purpose of Raglan—insofar as his tired, old mind still had any purpose—to prevent his doing so.

Along the Causeway were six redoubts, or emplacements—two north of Vorontsov Road and four south of it—containing all told nine 12-pounder naval guns with Turkish crews. The Light Brigade was stationed at the far western end of the North Valley.

While Lord Cardigan was jogging leisurely up from the harbor, the Russians attacked vigorously from the eastern end of the North Valley. Redoubt Number One resisted, but was over-

whelmed. Redoubt Number Two hardly bothered to resist, and the men in Numbers Three and Four did not bother to resist at all, but got the hell out as fast as they could. The Russians demolished Redoubt Number Four near the Allied lines, but occupied the first three.

It was about 9:30 in the morning when this phase was finished, and at this moment up rode Lord Cardigan. Also riding in was another mass of Czarist troops, who proceeded to occupy the Fedukhine Hills with both infantry and artillery. The besiegers, outflanked and surprised, were about to become the besieged.

"Lord George Paget," said Cardigan, coming up to his second-in-command; "I now relieve you."

"Very good, my lord," said Paget. He was a colonel in rank. Cardigan passed within a few feet of Lucan. Neither looked at, nor spoke to, the other.

From his position on the Heights, Lord Raglan had a perfect view. The last traces of mist and cloud had vanished and the air was unusually clear. Thus, when several thousand Russian cavalry began advancing up the valley towards the Allies, Raglan could see them plainly. Owing to the rises and dips in the valley itself, however, the British troops below could not see this new movement. (There was no semaphore system or telegraph line set up.) The two cavalry brigades continued to sit calmly on their mounts, yawning, smoking, and scratching themselves. Only 200 yards now separated the two forces.

Raglan, 700 feet above, went pale. The stump of his right arm jerked and twitched. Then, abruptly, the Russians turned left and began to pass over the Causeway ridge into South Valley.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, like all other regiments, had been decimated by disease. There were only 550 of them at the moment when the 4,000 Russian cavalrymen approached at a right angle. "Form in two lines," directed their commanding officer. "No retreat—we must die where we stand."

The Highlanders nodded grimly and—with fierce Gaelic shouts—charged the astounded enemy.

The Russian advance stopped dead. The Czar's troops were not expecting any attack from that quarter—certainly not one in skirts! The "thin red line of heroes" fired three volleys. The Russians, suspecting an ambush, turned and fled.

All talk ceased among the Light Brigade as they heard the sound of the Minié bullets. "Hullo!" cried Cardigan, wheeling his horse Ronald around. "Hul-lo! Enemy approaching? Ha! Paget, they shall have to order us to charge!" Forty-odd years he had waited—and now the chance had come! A *charge!*

The pictures of Cardigan at this period give a first impression of foppishness. This is due to the dandyish uniform, to the heavy side-whiskers framing the smooth-shaven chin, the hand on hip. But there is nothing of the fop or dandy about the firmness of that chin, the stubborn out-thrust of the lower lip, the arrogant curve of the nostril, and—above all—the cold, determined stare.

It was probably true that "his mind was petrified by 30 years of peace-time service," and that he was "arrogant, supercilious, selfish, and hated by his men." But he was not a coward.

It was still not Cardigan's moment. In fact, it was not yet the Light Brigade's moment. The enemy, routed by so small a group of Scots that the Russians later were incredulous, now came surging forward upon an even smaller force—500 men, of the Heavy Brigade, under General the Honorable James Scarlett.

Scarlett had never come within range of anything larger than a kettle-drum before in his life. Now he saw what seemed like endless lines of enemy lances framed against the sky over the hill facing him. He did not hesitate.

"Heavy Dragoons, wheel into line!" he directed as the Russian cavalry poured over the crest of the hill. "Prepare to charge!"

The Light Brigade was 500 yards away, Cardigan, seeing Lord Lucan coming towards him at the gallop, drew himself up firmly.

To Cardigan's rage and chagrin, Lucan said, "Hold your position here! On no account leave it! Attack whatever comes within reach of you!" And with that, he galloped away, shouting for Scarlett to charge.

The trumpet sounded. The Heavy Dragoons rushed upon the enemy, Scarlett 50 yards in front of his squadrons. There was no space to level carbines; the two forces fell upon each other with cold steel, as if gunpowder had never been invented. Red coats and gray, screaming horses, shouting men—the struggle raged under Cardigan's nose while he rode back and forth in front of his brigade, loudly and hoarsely complaining, "Oh, those damned 'Heavies'! They'll have the laugh on us today!"

Then, for the second time that morning, the impossible came to pass. The Russians faltered—paused—fell back—turned—and retreated. The Heavy Brigade cheered, reformed their ranks, but didn't pursue. Cardigan sat glowering on his horse, gnawing his mustache. "Hold your position here—" Wasn't that what Lucan had said? Damn him! And, "On no account leave it?" Very well, so be it. Stupid order, but—he would obey it and, if Lord Raglan didn't like that, well, let him blame Lucan!

Meanwhile, Lord Raglan, upon the Heights, swept the valley ceaselessly with his field glasses. He sighted in on the Causeway ridge, near the Russian-captured redoubts, and saw teams of horses, lasso tackle . . . His satisfied smile vanished. "The guns—the guns—the naval guns!" he cried. "They are going to haul the guns away!"

Instantly, his 50 years' obsession—"enemy-French"—leaped into his mind, as vigorously as ever. "They mustn't! The Duke of Wellington never lost a gun to the French! What will the French think, if we lose our guns?" The guns were already "lost," of course, but to see them actually hauled away—"An order to Lord Lucan!"

His chief of staff, General Airey, came running up. Raglan, twitching and trembling, dictated.

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Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front—follow the enemy and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. . . Immediate.

And so, with 25 words, he condemned the Light Brigade to death. . . .

Captain the Honorable Somerset Calthorpe—one of old Raglan's innumerable nephews—an officer detached from the Light Brigade's Eighth Hussars, had the aide-to-camp duty. But he was passed over, and a Capt. Lewis Nolan singled out to carry the message. As Nolan vaulted into the saddle Lord Raglan called to him, "Tell Lord Lucan the cavalry is to attack *immediately!*"

Who was Nolan? He was—or fancied he was—a cavalry expert. Most of his experience had been with the Austrian cavalry, in which horses were taught such tricks as walking on their hind legs. Paget called him "reckless, unconciliatory, and headstrong." But then Paget, like almost all the Cavalry Division, hated him—for Nolan had been loud in his contempt for the stodgy British horse-troops. He called Lord Lucan, "Lord Look-On," and everyone knew it. Including Lucan.

To have chosen Nolan over the more level-headed (and popular) Calthorpe was a fatal mistake.

As Nolan tore into the cavalry camp, Cardigan looked up, and broke his silence. "Who is that, my lord?" he asked Paget. Lord George told him, adding, "A great man in his own estimation."

Lucan received Nolan coldly, read the message slowly. Then he read it again, with increasing baffle ment and irritation. "Advance rapidly to the front—" Raglan hadn't said *which* front. "Follow the enemy—" Follow *what* enemy? "Try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns—" *What* guns? Lucan did not know what the hell Raglan was talking about.

Lucan did not know, because he could *not* know. Lord Raglan, 700 feet above the valley, could look down on the Causeway ridge. But Lucan, who was *below* the ridge, could not possibly see what was going on among its dips and folds. Raglan had had clear evidence of this when the Russian cavalry had approached unobserved, *but he had already forgotten it!*

Nolan was almost dancing with impatience. Lucan shook his head. There was only one thing to do—admit ignorance and inquire of the commander's messenger what the commander had intended the message to mean.

Nolan, it now seems probable, *did not know what guns were meant, and did not know that he did not know!* He threw out his hand towards the only artillery in sight, the great double batteries at the far end of the valley, and in a loud, exited, insolent tone, he half-shouted, *"there* is your enemy, my lord! *There* are your guns! And *there—"* gesturing towards the message, *"There* are your orders!"

If Lucan had been a more sensible man he would have spoken calmly to Nolan, attempted to reconstruct the scene at headquarters, and the conversation there, as well. This might have done the trick. But Lucan was an arrogant blockhead; all he knew was that the regulations said that a general's orders, when brought by an aide-de-camp, had to be obeyed as if delivered by the general in person.

He shrugged, and rode off to Lord Cardigan.

Nolan, who was panting for a chance at a charge himself, then approached a captain of the 17th Lancers. "Sir, we are to attack. May I ride with your squadron?" Permission was granted.

Cardigan stared at his superior with his cold, blue eyes. Here, again, the sensible thing was for Lucan to consult with his second-in-command; to show the order and ask for an opinion. But of course he did not do so. He had hated Cardigan's guts for years. And the man had defied him, had tried to run an independent command earlier in the war. No, Lucan would not *ask* his hated brother-in-law anything.

"Lord Cardigan, you will take the Light Brigade and advance towards the enemy at the end of the valley. I shall follow with the Heavy Brigade. We are to try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns."

Cardigan saluted with his sword. Here was the chance for which he had waited 30 years! And yet—a fool he might be, but somewhere a small grain of common sense now made itself felt. "Allow me to point out to you, sir," he said, in a voice neatly balanced between respect and contempt, "that the Russians have artillery and riflemen in front and on both sides."

Lucan gave him stare for stare. "Those are Lord Raglan's orders," he said. "Advance steadily. Keep your men well in hand." Cardigan again brought his sword to the salute; then both men rode off.

As Cardigan did so, he was heard to say, "Well, here goes the last of the Brudenells!"—his family name. To Paget he said, "Lord George, we are ordered to make an attack to the front. You will take command of the second line, and I expect your best support—mind, your best support."

Cardigan galloped off and formed the Light Brigade into two lines—first, the 13th Light Dragoons, 11th Hussars, and 17th Lancers; second line, the 4th Light Dragoons and the 8th Hussars. To none of the regimental commanders did he condescend to say a single word.

As a final touch, Lord Lucan now detached the 11th Hussars (Cardigan's own outfit) from the front line and formed it into the second line of the Light Brigade; thus turning the original second into a third line. Cardigan then rode five lengths (about 40 yards) ahead of the first line. He tightened his sword belt, drew his sword and held it out, point downward. A trumpet sounded.

As calmly as if he were on a parade-ground, he said, in a hoarse, quiet voice, "The Light Brigade will now advance. Walk! March! Trot!" In unison the three lines of the Light Brigade moved off down the Valley of Balaclava. There were exactly 660 horsemen.

To the left of them were 14 cannons, 4 cavalry squadrons, and 8 infantry regiments armed with rifles. To the right of them were 11 infantry battalions, a field battery, and 30 cannons.

In front of them were 12 or 18 cannons, 6 squadrons of Russian lancers, and almost 10,000 cavalry.

So struck by astonishment at this insane advance were they, that the Russians did not fire a single shot. Their entire lines fell utterly silent and through the North Valley of Balaclava no sound was heard but the thud-thud of the Light Brigade's horses' hooves on the turf, the words of command, and the jingling of harness-bits and sabres.

The brigade advanced 10 yards—30 yards—50. At this moment Captain Nolan, riding with the 17th Lancers, must have suddenly realized that they were advancing in the wrong direction. His face twisted with horror, he spurred his horse, pointed his sword to the right (towards the redoubts), shouted at the top of his voice as he galloped across Lord Cardigan's path. ("Second squad, threes *right!*" cried a captain of Lancers.)

Cardigan did not, then or after, turn his head an inch—

"How dare you!" he cried to Nolan. "Get away, damn you! Get back!" And it was exactly then that the Russians began to fire.

A shell fragment tore open the left side of Nolan's chest so that his heart lay bare. He dropped his sword (though not his sword arm, which stayed raised) and gave a most terrible scream as his horse carried him, erect, past the whole first line—the horrified men could plainly see the heart still beating—then it ceased to beat—and Nolan fell dead from his horse. ("Second squad, threes *left!*" the captain of Lancers shouted.)

From the Fedukhine Hills on the left, from the Causeway heights on the right, from the end of the valley up ahead, shell-fire and rifle-fire poured into the three beautifully straight, gorgeously uniformed lines. And still Cardigan kept them down to a trot. Any faster pace, he felt, would lack dignity.

The C.O. of the 17th Lancers increased his speed to a canter, which brought him abreast of Cardigan. "My lord, this is a murderous fire!" he cried. "Let us get to the guns as quickly as possible!"

Cardigan whipped his sword against the officer's chest. "Do not ride level with your commanding officer, sir. And don't force the pace!"

The captain dropped back, but his men had already anticipated an increase in speed, and Cardigan's keen ear caught their quickened motion. "Steady, steady, the 17th Lancers!" he cried, hoarsely. Obediently, they resumed the trot.

A round-shot bounded along the ground right in front of him, spraying dirt in his face. Undaunted, he took a reading on the guns ahead of him, sighted in on the flash of the central cannon, and rode straight for it without flinching, faltering, or slouching. The men behind him could hardly do less. He never ordered the "Charge" to be blown, and by this time it would have been too late, as all three trumpeters were down. The astonishing fact thus is, that *the Light Brigade never actually charged at all!* It "advanced"! As the

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

And as man after man and horse after horse went down—dead, shattered, wounded, bleeding—those still mounted were obliged to expand their ranks to avoid trampling, as well as stumbling. Immediately after each such expansion, the lines contracted. With the perfect precision which Cardigan and Lucan had beaten into them year after year, the ranks—ever pressing forward—went *out* and *in* and *out* and *in*. And with each *in* the brigade grew smaller. The effect was weird and wonderful and—to those who watched from above—utterly heartbreaking.

One sergeant "rode fully 50 yards with his head shot off, his horse keeping its place in line." The Light Brigade rode right on. "Roundshot, grapeshot, and shells began to mow men down, not singly but in groups; the pace quickened, and quickened again . . . and the trot became a canter." So C. Woodham-Smith described the scene in *The Reason Why*.

And, meanwhile, what of Lord Lucan? "I shall follow with the Heavy Brigade," he had told Cardigan—and follow he did—up to the point where the crossfire began. An aide killed, himself and horse wounded, Lucan finally came to the abrupt conclusion that

Someone had blundered!

"They have sacrificed the Light Brigade!" he cried. "But they shall not have the Heavy, if I can help it—Sound 'Halt!' " And that was as far as they went.

The French *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, deciding to aid the Light Brigade's return, did what Lucan didn't; charged the Russians in the Fedukhine Hills, and routed them. The Lights would now face fire from one side less when it returned. *If* it returned.

At three-quarters of a mile, and the same distance to go, the canter became a controlled gallop. The beautifully dressed lines began to change position. "Come on!" the men cheered, over the noise of artillery, the scream of shells, the whistle of Minié bullets. "Come on! Come on!" And, crying, "You bastards won't stay ahead of *us!*" the Fourth Light Dragoons left the third line and caught up with the second. With the breath of the first line's horses hot upon his neck, Cardigan laid his heels into Ronald's sides. Erect and unwavering, he sped right for the flash of the center cannon of the enemy's double battery, and his men came swiftly after him, cheering, shouting, and dying.

And still the awesome discipline kept up. "Close in, there! Dress up those lines!"—lines growing thinner with every pace—"Right flank, keep back! Left squadron, close in to your center! Close in!"

Only eight minutes had passed since the "Advance" was sounded. The bri-

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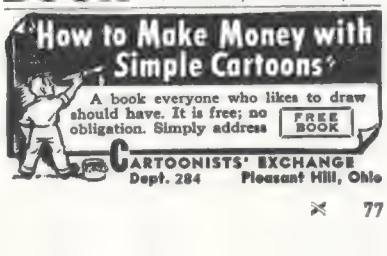
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gade, or what was left of it, was now close enough to see the frenzied faces of the Russian gunners. Cardigan now selected a space between the two centermost guns and rode straight for it, flourishing his sword. Twenty yards—ten yards—eight—would *nothing* stop these madmen? The Russians fired one last, tremendous salvo straight into the British ranks. The 17th Lancers and the 13th Light Dragoons were wiped from the face of the earth.

At that moment the Light Brigade as a unit came to an end.

Cardigan and horse were lifted off the ground in a burst of flame, and then dropped. Straight into the smoke they charged, first to enter the enemy ranks. The 37 survivors of the 17th and the 13 survivors of the 13th forged in behind him, slashing with their sabres at the artillerymen, who were trying to remove their cannons.

"Where are you all going?" Cardigan cried, not slackening his pace. "Rally! Rally to me!" He vanished into the smoke.

Behind him a Lancer called to his mate, "General says, 'Rally to him!' "

"What? And be made cold meat of? No, no—keep to bloody hell away from that mad old bugger—"

Sweating, screaming, gorgeous uniforms covered with dust, the Fourth Light Dragoons galloped in next and completed the capture of the guns, and pressed in after Lord Cardigan. After them came the 11th Hussars on the left flank and the Eighth Hussars on the right flank. Cossacks charged them and were driven back, Russian Lancers charged them and were driven back . . .

"Where is Lord Cardigan?" the officers yelled. "Has anyone seen him?"

But Cardigan did not hear them. Deafened, first by the guns, then by the sudden silence, he had galloped right through the battery to come face to face with about 3,000 Russian cavalrymen. Without a moment's hesitation, and as if the same number of British were right behind him, he charged them. It had been a day of great surprises for the Russian forces, and by this time they no longer knew *what* to expect of the mad English. As the noble and half-cracked earl, sunlight glittering on his sword, gold braid, and gold lace, came dashing at them, hell-for-leather, they gave way in confusion.

Among their officers was a Polish prince who had spent some time in England, where he had attended all the cavalry reviews. Now, to his astonishment, he recognized that unforgettable English cavalry officer, Milord Cardigan. Prudently spurring his horse out of the way, the prince shouted to the Cossacks, "Take him alive!"

The contest was scarcely an equal one, and after a few minutes of parry-thrust-slash, Cardigan was wounded. This convinced him; he began to fight his way *out,* instead of *in.* In another few minutes he stood beside the now-deserted guns, and found himself alone. Some of his men, finding it impossible to remove the guns to the British lines, had disabled and overturned all they could; then retreated. Others, having flanked the battery, and observing that no support (such as the Heavy Brigade) was on hand, had also decided to return.

Cardigan knew nothing of this; the terrain prevented his seeing much. So, displaying the same iron nerve as during the advance, he now made his way back.

He bore a charmed life, for as he rode untouched down the center of the valley, remnants of his brigade were making their way back along the two sides. There was no longer any fire from the French-captured Fedukhine Hills, but a ceaseless and merciless rain of shot continued to pour down from the Causeway ridge.

Wounded men slumped in their saddles; wounded and unwounded men slowly walked back, tenderly leading wounded horses; some staggered in, clutching shattered and bleeding flesh; some rode pig-a-back on unhurt companions. There was no such thing as line, regiment, or squadron now, no cheers or trumpets—only the fire from those same guns on the Causeway which Lord Raglan had been so sure the Russians were going to remove.

Six hundred and sixty Light Brigaders had ridden down *Into the Valley of Death* (Tennyson had the wrong figures). One hundred and ninety mounted men answered to the roll-call. One hundred and thirteen were known killed, 134 were wounded. Of the rest, some had returned dismounted, more had been captured by the Russians, others were simply "never seen again."

"Men," said Cardigan, in his husky voice; "it was a harebrained trick, but it is no fault of mine."

"Never mind, my lord," a man cried; "we are ready to go again!"

Cardigan, characteristically, did not reply to this voice from the ranks.

Some distance away, face livid and drawn, Lord Lucan stood. Their glances met. Neither one said anything. After all, they were not on speaking terms.

Down from the Heights came old Lord Raglan, head trembling, the stump of his right arm jerking. In a quivering voice he demanded of Cardigan "what he meant by attacking a battery in front, contrary to all the usages of war?"

Cardigan, savoring the moment, calmly answered, "I received the order to attack from my superior officer, my lord." And that was that. Raglan rode away. All afternoon the survivors of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" sat slumped in their saddles, waiting for orders which never came. Flasks circulated, and they all proceeded to get quietly drunk. They deserved it. It was past midnight before they were allowed to turn in, without fires or food. Long before then, of course, Lord Cardigan had returned to his yacht, taken a warm bath, dined on game pie and grilled ham, drunk a bottle of champagne, and turned in between the silk sheets of his bed. He slept like a baby. So ended the day for which he had waited all his life.

Less than two months later he applied for a medical discharge, got it, and returned to England to find himself a hero. The crowds which had hissed him, now kissed him. The Queen sent for him, he

was made inspector-general of cavalry, and half the hairs were pulled from poor Ronald's tail for souvenirs. The noble earl lapped it up. From his speeches one might have assumed that he had charged the Russians all by himself.

But *someone* had to be blamed, of course. The choice was not long in coming. Lucan told the truth—it was Raglan's fault. But the government wouldn't buy it. "It is felt that the public service and the general discipline of the army renders Lord Lucan's withdrawal in all respects advisable," ran the order. "It is Her Majesty's pleasure that he should resign the command of the Cavalry Division and return forthwith to England."

He demanded a court-martial. He didn't get it. Cardigan's triumph was now sweetened by his enemy's disgrace. It didn't stay sweet for long. Returning veterans of the Crimea were quick to complain about his status as chief hero. Why hadn't he looked around during the "charge" and seen that he was not heading for the *right* guns (i.e. the ones in the redoubts)? Why had he abandoned his brigade after reaching the *wrong* guns? Why had he so neglected the brigade's subsequent welfare that half the survivors died the winter following? Why—

"He was snug in his yacht while his men had scarcely any clothing to cover their nakedness, swarming with lice, very little rations, dying in their tents of hunger, wet, and cold, and everyone suffering with disease and no medicine to give them, not even clean water to drink. . ." —Why?

Raglan died of a broken heart, but it was just not in Cardigan to blame himself for anything. He considered handing out challenges again, then decided to celebrate the peace with Russia by remarrying, instead. The duels might have been preferable, after all. The second Lady Cardigan was a lulu—did Spanish dances at the dinner table, went bicycling in her husband's old Hussar uniform, and threw the crockery at His Lordship whenever the tizzies took her. The Hero of Balaclava was soon a nervous wreck, had a stroke in 1868 while horseback-riding, died.

Lord Lucan outlived him till 1888; in fact, Lucan outlived all his enemies—except for a few enlisted men, and they didn't count.

The historic "Charge" had a curious and little-known effect on our own history, too, for the American military observer in the Crimean War was Captain (later General) George McClellan. "It is difficult to divine how such a charge could have been ordered by any officer," he wrote. "Destruction was inevitable. One arm of the service may occasionally be required to sacrifice itself for the benefit of the others, but this was not such a case; it was an exhibition of insane and useless valor. . ."

When "Little Mac" was head of the Union Army he applied the lesson he had learned from Balaclava, and it was this: Caution—caution—caution. Before Lincoln fired him, it almost won the Rebels the war.

Many useful reforms were brought about, however, by the follies of the Crimean War. Military hospitals became vastly improved, for example, and commission-by-purchase was outlawed. A tiny handful of Light Brigade survivors lingered on into the early 20th century. The British Government was not unmindful of their gallantry and sacrifice, their secure place in poetry and history. It allowed each man the magnificent pension of . . . a shilling [about 25 cents] a day! •

HE NEVER CAME FROM SAME DIRECTION TWICE

Continued from page 49

that Kolp emerge from the crowd and renew his remark. Three of the Redlegs stepped forward, led by the 6-foot 4-inch Pete Donohue.

"Kolp's already in the car," said Donohue, grinning wolfishly. "You want to try going after him?"

Hack did. He swung twice, and the second Redleg pitcher of the day bit the dust, his mouth split open. Then it was a pure alley-fight, the other Reds jumping Wilson, and the platform becoming littered with bodies and burst suitcases. Hack fought in a small circle, blasting anyone who came within it.

When a riot squad had restored order, the rail officials took no further chances. The train was broken into two sections; the Cubs proceeding in one, the Reds in another.

Baseball buzzed with word that owner W. H. Wrigley of the Cubs would suspend Hack indefinitely, but the chewing-gum tycoon wasn't inclined to bite the hand that held the league's loudest bat. Hack escaped with a fine—just one more along a trail which, by 1931, brought him the heaviest penalty total ever hung on a player in one season: $6,000. At the Baseball Writers' convention, a member urged, "Let's petition Commissioner Kenesaw Landis to throw him out for good."

"My boy," replied Grantland Rice gently, tabling the motion with a phrase, "don't you recognize a genuine miracle when you see one?"

Rice did not mean just the vats of liquor Hack drank. The most wonderful side of him was the way he was put together. With an 18-inch neck, 16-inch biceps, and a girth almost matching his

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height, he stood 5 feet 5½ inches tall. He was all torso, with almost nothing to support his 240 pounds. His legs, ridiculous stubs, were bowed like an ape's. A Caliban brought to life, the squashed Hack was the freakiest ball player of any time, and his public never let him forget it. In most of his fights, a jibe about his appearance touched him off.

"When I was a kid," he once said, "they never let me forget I was ugly. They'd ask me what tree I lived in. They'd tell me not to step on my tail. At first I couldn't fix the bastards. But I sure did square it later on.

He was born in Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, in 1900, and no baby pictures were taken. Before he was 18, the misshapen youngster had quit home (having left school in the sixth grade) and been a printer's devil, steel-mill hand, coal-mine mucker, and bouncer. Even as a boy, he was amazingly strong. In the coal fields, standing barely 5 feet, he was mistaken for an adult midget. One day as he scuttled about, the shaft boss, a bruiser known as Big Ringo, yelled, "Hey, freakie, come over here!"

Hack came, and snapped on a headlock and, methodically pumping his thick right arm, beat Big Ringo's face out of shape. From then on, the man who became personal with Hack had only one choice—to fight.

Catching a freight to Philadelphia, he cleaned spittoons at Frozen Bill Connery's Ale & Oyster House, acted as bouncer, and, lucklessly, sought romance with the bar girls, who shuddered at the grimaces which the youngster intended to bespeak a heart yearning for love. The fact of his ugliness and unwantedness hit him fully now. Dispiritedly, he went back to his native Blue Ridge country.

But abruptly his door to life flew open. The Class C Martinsburg, West Virginia, ball team needed a catcher at $125 a month, and 20-year-old Hack volunteered. He was crude, inexperienced, but built to conceal it. When a pitch broke wide of the plate, he stuck out a piano leg and knocked it down. Baserunners coming in from third met Hack and, after picking up their teeth, charged home plate no more. His fingers being too stubby for proper gripping of a bat handle, he shaved down the wood and, with the short leverage he could apply to a ball, posted .346 and .366 averages in two years at Martinsburg. From outcast, he became a town celebrity. Duded up in a checked suit—$17.95 "Monkey-Ward's"—he was discovered by the local belles, who found to their surprise that, few men could compare with the pudgy Hack. Had he never left the place, probably he'd have died happy.

But the ex-bouncer was about to ride a rocket. When he hit .388 for the Portsmouth Truckers in the fast Virginia League in 1923, the great John McGraw of the New York Giants sent a scout to case him. The scout watched a few innings and left.

The scout advised McGraw that L. R. Wilson drank, chased women, had homicidal tendencies and, moreover, looked like a man standing in a puddle of wet cement. McGraw forgot about it.

But Frank Lawrence, owner of the Truckers, believed in Hack and offered McGraw an unprecedented proposition. "Wilson can't miss, and he's worth $25,000," Lawrence insisted. "Give me $5,000 for him now. Then, on July 15, if he isn't hitting .300, he won't cost you another cent. On the other hand, for every point Wilson is hitting over .300 on that date, you pay me $1,000."

The offbeat bet was irresistible to McGraw, who brought Hack up to the Polo Grounds. And soon the Little Napoleon lost his florid bounce. Big-time pitching looked no different to the rookie than that of the bushes. On July 15, 1924, Hack's average was .371. McGraw owed Lawrence $71,000!

To make it hurt worse, the new man was the frowziest figure to sit upon a major league bench. On his oversize head, his cap sat, squashed, inadequate, and comical. When he rushed around the bases on bowed legs, his cap flew off, exposing a bowl haircut. No uniform could be stretched to fit him, and what he wore was uncompromisingly grimy. Hack didn't invent the belly-slide, but he employed it so exclusively that by the early innings he was a walking ad for Mother Marvel's Magic Purificator, a popular disinfectant of the time. Dirt, caked with sweat, overlaid with splattered tobacco juice—that was the Martinsburg Mauler. McGraw demanded that at least he get a shave. The pride of the Giants, champions of baseball, was at stake.

"I can't shave," said Hack. "I got some kind of skin itch. The razor only makes it worse."

"Holy-------!" cried McGraw, "Don't tell me you're lousy, too?"

The inimitable Lewis Robert Wilson, mistaking the reference to be a sling against his batwork, stepped up in the third inning against St. Louis, and, as the Giants batted around, drove two balls 400-odd feet into the bleachers. Since 1890, just two players had homered twice in a single inning. McGraw fell moodily silent—for a time.

Up to now, Hack had caused no trouble off the field, but late one 1924 night, McGraw's phone rang and a voice reported a brawl in progress at Cronin's bootleg bar. Originally, it had been two of the Giants versus Wilson. But one had become palsied by a right hook. Now it was Hack versus Jimmy O'Connell, a prize outfielder recently purchased by McGraw for $75,000.

"O'Connell's down!" said the informant, describing it blow-by-blow. "Wilson just knocked him over the piano!

"O'Connell's up! Oof! Wilson just socked him back over the piano. But Jimmy's getting up again . . ."

"For the love of Mike," howled McGraw, "shove the piano over on top of him!"

The Little Napoleon fined Hack $100 for abusing his most expensive property, and mentally added Wilson to his trade list. It was McGraw's worst mistake. O'Connell, whom he defended, was barred from baseball months later for

consorting with gamblers. Hack, who fell into a batting slump in 1925, was shipped to Toledo. There he hit .343, was drafted for $7,500 by the Cubs in 1926 and helped knock the Giants out of pennants in 1927, '28, '29, and '30.

With Wrigley's Cubs, an outfielder now, Hack was in distinguished company: Gabby Hartnett, Kiki Cuyler, Charley Root, Woody English, Rogers Hornsby. To stand out wasn't easy. In his own way, Hack wasted no time.

When he first planted his 5 feet 5½ inches in center field, fans stared in disbelief. "Get outta that hole you're standing in!" they yelled. Wilson glared at them and thumbed his nose. Second time at bat, he poled one over the center wall, breaking a window across the street. At Wrigley such a blow had never been seen.

The date was May 23, 1926, and Hack made it the more memorable by punching Eddie Hearn, a Boston Braves pitcher, who threw too close to Hack's head. "He's so fat he's all over the batter's box," protested Hearn to the umpire. "How can I miss him?"

Bang! Hearn was nursing a sore jaw, and Hack had his first Chicago fine: $50. That evening, he was playing a game of pool when three of the Braves walked into the place. The odds made them confident. They hung their coats on hooks, saying, "Now, short stuff, we'll teach you what's what."

Happily, Hack went to work. He walked out with the place a shambles and with three Bostons bleeding on the floor.

Not yet knowing Chicago well, Hack had to put his instincts to work later that evening. Feeling dry, he located an ornate establishment abundant in those prohibition times—a beer flat which passed for a two-story dwelling. Entering, you were recognized, passed upstairs to a velvet-draped, glass-beaded salon, and were entertained by pretty wenches bearing flagons of bootleg brew. By 2 a.m., Hack was swilled and buying drinks for the house. Just then the door burst open and in rushed a party of cops. "Everybody stand still!" ordered a captain. "You're all under arrest."

All present except Hack and the woman manager of the flat obeyed. While she passed the ammunition, he barraged the police with book ends, crockery, and furniture. He managed to get out a window, but was overpowered after skinning down a porch post.

When his case came up in court, the warrant charged violation of the Volstead Act, drunkenness, resisting arrest, and assault and battery. Yet the judge, fascinated by this human globe who hit baseballs out of sight and mind, delayed ruling on the case. It gave Hack's lawyer an inspiration.

"Your honor, this was a case of mistaken identity," he stated. "It seems my client was mistaken for TWO other fellows."

Chuckling, the court conceded that, since Hack equaled a pair of average citizens, such an error was possible. If the defendant would hit a home run for the court that afternoon, said the judge, there would be a nominal fine.

Hack agreed. And he always delivered—when his back was to the wall. That afternoon he located the magistrate in a box seat, and, jerking his thumb toward the left-field stands, put one in there off Wild Bill Hallahan of the Cardinals. Others could dedicate homers to orphans and club-owners' wives.

Hack's was for Hizzoner of the Criminal Courts Building.

A homer, a field fight, a pool-hall scrap, and a pinch all in 14 hours were no strain for the round man. He now began an expanded program of antic activity, which in no way interfered with his ability to ruin nerves of National League pitchers.

Taking aim out a hotel window and dropping empty glassware in the vicinity of passing players, umpires, and pedestrians was another Wilson pastime. He didn't mean to hit anyone—just scare the liver out of them.

There was a belligerency in all this, a strike-back-at-the-world compulsion, but not viciousness. The Caliban of the ball park would do anything for the underprivileged—once he handed a crippled beggar $400. Another time, a priest told him the sad story of a Catholic orphanage. Hack wrote him a check for a week's pay, $1,100.

He was also everything that is meant by the phrase "a natural man." His instincts were primeval, to smash whatever hurt him, fearless of reprisal. At Frankie Pope's Little Chicago cabaret, a hangout for the Torrio and Genna mobs, a well-known killer sidled up to him and whispered, "You like to make twenty grand?" He outlined the scheme: Next time Hack's good friend, Pat Malone, pitched for the Cubs, he'd groove his throws for the opposition. Meanwhile, Hack's bat would remain quiet. The combination would insure the fix.

Although guns were on Hack all over the room, he did a workmanlike job on the mobster. Taking him by the shirt-front, Hack slapped him silly. Then he walked out without a glance behind.

Sportswriters, he saw as his only natural enemies. In 1958, Ted Williams would womanishly spit at them. Hack didn't fool around. In Pittsburgh, he knocked a writer down a flight of stairs. Another night, on a train, a Chicago *American* columnist who'd panned Hack and Pat Malone met the two in the smoker. Both swung. The *Herald-Examiner's* Wayne (T-Bone) Otto, standing innocently nearby, caught one in the mouth which removed most of his front teeth. Wilson and Malone paid a $500 dental bill, plus a $500 fine.

"A terrible thing to do to poor Otto," reprimanded Veeck. "He never hurt you." Replied Hack: "The S.O.B.'s a scribbler, ain't he?"

As his Chicago career rolled along, it became evident that league officials had a worse problem. On the field, Hack couldn't conceal that at times he was slightly stewed. One day the Cubs played a 16-inning marathon in which he struck out four straight times.

Protests reached Baseball Commissioner Landis, who appeared at Wrigley

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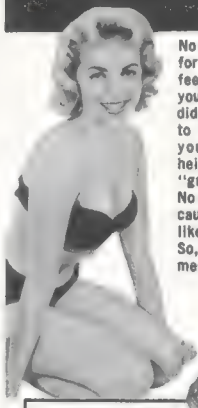

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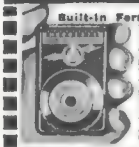

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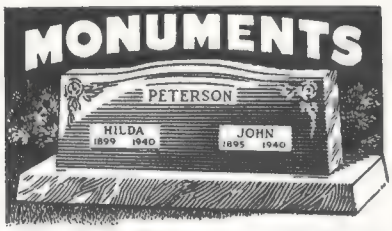

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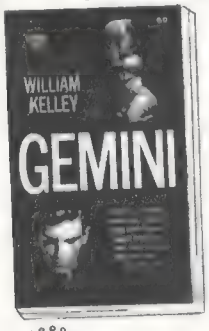

He was a young monk sworn to a life of chastity — but she was too much a woman to let him forget he was also a man.

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Field, his white thatch of hair a warning flag to Hack to behave. In the sixth inning, the Pirates' Lloyd Waner sent a liner to center field. At the crack of the bat, for no reason at all, Wilson fell flat on his stomach, the ball shooting 15 feet away for an in-the-park homer.

"The Old Man is raving," they told Wilson. "He wants to see you—going to throw the book at you."

Standing on the Landis carpet next day, Hack let the old curmudgeon rant and shout. "What the hell, judge," he broke in at last. "How much of the game did you see?"

"I left," snapped Landis, "directly after your disgraceful exhibition. Don't lie, Wilson. I know you were under the influence."

"Well, if I was," Hack languidly came back, "how come I doubled in the seventh and homered in the ninth? Won the ball game, too."

Landis stared, speechless for once in his life.

Growing desperate, Joe McCarthy called a squad meeting to announce he would conduct a scientific experiment for the benefit of one member. In one hand, he held a glass of water; in the other, a worm. McCarthy dropped the worm into the water and all hands watched it vigorously wiggle around. Extracting the worm, McCarthy dunked it in a second glass—filled with whiskey. It writhed and slid to the bottom, dead.

"Now, Wilson," barked McCarthy, "do you get the idea? Do you learn something from this?"

Hack shrugged, "Yeah, I guess so. It means if I keep on drinkin' corn, I won't get no worms."

Tangling with him was to court lunacy. In his first Cub season he led the National League in homers, averaged .321 and drove in 109 runs. Next year he set an all-time circuit home-run mark of 30, brought in 129 runs, and, on his stubby legs, led all outfielders with 400 put-outs.

To Wrigley, with his rich man's aversion to a losing proposition, it was no joke. Until now the Cubs had been an eighth-place club. With new talent, they scaled the first division, pulled 886,000 fans in '26 and in '27 topped the 1,000,000 mark for the first time in history. Great things were ahead—if their No. 1 drawing card, Hack, could be contained.

"We'll have a bodyguard on Wilson," ruled Wrigley.

The guard stuck for two whole days. Hack introduced him to a waitress who, he bitterly alleged, spiked his drink and then put him on a bus to Keokuk, Ill., far enough from Chicago for Hack to go AWOL for 48 hours.

He came back and hit two balls out of Wrigley Field in one game. In his career he was to do this 24 times.

Out in California for spring training on Wrigley's private island, Catalina, in '28, it was hoped that sunshine and movie stars would distract Wilson from the local potable—tequila. The Cubs had just arrived when McCarthy started for church on a Sunday morning. Whooping down the street came a carload of natives, winding up an all-night toot. At the wheel—who else but Hack?

This one, swore McCarthy, he'd pay for.

That afternoon's game was played in 90-degree heat. Removing his regulars early, McCarthy forced his bad boy to go the full nine innings. His suffering under the withering sun made even Hack's critics a bit sick. By dusk his flannels were black with sweat; he could just stagger to the showers.

And in the game he swatted *three home runs*—one the longest ever seen in southern California.

McCarthy more or less gave up after that.

By 1929, the unreformed Iron Man was showing no signs whatever of wear and tear. Averaging .345 and having passed Ruth in the runs-batted-in race, 159 to 154, he was drawing $33,000. Next stop: the Babe's home run title, considered unassailable.

First, though, Hack had a World Series to play, his stickwork having led the Cubs to the pennant.

Hack was in form against Connie Mack's Athletics. Opening day, 50,000 prohibition-haters hissed the visiting President Herbert Hoover and chanted, "We want beer! We want beer!" Hack ambled from the dugout and joined the chorus. League officials swooned.

In the fourth Series game, the Cubs knocked Jack Quinn and Rube Walberg from the box and piled up an 8-0 lead in the seventh inning. Fans were leaving when the As suddenly erupted. Three runs were in when Max Bishop hit a looper toward Hack, whose feet mysteriously became crossed. His lunging try was inches short. Score 8-4, but the game still was safe.

Or so anyone would have bet until Mule Haas lofted a medium-high fly to center field, a sure-thing chance which Hack handled by imitating one of his famous Saturday nights in a revolving door. He lurched around in different directions, couldn't find the ball, and let it sail over his head for an inside-the-park home run. Chaos!

Three runs counted, on the play, and the As went on to an incredible 10-8 win.

"Stand out there next to Wilson tomorrow," McCarthy snarled at the kid. "You'll get all the balls you want!"

The As swept to the world championship on Hack's two errors, and Chicago arose against the fat funny-man they'd called hero. Two balls lost in an inning! It couldn't be forgiven. A rumor that Hack had been in his cups that day gained credence, and Chicago fans headed for the town's fruit stands. At Hack's first appearance of 1930, they dismissed the fact that he'd led all Series batters with a .471 average, wound up, and pelted him with lemons.

He couldn't fight a city. He gave it a try, going into the stands to dust off a few of his tormentors, which made it worse. He became a cartoon joke. When he entered a saloon, those who'd once toasted him turned their backs. He was called "Sunny Boy"—Hack having claimed he'd lost the flies in the sun—

and the guy who'd probably cost loved Joe McCarthy his job. Shortly after the losing Series, Marse Joe had been warned he was no longer wanted, and by September of 1931 he was out.

His drinking, for fun until now, became a two-handed neurotic compulsion. Waking up, he'd pour a few stiff drinks. And he'd still be at the bottle when it came time to leave for the park. Trainer Andy Lotshaw would try to slap him awake on the rubbing table. Then unsteadily Hack would go out to face the jeers.

What he did that year no one will ever explain. The Wilson of 1930 beat all the ballplayers of history—56 home runs, six more than Ruth; 41 doubles and triples; 336 runs accounted for, out of a total of 998 by the entire Cub team; a new major mark for runs-batted-in of 190; a .356 average; a record hitting streak of 27 games; the Most Valuable Player award. In all the big departments of offense, he swept the boards—when some of the time he needed a compass to locate home plate.

The night before a Phillies game in July, Hack arose with a wild cry. "Got to get out! They're after me!"

In his nightmare, he was pursued by phantom forces. He was boosting himself over the windowsill, six flights up, when Pat Malone made a desperation grab of his nightshirt to haul him back.

The Iron Man was beginning to crack up.

But not so anyone noticed it next day. In the first and fifth innings he touched Bill Willoughby for home runs, and in the ninth he blasted another off fidgety Phil Collins. It was so incredible that Ruth, hearing of Hack's condition, looked him up in New York to say, simply, "Kid, you're the best."

If the balls often came up to the plate in bleary clusters, his fans came back in greater number—once more the Hacker was on top. His salary went to $40,000 for 1931. Married now, with a son, Bobby, he posed with his family, saying, "I've had enough good times. From now on I'm out to take care of the Wilsons. I know I can't go on forever."

But the phantoms had him. It was too late.

When his disintegration came, it came more swiftly than to any player. In 1931, he couldn't beg a hit. He dropped to 13 homers, to a .261 average, to a pitiful 56 runs batted in. A good part of the season—40 days all told—he was in no shape even to suit up. The new manager, Rogers Hornsby, was unsympathetic. "For every day you're not sober, a fine," he told Wilson in the spring. By October the penalties reached $6,000, a sum Hack didn't happen to have around at the moment. Of the fortune he'd earned, the Clark Street dives, gambling, and bad investments had taken everything.

All he had left were five acres of farm property and a small house back in Martinsburg.

"Put it on the cuff," said Hack. "I ought to have some credit on this ball club."

He didn't—it was used up. Hornsby suspended him. Then, in the winter of '31, Wrigley traded him to the Cardinals, who passed him to the Dodgers. There, in 1932, the Iron Man pulled himself together for a moment.

Now relegated to pinch-hitting, Hack fumbled into his suit one day. But he couldn't make it up the dugout ramp. A tub of beer the Dodgers would enjoy after the game stood in the clubhouse. Hack reached for a bottle.

By the ninth inning, the Dodgers had two on base with two out—a solid hit could win for them. Manager Max Carey sent Joe Judge hurrying to get Hack Wilson.

Judge found him limply sprawled on a bench, empty bottles strewn around his locker.

"Migod, Hack, they'll fire you for this," said Judge. "Get up there and hit. I'll clean up the mess before the game ends."

Judge pushed him out, but never did get the bottles hidden before the Dodgers came trooping in. It didn't matter, as it turned out. Everyone was happy.

The fat man had clubbed one out of the park.

That was about the last shot of consequence he ever hit, and yet Hack had one final surprise left in him. They'd all said he'd die broke and friendless, and when he drifted from Brooklyn to the minors, and then into oblivion two years later, baseball contributed to its own prediction. Hack, for the next 14 years, was the game's untouchable. Old-Timers' Day committees forgot him, no one wrote his life story, the Hall of Fame was closed. He was swept under the rug, baseball's shame.

Then, on November 24, 1948, a Baltimore paper reported:

L. R. (HACK) WILSON COMES TO PAUPER'S DEATH IN CITY

Baseball was half-accurate, all right. The story said that when Hack, an odd-job man and bartender around town for years, had been picked up unconscious, he had only a few pennies in his pocket.

But—no friends?

At his pauper's burial, it took four hours for more than 1,000 of his friends to file past a fine mahogany casket purchased by the dimes and dollars of those who remembered him well. The Trinity Episcopal Church was packed for the eulogy. No baseball notables were present, only ordinary folk bearing flowers. The boys from the neighborhood bars passed the cup to pay for the services, the sexton, and tombstone. Other friends supplied the burial lot. A total stranger contributed a burial suit of clothes. Nothing was there that friends hadn't contributed. And people wept.

Like *hell* the fans could forget Caliban. Only baseball could do that. •

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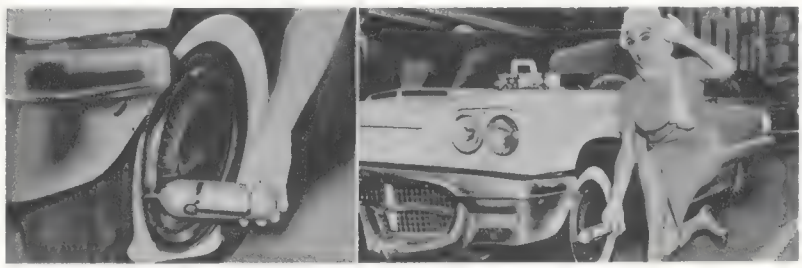

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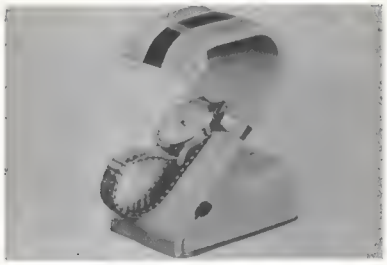

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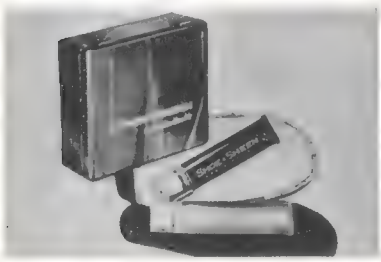

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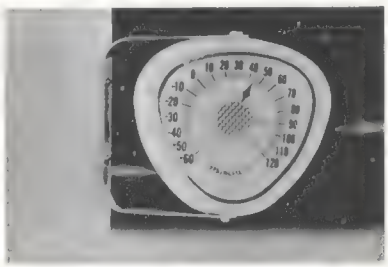

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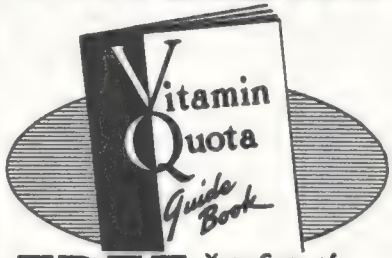

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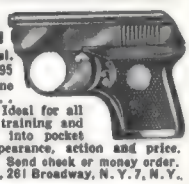

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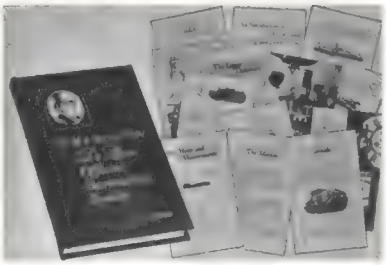

800 DRINK RECIPES are featured in Old Mr. Boston's Bartenders Guide. Has special sections on holiday drinks, glassware, the Martini, etc. Also, an all-inclusive liquor dictionary and a selection on drink measurement techniques. There's a Silver Anniversary price of $1, including a pourer to help reduce waste. Mr. Boston Distiller, Inc., Dept. CR, 1010 Mass. Ave., Boston 18, Mass.

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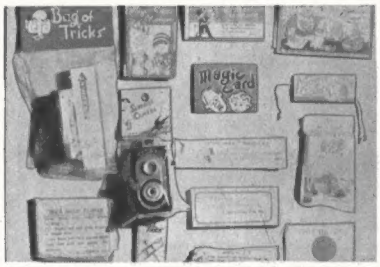

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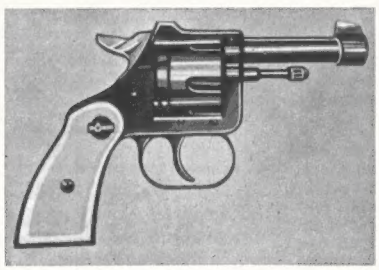

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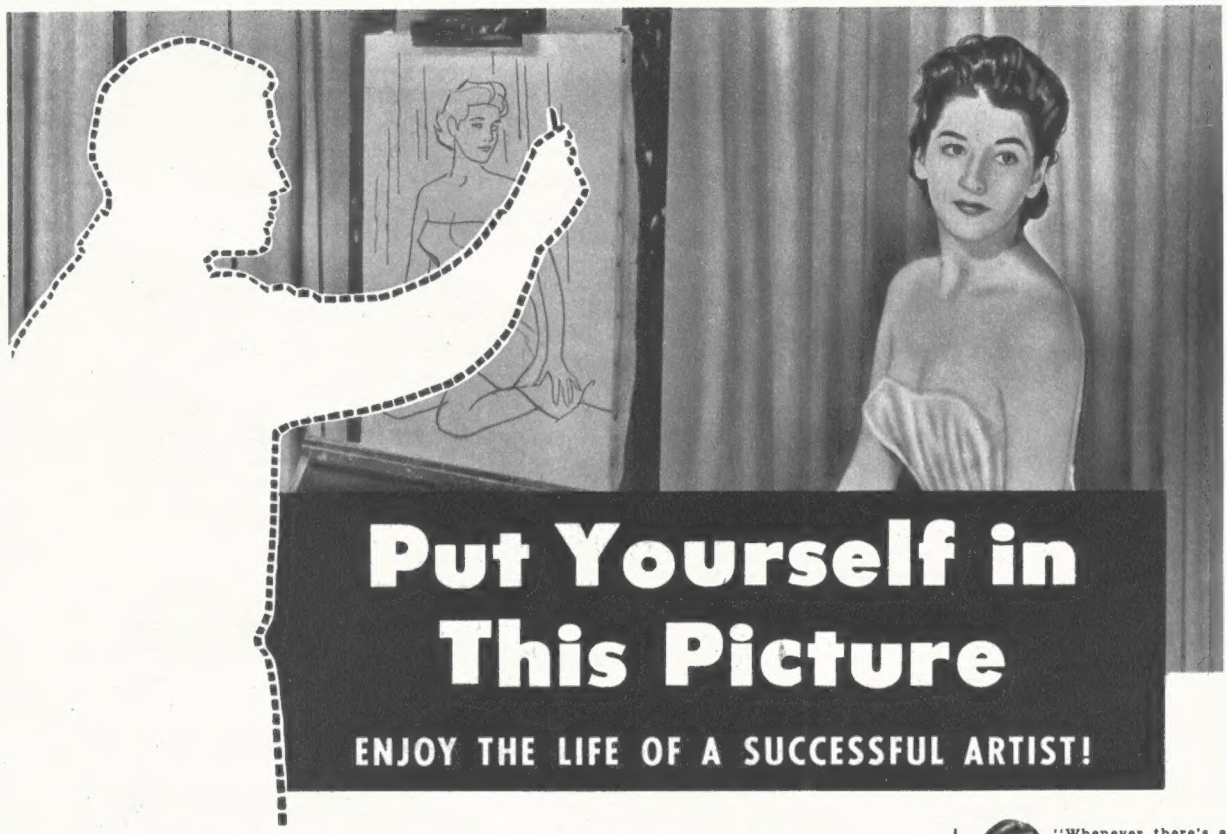

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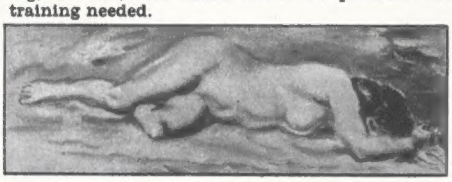
Like Having Art Lessons Right in Your Living Room

Twelve well-known artists have prepared a fascinating Course of Art instruction for busy people. You take this Course in your home. It costs about 20¢ a day. There's no need to leave school, quit your job, or change your life in any way. In just a few minutes a day you receive complete training in Oil and Watercolor Painting, Commercial Art, Cartooning, Lettering, Fashion Drawing, TV Art, and much more. No previous art training needed.



So effective is the Washington School of Art method that it has been likened to "having art classes right in your living room." The secret is personalized instruction. A skilled instructor, assigned to you personally, carefully goes over each assignment you send in. He clearly sets forth his comments, suggestions, and ideas – makes a tissue overlay on your work to show exactly how to improve your technique. You never guess, feel confused or discouraged, or make false starts. It is like having an understanding professional right at your elbow to encourage you and speed your progress.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon for our illustrated, 36-page book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit." It describes the complete Course, special student services, the 2 big Art Outfits *given* with the Course, and the many "extras" you receive at NO extra cost; tells what students have accomplished. There is no obligation – and no salesman will call upon you. **WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Studio 1374, Port Washington, N. Y.** *Established 1914 – Licensed by the N. Y. STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.*

"The School That Gives So Much for So Little"

"Whenever there's a sign to be painted, a truck to be lettered, or a cartoon needed, people turn to me. My business is building steadily and I look forward to a profitable future in art."
— H. Reeves, Jr., Wash. State

"Am only 18 yet I have my own studio making lots of money... all because I am receiving your art training."
— David L. Blackwood, Wesleyville, Newfoundland.

"... now own my own business ... specialize in outdoor displays, signs, lettering, display cards. I highly recommend your Course to anyone interested in starting a money-making business."
— L. E. Sikes, Jr., Lake Wales, Fla.

"On the occasion of a free exhibit ... I dared – for the first time – to present my works. I am very happy with the results, as the selling of several of my paintings ($150 worth!) was a demonstration of public acceptance for different techniques applied in my pictures."
— M. Mekis, Santiago, Chile.

My favorite branch of art is:

- ☐ Oil and Watercolor Painting
- ☐ Commercial Art and Layout
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Fashion Illustration
- ☐ Figure Drawing
- ☐ Fine Art
- ☐ Television Art

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
Studio 1374, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me – FREE – your new 36-page illustrated book, *"Art for Pleasure and Profit."* No salesman will call on me.

Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.....State.....

THIS CRAZY STUFF CAN MAKE YOU UP TO $500.00 PROFIT ON $20 WORTH OF MATERIALS

$1.00 BRINGS YOU $25.00

SENSATIONAL NEW HOME BUSINESS IN "VELVO-FINISH" SURFACING PAYS UP TO $15 & $20 AN HOUR

Yes, "crazy" is the RIGHT WORD. Microscopic cloth fibres, in rainbow colors, sprayed on like paint! Appears heavy as wet mud, actually light as goose down! Square foot of coverage costs 3c, LOOKS and FEELS like $15 a yard velvet! And PROFITS are crazy, too. Less than 50c worth of Velvo-Finish transforms the OLDEST beat-up radio or TV console into MAGNIFICENT DECORATOR'S PIECE. A bargain in re-finishing at $10, and you can do 3 to 4 such $10 jobs in ONE HOUR!

Are you tired of being told *what* to do, *when* to come to work—perhaps when to *stay home* (without pay!) when work is scarce? Would you like to *walk out* on all this, and start piling up the big profits *for yourself?* If you are really in earnest, here is your once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to do it.

START IN SPARE TIME
Enjoy 2 INCOMES AT ONCE!

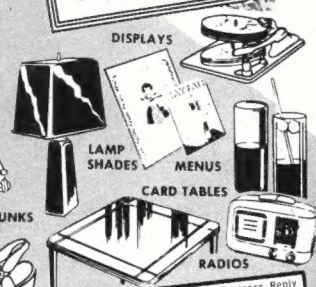
A corner of garage, basement, or service porch is room enough to start. Do Velvo-Finishing evenings or weekends, and keep present job until you are "set." Profit from this *double income* in beginning, and *bank* the extra money — to buy a home, for a secure future, or to open your own *full-time business* when you are ready.

BECOME EXPERT IN A FEW HOURS!

No previous experience or special skill needed. My complete illustrated instructions make it easy to *learn*, easy to do. Few hours of practice make you a professional. Some actually complete and deliver their first high-profit jobs within a day or two after materials arrive!

FREE SAMPLE
Mail Business Reply Card
No Postage Necessary

FLOK-KRAFT
New 'SPRAY-ON'
Velvo-Finish
Protects and Beautifies METAL, WOOD, PAPER, GLASS Anything at all!

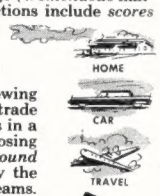


EARN UP TO $250 A WEEK

Of course, not *every* job pays $10 for 15 to 20 minutes work. And not *every* minute is productive. You must spend *some* time discussing orders with customers, preparing your materials, cleaning your tools. But profits are so *fantastic* that just a *few jobs a week* can bring in $200 or more. I show you *exactly what to do* to get these big-pay orders rolling in!

ORDERS COME FROM HOMES, STORES, FACTORIES, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

Prospects for Velvo-Finish are behind almost *every door*. Illustrations here show only few from *hundreds* of uses. Cover bottoms of lamps, ash trays, pottery, to prevent scratching tables. Beautify old book cases. Put green game-room tops on card tables. Make and sell your own Xmas cards and toys *by mail order* (I show you how). Line trunks, compartments of new and used cars with this velvet-soft finish to protect luggage *(tremendous* market here!). And many more. Instructions include *scores* of money-making ideas like these.



ENJOY REAL PROSPERITY IN GOOD TIMES OR BAD

Velvo-Finish *saves* money by renewing and beautifying *old* articles so *your* trade often *picks up* when other business is in a slump. Do you ever worry about losing your job? Change that with a *year-round* big-profit business of your own! Buy the nice home and fine car of your dreams. Have money and time for *several* vacations a year. Plan a *better* education for your children. Velvo-Finish can do *all* this . . . and *more!* Start by mailing the Coupon *TODAY* for big FREE packet – samples, ideas, business plans, full details.

RESERVE YOUR FRANCHISE TODAY! SURE!

OTHERS DO IT— SO CAN YOU!

$10,000 A YEAR!
"Earned $10,000 a year from spare-time start."
G. H., California

$13 AN HOUR!
"Got $52.50 doing auto trunks in 4 hours . . . earned $13 per hour."
J. O., Missouri

TOO MANY ORDERS!
"Getting orders faster than I can handle in spare time."
W. R., Wyoming

$100 JOB 1ST DAY!
"Got $100 job first day . . . promise of several more already."
C. H. E., Maryland

QUICK $100 ORDER!
"Got quick $100 order from store . . . lined up 5 others in 4 hours."
H. G. R., Wisconsin

NOTE: This new kind of Coupon-Business Reply Postcard requires no stamp or envelope. Write your name and address clearly on the lines provided—then clip and drop in mailbox. Nothing else to do. When we receive it, we will rush FREE USABLE SAMPLES, HOME BUSINESS BOOKLET and CONFIDENTIAL DETAILS to you by return mail absolutely Free.

FREE!

SAMPLES, 50 HOME-BUSINESS IDEAS BOOKLET AND CONFIDENTIAL DETAILS

Just write your Name and Address on Card—Cut Out—Mail. (Ignore printing on back) We pay postage.

NO CHARGE FOR FRANCHISES
MANY OPENINGS NOW, BUT GOING FAST

Don't delay. Be the *first* in your area to cash-in on this amazing development. Many firms with such a sensational money-making invention would charge *hundreds of dollars* just for the license to use it – but Velvo-Finish Franchises are FREE to those who act at once!

Expect $1000 a Month Profit Permanent – Big Future

Exciting profits today – even *bigger* earnings soon, as your reputation grows in the community. Don't stand idly by and watch someone else get the "gravy." Start NOW . . . *TODAY!*

Coast Industries, Dept. AV-4, Los Angeles 61, California

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

BUSINESS REPLY CARD
First Class Permit No. 20091, Los Angeles, Calif.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

COAST INDUSTRIES (Information Mailing Dept.)

LOS ANGELES 61, CALIFORNIA

Dept. AV-4

WILL YOU WORK SATURDAY MORNINGS for $5.00 to $20.00 EXTRA?

THIS SPARE TIME SHOE BUSINESS CAN MAKE BIG MONEY FOR YOU...

DON'T Invest a Cent! We give you a FREE SELLING OUTFIT!

It's just like having an EXTRA payday *every week* . . . just for showing friends, relatives and neighbors how they'll *"walk on air"* in Mason comfort shoes! Many a man sells 2, 3, 4 or 6 pairs of Mason shoes on Saturday morning alone—and makes himself as much as $5 to $20 or more extra for 2 or 3 hours of his time. *You keep all of your profit!* We furnish you a FREE selling outfit containing everything you need to start making money right away. We carry the stock for you and ship the shoes for you—your profit is clear! You never invest a cent. And think what you'll save on your own shoes, too!

Here's Why You'll Make Money!

You'll take orders for over 230 different shoe styles for dress, sport or work, for men and women—a far greater selection than any neighborhood store can possibly stock. And you can fit almost anyone! You'll draw from our 300,000-pair stock with sizes ranging from 2½ to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE! You'll feature exclusive Velvet-eez shoes with foamy-soft air-cushion innersoles that let you "walk on air." You show many other exclusive features . . . Ripple Sole Shoes, Oil-Resistant Work Shoes, Magic Shu-Lok Shoes, colorful styles for women —a line that's far beyond the reach of any store. That's why EVERYBODY is your prospect. And because Mason Shoes are never sold through stores, folks must buy from you!

Sales Equipment Absolutely FREE

Fill out and mail coupon below. We'll rush you your FREE selling outfit. Kit features 230 fast-selling shoe styles, plus foolproof measuring equipment—and "How To Make Extra Money" booklet. Send no money now or later. You get everything you need to start. Rush coupon for your FREE selling outfit . . . have an EXTRA payday next Saturday! Act today!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. G-795,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Opportunities for District Managers

If you have ambition, can sell, and can train and supervise others, we may have an opening for you as a District Sales Manager.

If you are qualified for this type of promotion, write us. Give age, education, sales and management experience. Personal interviews arranged with qualified men.

Write F. H. Froberg, Desk B, Mason Shoe Mfg. Company, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

RUSH STARTING OUTFIT

MR. NED MASON
Mason Shoe Mfg. Company, Dept. G-795, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Dear Ned: Please rush FREE and postpaid my Starting Shoe Business Outfit with EVERYTHING I need to start making extra cash Saturday mornings.

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

Town_____ State_____